

PART ONE

America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

NIAGARA FALLS



UNION BOOK & PUBLISHING COMPANY
PUBLISHERS.

CHICAGO ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ NEW YORK

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THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATED WORK EVER PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY

America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty

THE publication of this remarkable work marks a new era in the art of presenting the beauty and grandeur of nature in America to the view of man. This superb work has been in active preparation for several years, and the artist has traveled thousands of miles and expended thousands of dollars, but the publishers have their reward in the assurance that the scenes are depicted with unerring fidelity to nature as she really is.

An idea of the scope of the work is gained when it is mentioned that Yellowstone Park, the Hudson River, Southern California, the Grand Canon, Niagara Falls, Lake George, On the Banks of the Wabash, Picturesque Wisconsin, Great Smoky Mountain, The Upper Mississippi and Michigan's Lakes and Rivers are only a few of the treasure troves of scenery that have been made to yield their opulence to the on-looker.

The enterprise is a large one. FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS would not cover the cost of this work, but the publishers are convinced of the truth of the claim made for it, that no publication of the kind has ever been attempted before in this country by the process employed, on a scale so large and a design so liberal, with results so magnificent.

It is safe to assert that "America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty" is a monument worthy of the genius and reputation of the American people, and that it forms a permanent contribution to the treasures of mankind.

CONDITIONS OF PUBLICATION

This work will be published in semi-monthly parts, at Fifty Cents each, payable on delivery, the carrier not being allowed to receive money in advance or give credit.

Each part will contain descriptive text and eight large highly finished nega half-tones and from ten to fifteen smaller half-tones, arranged in single and artistic groupings.

The work will be imperial quarto size. It will be printed on heavy toned, highly calendered paper, made expressly for the work in the best manner known to the art. The terms and conditions of our printed contracts can not be added to, varied or waived, either verbally or in writing, by any agent, solicitor or other person.

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“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said :
This is my own, my native land ?
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go mark him well :
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.”



NIAGARA FALLS



AMERICA

HER GRANDEUR *and* HER BEAUTY

A GALLERY OF PICTURESQUE REPRODUCTIONS WITH
DESCRIPTIVE TEXT OF

AMERICA'S

RIVERS AND LAKES, PRAIRIES AND SAVANNAS, VALLEYS AND MOUNTAINS,
FASTNESSES AND FORESTS, CASCADES AND WATERFALLS,
GORGES AND CANYONS

SECURED BY OUR OWN ARTIST

EUGENE · J · HALL

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHER

A CYCLOPAEDIA OF AMERICA'S GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY, EMBRACING SUCH TREASURE
TROVES OF SCENERY AS THE YELLOWSTONE PARK, HUDSON RIVER,
NIAGARA FALLS, GRAND CANYON. SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA, MISSISSIPPI
RIVER, FLORIDA,
ETC., ETC.

Edited by

J · SYDNEY BAXTER

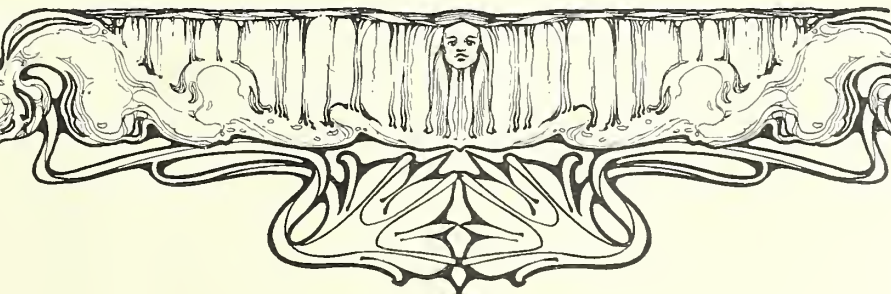
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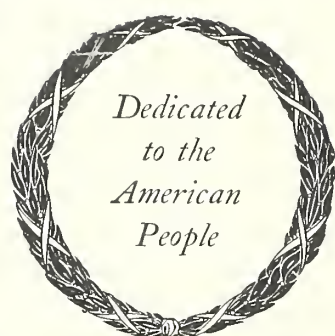
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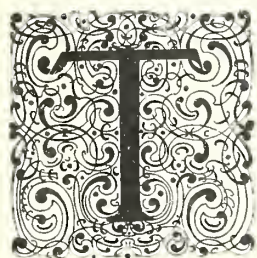
CHICAGO

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NEW YORK







THE publication of this remarkable work, marks a new era in the art of presenting the beauty and grandeur of nature to the view of man. Americans have ceased to imagine that the best products of manufacture and skill can be obtained only from the Old World by importation; in the same way they have come to realize that upon the American Continent is to be found scenery that equals or even exceeds in beauty and sublimity anything to be found within the borders of Europe. The time has gone when the intelligent traveler passes by the rivers and lakes, prairies and savannas, fastnesses and forests, cascades and waterfalls, gorges and canyons, valleys and mountains of America to seek the wonders of Switzerland and the beauty of the Pyrenees.

At the same time, while every remarkable spot in the Old World has been visited by the artist and sketched again and again, with results familiar to all educated people, the glories of the American Continent, constituting a wealth of material almost boundless, have never received their just due.

With this fact in mind, all lovers of America will feel a glow of patriotic pride in the triumph the publishers of this work have won, in presenting American scenes of varied character, whether beautiful or grand, entrancing or sublime, with a completeness never before attempted. This triumph is still further emphasized by the part modern art has played in this campaign to surprise and capture nature in her favored strongholds.

The imagination of a great artist like Turner transfigures and often glorifies whatever it approaches, but after all such an artist gives you only what he sees, and nature is so perfect in herself as to defy even the powers of a Turner. With brush or pencil the artist may indulge his own fancies to such an extent that he fails to do justice to the beauty and grandeur of nature or exaggerates some feature out of its due proportion, thus casting over the scene the spell of his own conception of it instead of presenting the reality. In this great work the fallibility of brush or pencil has been

eliminated by the exact science of the camera. This product of the inventive genius of man, as perfected in most recent times, never makes a mistake. It presents the scenes from nature as they are, preserving that proportion and wonderful unity of nature herself.

Nor does this imply that the work of the artist is minimized. The camera calls for the display of artistic skill of the highest order in the selection of the proper point of view from which to catch the perfect glimpse of nature, and an artistic genius second to none to take nature unaware in her most propitious mood; for nature, like the human countenance, presents a different aspect at different times. One day you will find her sombre, even sorrowful unto tears, as the elements assail her, the next you will see her features all wreathed in smiles as she basks in the sunshine. Thus, her subtle moods vary all the way from smiles to tears, and the genius of the photographer is taxed to the utmost to discern the precise mood wherein her best likeness is fixed and preserved to the beholder for all time.

In accomplishing this difficult enterprise, the publishers of this work have spared neither skill or financial outlay to provide the perfect camera and artistic genius. A commission was given to Mr. Eugene J. Hall, who is recognized as one of the greatest of the world's photographic artists, to visit every locality in North America where the picturesque, the beautiful and the sublime appear upon the face of nature. He was commissioned, without regard to labor or expense, to make nature sit for her picture, until the best view should be obtained.

To carry out this commission was a huge undertaking. The artist traveled thousands of miles and expended thousands of dollars. In numerous instances it was found necessary to make several visits to a given locality to gain the most favorable view. In many cases winter lent to the scene its highest charm; in others spring, summer or autumn furnished the setting to accord with subject in hand. Frequently it so happened that this could not be determined until a succession of views in different seasons were made. This preliminary having been satisfactorily settled, days and even months were sometimes consumed in selecting the most favorable spot from which to catch the glimpse, after which the genius of the photographer was taxed to its highest point of excellency to divine the most auspicious moment for the final exposure. In this way hundreds of views of a given scene were taken, no result being accepted as satisfactory until perfection was secured.

Another important feature, involving the latest improvements science has contributed to the reproduction in half-tone of the camera's work, is to be found in the fact that the plates for this work were made direct from the negatives, and not from photographic prints. By this method that important essential to a life-like picture, namely: atmosphere, from delicate and fleeting cloud effects to the undulations of the leaves gently nodding in answer to the whispering of the winds, has been preserved with a naturalness and distinctness lost in the ordinary reproduction from photographs.

A careful inspection of the pictures reveals this marvelous atmosphere, weaving a spell upon the beholder, so that he experiences the sensation of the presence of sunbeam, storm, spray or zephyr, seldom realized excepting on the spot itself.

This realism is further heightened by the faithfulness of the text accompanying the pictures to the actual conditions of the scenes themselves. The artist, absorbing the spirit of the time and place, reported things seen accurately and sympathetically in words, with an explanation of the associations and historic bearings of the place. In this manner the pictures are supplemented, and the reader is given the benefits derived from the travel requisite to encompass the scenes. While such travel would cost the average sight-seer thousands of dollars, it has all been gathered into this great work, and presented to the public at a trifling cost, thereby contributing a valuable service to those whose destiny it is to stay at home.

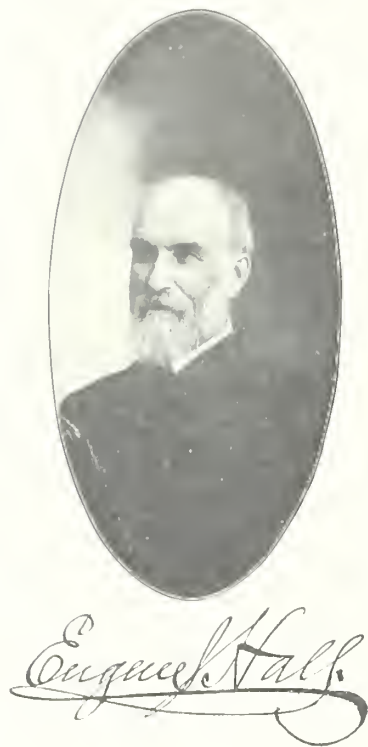
In presenting this immense work, each part is devoted to a distinct section of American scenery, the design has been not only to render each separate scene, and sequence of scenes, perfect in technique and point of view, but also to leave no localities notable for their beauty and grandeur unvisited.

An idea of the scope of the work is gained when it is mentioned that the Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon, Niagara Falls, the Hudson River, Lake George, Southern California, Florida and the Upper Mississippi, are only a few of the treasure troves of scenery that have been made to yield their opulence to the on-looker.

Between the two oceans, which caress the North American Continent with the soft touch of their waves, or beat upon it in the fury of a passionate tempest, nothing beautiful or grand in the variety of scenery has been omitted, until the completed picture stands out in its unity and complexity to overpower the senses with its beauty and grandeur.

The publishers are convinced of the truth of the claim made for this work, that no publication of the kind has ever been attempted before in this country, by the process employed, on a scale so large and a design so liberal, with results so magnificent. It is safe to assert that "America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty" is a monument worthy of the genius and reputation of the American people, and that it forms a permanent contribution to the treasures of mankind.

THE PUBLISHERS.



NIAGARA FALLS



NIAGARA
is always
sublime,

FROM WEST SIDE OF GOAT ISLAND

picturesque and beautiful. One never tires of its infinite variety, or visits this great natural wonder of the world without discovering something interesting and new.

Our latest visit to the Falls was in the month of October, a time of the year in which the cloud effects are particularly magnificent and when the wooded shores and islands are brilliant in their autumnal coloring. We were favored with three of the most charming days of the season. There was but little wind and the conditions were as good as could be desired for pictorial effect.

We spent the greater part of the first day in visiting Goat Island and the Three Sisters. The government has recently connected these islands by a system of substantial stone and concrete bridges, so strong and massive that they promise to stand for centuries, and of such graceful proportions that they add to, rather than detract from the natural scenery. The bridge from the mainland consists of three arches of enormous strength and span, a wonderful triumph in American engineering. The view from which both up and down the tumbling, surging rapids is always entrancing to the beholder. Above, the raging waters come rushing at the bridge, as if to sweep everything before them; below, they roll onward till they reach the brink of the great chasm, over which they leap in their mad career and disappear in clouds of silvery spray.

Crossing the bridge, we walked a short distance along a well beaten path through a primeval forest and came to observation point, a high elevation overlooking Luna Island and the American Fall. This view is one of the best that the tourist can obtain and crowds of visitors are constantly coming and going

all the year round from this enchanted spot. Immediately below in the foreground lies Luna Island, with a luxuriant growth of evergreen and forest trees. Beyond, the river makes its great plunge into the yawning abyss, presenting a brilliant, woolly appearance in its descent. Owing to the shallowness of the water, we were told that in times of drought a man could walk across the river at this point, were it not for the strong currents he would encounter.

On the opposite side of the river is the well kept International Park, with drives, summer houses, rustic seats and other pleasant places of resort. From this park an incline railway takes the visitors, who desire to make the descent to the chasm below, to the landing from whence the staunch little steamer "Maid of the Mist" carries them through the spray almost to the very foot of the great cataract.

Beyond the park is the new steel arch bridge that, like a spider's web, in one stupendous span, hangs above the great gorge of the Niagara River. The general view of the Falls from this bridge is



THREE SISTER ISLANDS

the most complete and satisfactory that can be obtained. A short distance from the American approach to the bridge, is the lofty, steel tower, from whose top a fine birds-eye view of the Falls is well worth the trouble of the ascent. From an esthetic standpoint this structure is extremely ugly and an eye-sore to the artist; but it serves the purpose admirably for which it was constructed, and to the thousands who have stood upon its topmost height, it has been a source of pleasure and spiritual exaltation.

Crossing the substantial stone bridge that spans the rapids just above the beautiful Bridal Veil Falls, the tourist reaches Luna Island, from which, peering over the brink of the cataract he is strongly impressed with a sense of its power and sublimity. The very earth beneath his feet trembles as the waters pound upon the rocks below, and the sensation seizes him of being suddenly caught up and transported through the spray as the great torrent rushes by.

Leaving Luna Island and Observation Point, we next come to a winding staircase, by which the descent is made to the famous "Rock of Ages" and "Cave of the Winds." Few care to take this trip, as it is one of both discomfort and danger, and necessitates the donning of a waterproof or oilcloth suit, which is provided at a stand near by for a small consideration. The view, however, from below is a grand sight, and one who visits the Cave of the Winds, while he breathes freer after his return, declares with enthusiasm that he would not take a goodly sum for the experience.



THE AMERICAN FALL

OFF
GOAT
ISLAND



A walk of about a quarter of a mile along a picturesque wooded path brings the traveler to the Great Canadian or Horseshoe Fall. Here a tremendous volume of water rolls over the cliff with a roar that is audible many miles distant. The vast flood is of a brilliant sea-green color, which harmonizes beautifully with the red and gold of the wooded shores and the cerulean blue of the overhanging skies. Beyond the river rises a high bluff on the summit of which is the well known Educational Institution of the Sisters of Loretto. In the foreground, a substantially constructed iron bridge enables the visitor to reach the great rock, on the brink of the chasm, on which formerly stood the famous Terrapin Tower, which was condemned as being

dangerous and was destroyed by the authorities several years ago. This scene is a favorite one with artists, and the greatest painters of our time have attempted to portray it on canvas. In all the world there is probably no grander exemplification of power. On the day previous to our arrival, a woman was sent over this cataract in a barrel, and by a miraculous intervention of Providence, escaped the ordeal alive; this being the only instance in which such a foolhardy feat has been successfully performed.

Above the Horseshoe Fall, the Canadian Rapids present a magnificent spectacle, glistening in the sunlight. The shallow river broadens out to a immense width, the distant shores being scarcely discernible through the hazy atmosphere.

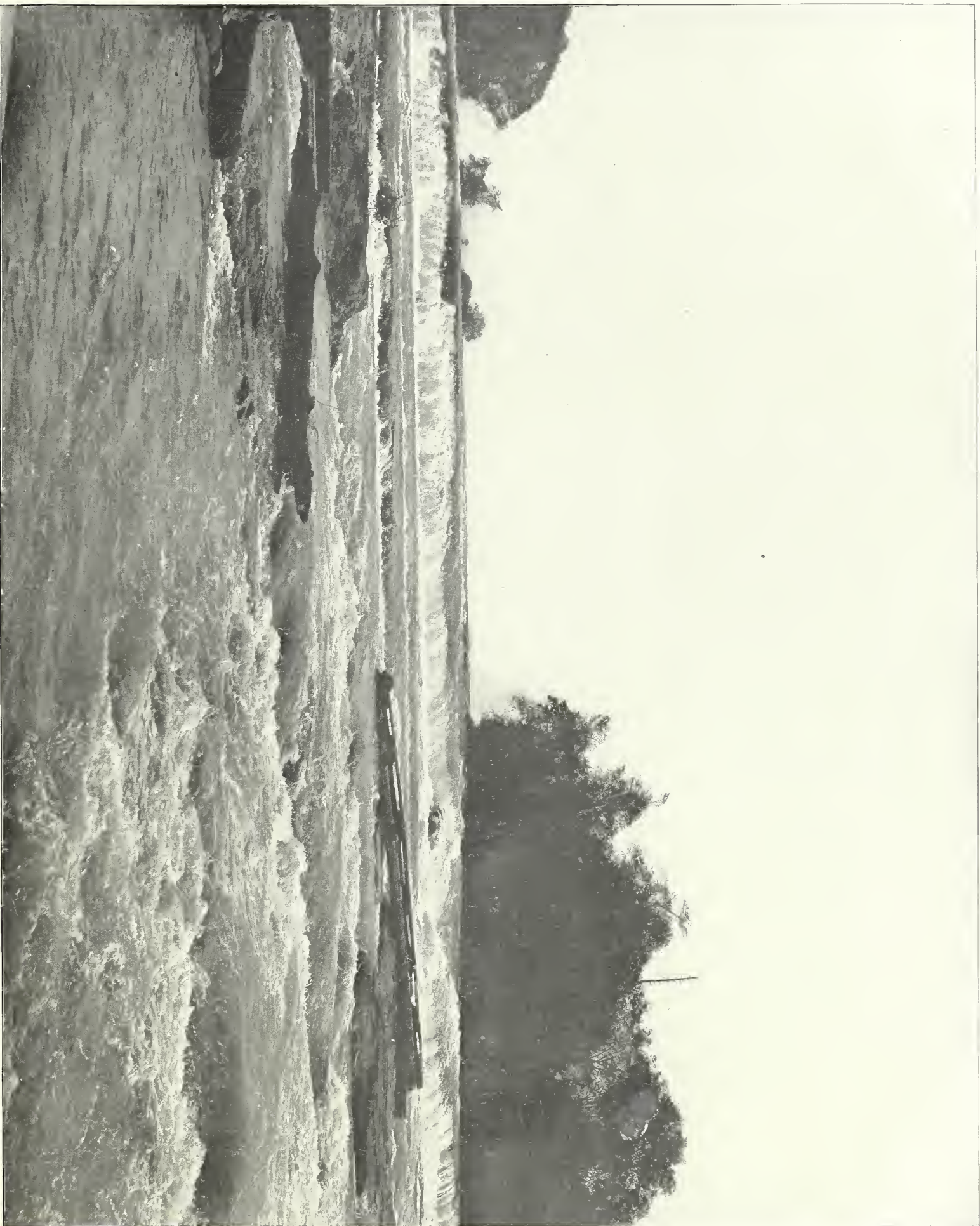
Following the shores of Goat Island for about half a mile, along a shady path that borders the Rapids, the tourist reaches the Three Sister Islands, and beautiful gems they are, with their splendid setting of silvery rapids and azure sky. They are connected by substantial bridges, and from each and every point of observation they present a picture impossible to duplicate in any other part of the world. Below these fairy islands great torrents rush with a roar that is deafening, and from the furthestmost of them, the view of the Canadian Rapids, rolling and tumbling over submerged rocks, is as sublime a spectacle as the great cataract itself.

The islands are heavily wooded. No vandal hands are permitted to disfigure them, they being kept by the government that owns and controls them as near to a state of nature as possible.

The return from these islands is by a shady road through the dense forest. Just before reaching the International Bridge, already described, the tourist comes to a clear, cold spring, whose refreshing water is always welcome, and which no visitor should pass without pausing to quench his thirst. Better than all the beer ever brewed, or whisky that ever was distilled amid the dewy mountains of Kentucky, is the water of this crystal spring—to us it will always be a delicious, refreshing memory.



BRIDGE TO
THREE
SISTERS



AMERICAN RAPIDS

Robbing and extortion are no longer practiced at the Falls. That condition, which once made Niagara notorious, exists no more. For a mere trifle one can ride in a comfortable carriage all over Goat Island and by an admirable system of transfers, stop as long as he desires at any point he pleases. The "Extortionate Niagara Hackman" has had his day and is becoming a remote memory.

For the small sum of one dollar an entire day can be spent in viewing the great gorge, via the new trolley line of railway that winds along the brink of the American side, below the Falls, crosses the river at a point near Lewiston, ascends the bluff or great hill on the Canadian side near Brock's Monument, runs along the crown of this elevation to the Whirlpool Rapids, crosses a terrific chasm,

and continues its way to the brink of the Horseshoe Fall and returns by the way of Table Rock to the great arch bridge. The view of the Whirlpool Rapids alone is worth the time and expense of the journey. Here the entire waters of the Niagara River come rushing and roaring through a narrow gorge, leaping and surging into a thousand forms of snowy whiteness as they go sweeping past into the great whirlpool below, where they are sucked into the vast vortex to emerge in the foamy rapids of the Devil's Hole.

The Devil's Hole is one of the most historic places of Niagara. It is a great cave or den, which scientists assert was cut or tunneled into the solid rock of the cliff on the American side of the river by man of some prehistoric race. It is associated with many weird and fabulous Indian legends. It is the spot where Morgan's remains are supposed to have been found, and over the awful precipice above it, three hundred and fifty British soldiers are alleged to have been driven in 1763, in the great massacre of Bloody Run.

The Devil's Hole itself originally contained three large rooms, but in 1854 a portion of it was excavated and destroyed in the construction of a railway. It

was an Indian hiding place in times of war. A peculiar shaped rock resembling an Indian arrow head is shown near the entrance, about which the Indians held their annual councils and pow-wows.

In the Devil's Hole a spring of clear, cold water gushes from the solid rock. Once a considerable stream flowed through the ravine, but the bed of Bloody River is now dry.

From the Devil's Hole to Lewiston the trolley road runs along the edge of the river, affording a fine view of the rapids and high precipitous shores. At Lewiston a line of steamers connects with Buffalo. The river below Lewiston broadens out and flows through a level country as placidly as the Hudson emerges from the highlands and empties into New York Bay.

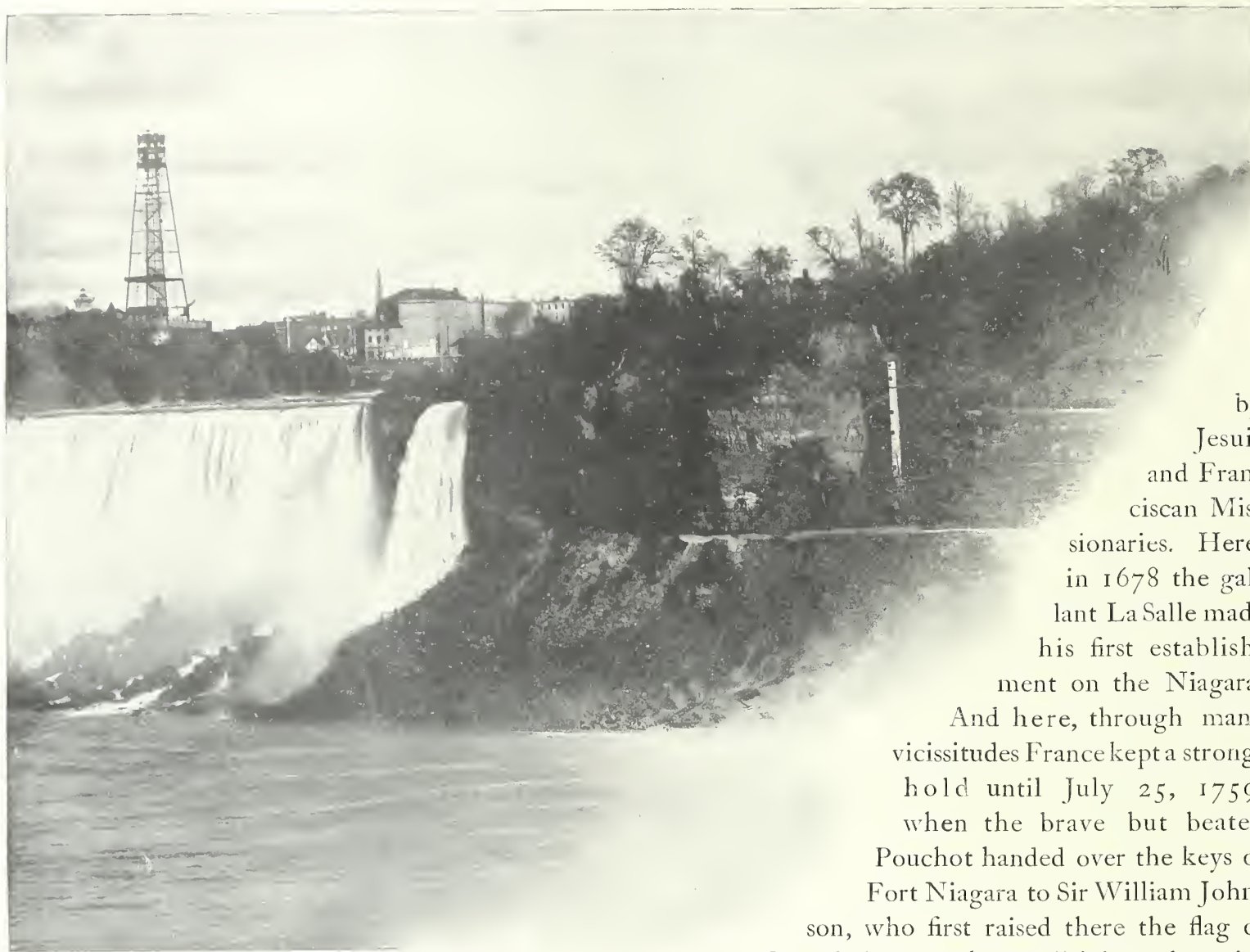
Lewiston is a pretty, old-fashioned village, and numbers among those who have helped to make its history, General Winfield Scott, Pilot Asahel Sage, Daniel Webster, who held court in the old Frontier House, and J. Fenimore Cooper, who wrote one of his novels here, laying his scenes in and about the village. Seven miles below Lewiston the river empties itself into the blue Ontario. At its mouth stands Old Fort Niagara. There is no spot west of Quebec and Montreal, around which gathers more of historic associations than this storied angle between lake and river. Early in the 17th century it was visited



BRINK OF BRIDAL VEIL FALLS



THE HORSESHOE FALL



PATH TO CAVE OF THE WINDS

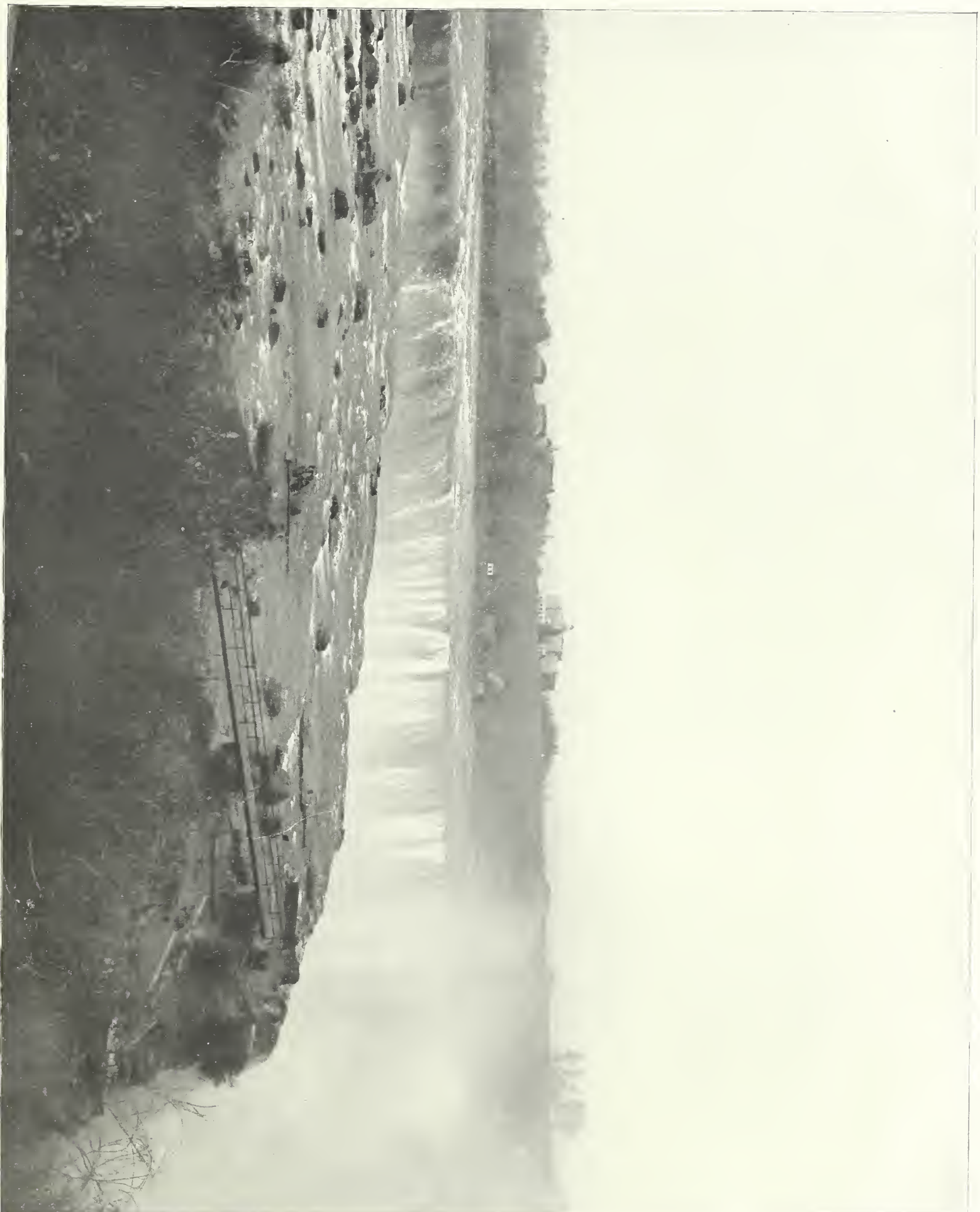
by
Jesuit
and Fran-
ciscan Mis-
sionaries. Here,
in 1678 the gal-
lant La Salle made
his first establish-
ment on the Niagara.

And here, through many
vicissitudes France kept a strong-
hold until July 25, 1759,
when the brave but beaten
Pouchot handed over the keys of
Fort Niagara to Sir William John-
son, who first raised there the flag of
Great Britain. The English kept the point
until 1796, when it was delivered over to the

Americans. They took it again in the war of 1812, when the officer in charge made a most disgraceful surrender of it. The little village of Youngstown was burned, as were Lewiston and every settlement on the east side of the river. After peace was declared the Americans again took possession and have held it ever since, keeping the fort most of the time as a fortified garrison.

To-day, the visitor may wonder at will among the old fortifications. The building of chief interest, called the Castle, is also the oldest, most of its construction dating from 1725. The two stone block-houses also date from the 18th century. There is many a story of warfare and tragedy told of this place; and while the romancer has no doubt improved the opportunity, many of the most tragic tales are true, for the fort was not only a place of bloody deeds during the French regime, but under the English, especially during the Revolution, it was the rendezvous for raiding parties, the retreat of Indians, where massacres were planned and where prisoners were brought by the hundreds. But since 1826, when William Morgan of Anti-Masonic fame was imprisoned in the magazine of the fort, never to be seen afterwards alive, the old fort has had peaceful days.

There are many points of interest in the vicinity; the traces of earthwork batteries overlooking the river, commanding Fort George and the village of Niagara opposite; reminders of the unhappy days of 1812. Of a later period are the old docks and warehouses, one of them built by John Young, for whom



HORSESHOE FALL FROM GOAT ISLAND

BRINK OF
HORSESHOE
FALL



the village of Youngstown, which is located near the fort, is named. Like Lewiston, it is full of old colonial architecture. One hundred years ago it was a trading post, forty years ago it was a thriving lake port, being a station on the old American line, and from 1860 till comparatively recent times it has been the grain port for Niagara County.

Near Lewiston the trolley road crosses the gorge on a handsome new bridge, climbs the steep hill on the Canadian side and leaves the tourist at Brock's monument, the next point of historic and scenic interest.

The view from Brock's monument is one of the finest in the country, commanding a vast extent of beautifully wooded vales, fertile farms and fruit orchards.

The monument itself is a massive column nearly 100 feet in height, erected by patriotic Englishmen to perpetuate the memory of General Brock, who died victorious in 1812 in the famous Battle of Queenstown Heights. It is a landmark that can be seen from nearly every direction, many miles away. At the foot of the declivity, near Queenstown, is a neglected graveyard with moss-covered stones that mark the graves of British soldiers who fell in that bloody fray.

From Brock's Monument the road runs along the rim of the chasm, affording a fine view of the rapids. The next station is a conspicuous point, which affords a grand outlook of the great gorge and the black sluggish water of the whirlpool below. No better view of the whirlpool is obtainable than this.

A short distance farther on, the road crosses a deep ravine on a high trestle, and after winding about the almost circular cliff, stops at a stairway that leads downward to the Whirlpool Rapids from the Canadian side.

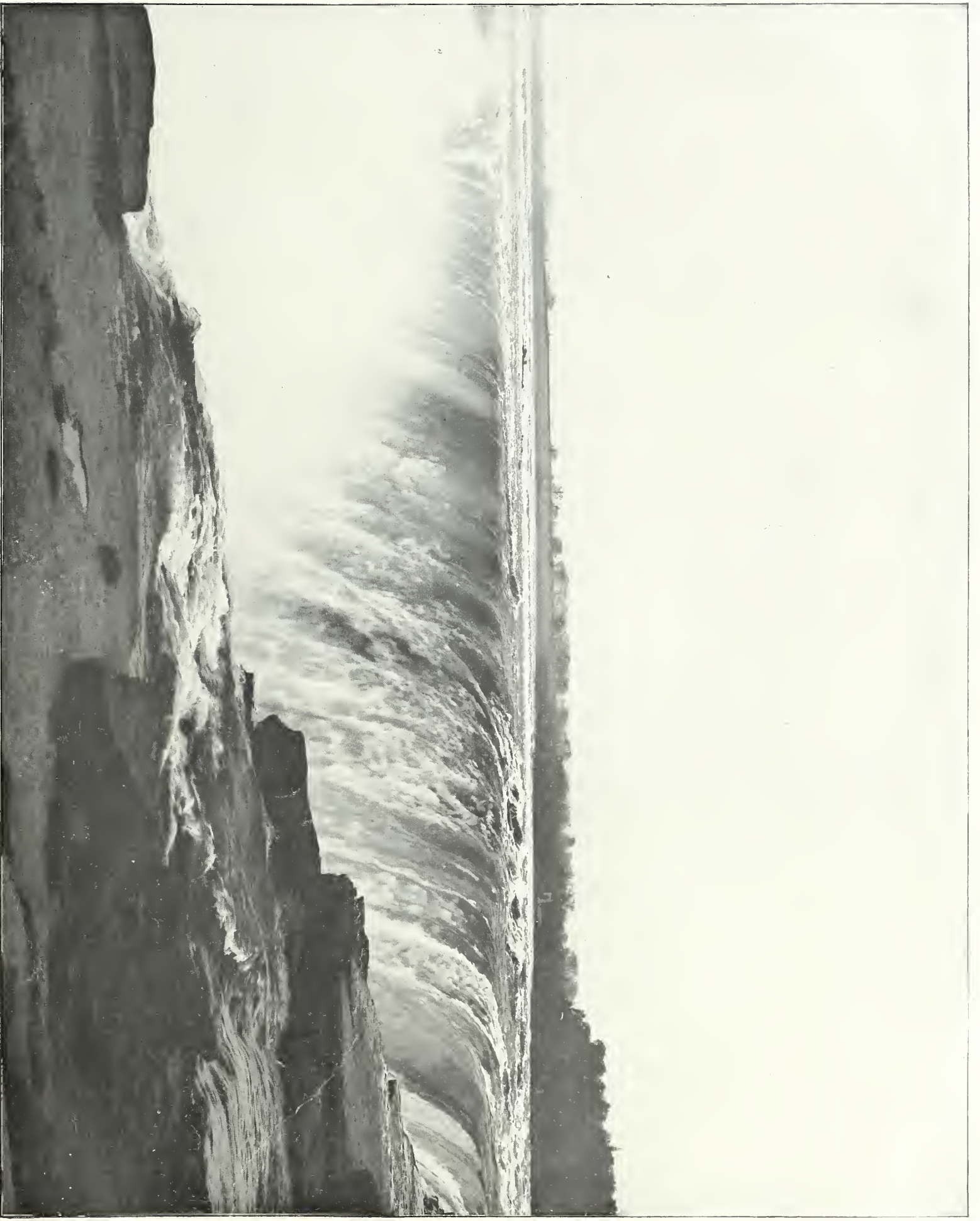
The view of the rapids is much the same as from the American side. The Whirlpool Rapids are always appalling from any point of view. In no other place on earth have we ever seen water lash itself into such an angry mood.

The next and culminating points of interest are the International Park and Table Rock on the Canadian side. From these places in the middle of the afternoon, on a bright day, the tourist obtains the best and most impressive views of both the American and Canadian Falls. Human language is powerless to express the grandeur and glory of the scenes presented here. The woodlands, glorious in their October hues, the brilliant clouds floating through the azure sky and above all the dazzling stream pouring over the precipice like a mass of melted silver into the glowing crucible of God. Using the words of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer:

"Put magnitude out of your mind when you approach Niagara. Think of beauty instead.



RAPIDS
FROM
THREE SISTERS



HORSESHOE FALL. CANADIAN SIDE

Think of the most beautiful things you have ever seen. Expect to see things still more beautiful. Unless your senses are benumbed, you shall not be disappointed. Then, gradually, truths of great size will dawn upon you, and coming at their proper time, they will impress you doubly because you will feel them as you ought. You will feel them as factors in greatness of beauty, not as facts primarily important in themselves. Here (from the Canadian shore) unless the vapors blow too thickly around us, we get the most astounding impression that Niagara gives, excepting those that will come at the bottom of the gorge; and even more than any of these, it satisfies the sense of beauty. Here we can almost see into the central arcanum of the irregular curve. We could see into it, and we imagine that we could see through it into something unimaginable beyond it, if only the clouds that it generates



LUNA ISLAND, OBSERVATION POINT

would cease their billowing. But, blazing white and iris-spanned if the sun shines, pearly white when the sky is gray, they never do cease, rolling upward and outward, lower or higher, rhythmical, mutable, but immortal. No rocky fangs show at the foot of this great middle current. Below are only breakers of foam, flowing off in a river of foam, as above are cumuli of snow and then of mist, and, still higher, streamers of smoke, of steam, of gossamer. Behind these is a cliff of diamonds; in front is an aura of rainbows; and dominating the whole there gleams through the white translucencies the mobile adamant of the emerald brink."

The Niagara River is thirty-three miles long, and is the outlet of Lake Erie. It forms part of the boundary between the United States and Canada, and is the channel by which the waters of the four great lakes flow into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The rapids of the river are about a mile long, and begin sixteen miles from Lake Erie; their current is very narrow, and the water flows swiftly over the rocks, constantly growing in velocity and force, until it dashes over the precipice at Niagara. At this point the river attains a width of 4,750 feet, one-fourth of which is occupied by Goat Island. This island divides the cataract into two falls, the American and the Canadian. The latter is known as

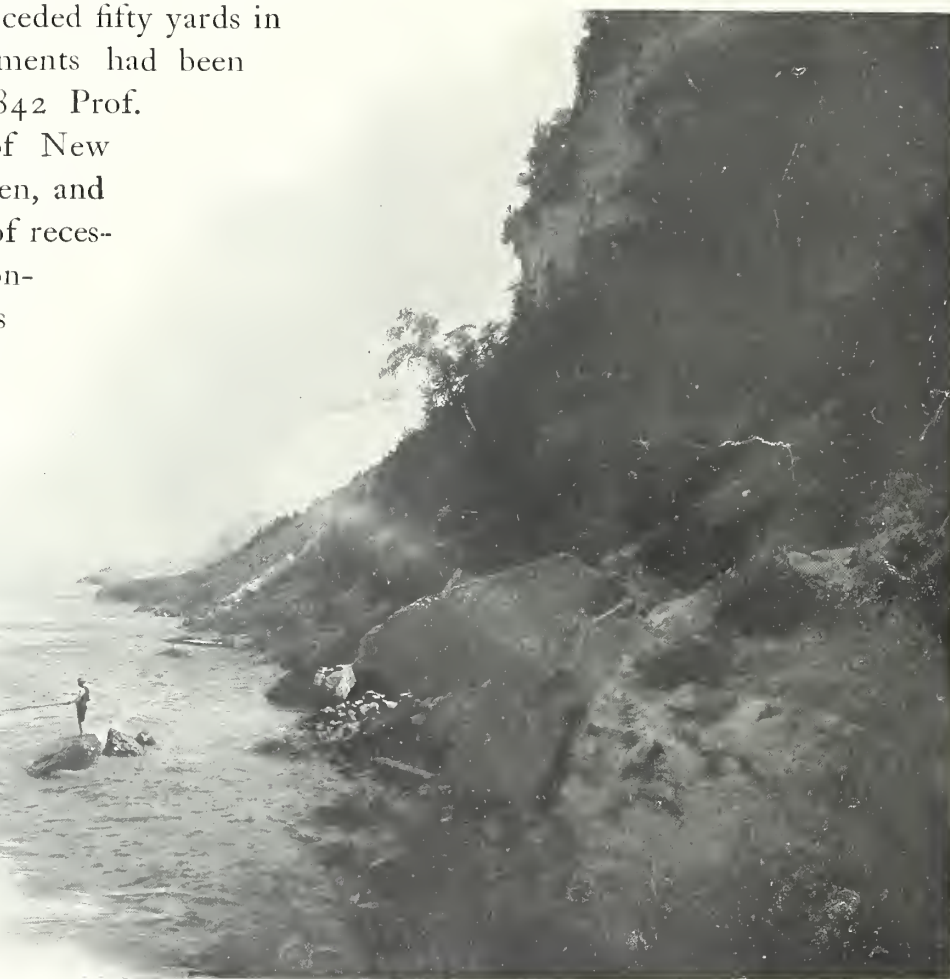


CANADIAN RAPIDS

"Horseshoe Falls," from its peculiar shape, and has twice the breadth of the American Fall.

The Rapids are far from being the least interesting feature of Niagara. There is a violence and a power in their foaming career, which is seen in no other phenomenon of the same class. Standing on the bridge which connects Goat Island with the Main, and looking up towards Lake Erie, the leaping crests of the Rapids form the horizon, and it seems like a battle charge of tempestuous waves, animated and infuriated, against the sky. No one who has not seen this spectacle of turbulent grandeur can conceive with what force the swift and overwhelming waters are flung upwards. The rocks, whose soaring points show above the surface, seem tormented with some supernatural agony, and fling off the wild and hurried waters, as if with the force of a giant's arm. Nearer the plunge of the Fall, the Rapids become still more agitated; and it is almost impossible for the spectator to rid himself of the idea, that they are conscious of the abyss to which they are hurrying, and struggle back in the very extremity of horror. This propensity to invest Niagara with a soul and human feelings is a common effect upon the minds of visitors, in every part of its wonderful phenomena. The torture of the Rapids, the clinging curves with which they embrace the small rocky islands that live amid the surge, the sudden calmness at the brow of the cataract, and the infernal writhe and whiteness with which they reappear, powerless from the depths of the abyss, all seem, to the excited imagination of the gazer, like the natural effects of impending ruin, desperate resolution and fearful agony on the minds and frames of mortals.

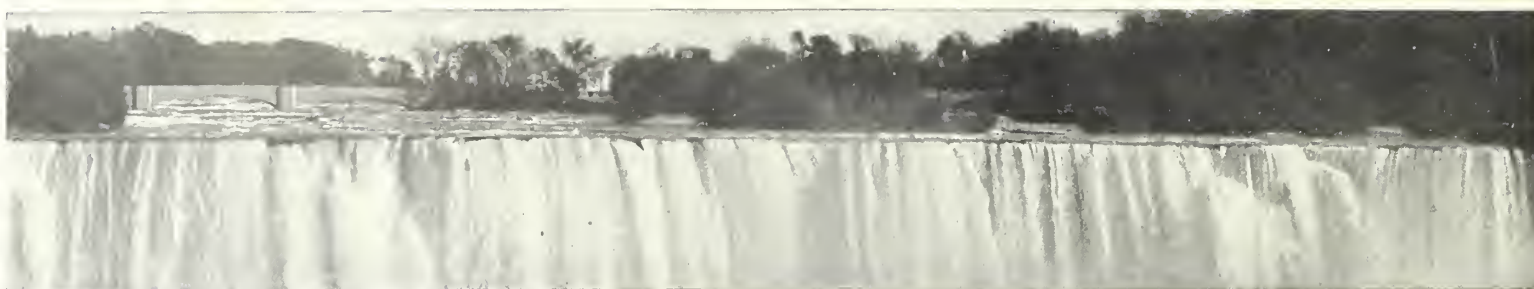
In the short period during which observations of the Falls have been made by men who are more than passing travelers, a period which extends back no further than to the close of the last century, considerable changes have been made in it by the fall of masses of rock. In 1818 large fragments became detached at the American Fall, and the same thing took place at the Horseshoe Fall ten years later. Old residents of the neighborhood assert that the line of the Falls has in consequence receded fifty yards in forty years; but as no exact measurements had been taken, this is mere conjecture. In 1842 Prof. James Hall, then State Geologist of New York, caused a careful survey to be taken, and made provision for obtaining the rate of recession hereafter. His published report contained a fac-simile of a view of the Falls taken by Father Hennepin in 1678; in this and the accompanying description the cataract had a striking feature, which has since disappeared. This is a third fall from the Canadian side towards the east, across the main fall, caused by a projecting rock, which turned the parted current in this direction. To corroborate the truth of this description, Prof.



UNDER
THE
BANK



WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS



BRINK OF AMERICAN FALLS

Hall quotes that of Kalus, a Swedish naturalist, who visited the Falls in 1750, and published the results of his observations in the Gentleman's Magazine a year later. He speaks of a rock having fallen a few years previous to his visit, by which the three falls that had before existed were changed into two, and indicates in an accompanying sketch the spot where it formerly stood. This evidence is sufficiently reliable to prove that changes have been and are taking place in these Falls which in time may completely change their appearance and character.

The sound of the Falls varies greatly with the wind and the condition of the atmosphere. Ordinarily it can not be heard more than a quarter of a mile away, while on other occasions its roar can be distinguished as far as Lake Ontario and across its waters to Toronto, forty-five miles distant. Many of the early visitors to the Falls have recorded that they heard the sound of the waters twenty-five, thirty and thirty-five miles away. Close by, it is like a monotonous rumbling not unlike that made by an immense saw-mill, but much deeper and fuller.





THE WHIRLPOOL

The principal points of interest to be seen from the American side are: Prospect Park, American Falls (side view), American Rapids (front view), Goat Island Bridge, Bath Island, Bath Island Bridge, Luna Falls, Luna Island, Biddle Castle, Horseshoe Falls (side view), Terrapin Point, Hermit's Cascade, Island Bridges, Three Sister Islands, Little Brother Island.

While the Canadian side furnishes the following: American Falls (front view), Horseshoe Falls (front view), Canadian Rapids (front view), Rambler's Rest, Inspiration Point, Split Rock, Rainbow Ramble, the Flower Gardens, Recreation Lawn, Table Rock.

In conclusion, we may say a word regarding the proximate future of Niagara. At the rate of excavation assigned to it by Sir Charles Lyell, namely, a foot a year, five thousand years or so will carry the Horseshoe Fall far higher than Goat Island. As the gorge recedes it will drain, as it has hitherto done, the banks right and left of it, thus leaving a nearly level terrace between Goat Island and the edge of the gorge. Higher up it will totally drain the American branch of the river, the channel of which in due time will become cultivable land. The American Fall will then be transformed into a dry precipice, forming a simple continuation of the cliffy boundary of the Niagara. At the place occupied by the Fall at this moment we shall have the gorge enclosing a right angle, a second whirlpool being the consequence of this.

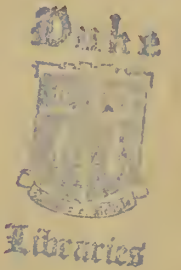


VIEW FROM BROCK'S MONUMENT





PART TWO



America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

LAKE GEORGE



UNION BOOK & PUBLISHING COMPANY
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CHICAGO ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ NEW YORK

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CANOE ISLANDS

SUNSET
CANOE
ISLANDS



In 1745, when the French and Indian war was beginning to be pushed with vigor, Lake George became a medium for the water transportation of troops; but for a long time there was no fighting on its shores. In 1755, General William Johnson, a prominent character in the Colonial history of New York, sent out a detachment of twelve hundred men under Colonel Williams, to attack the French General Dieskau, who was stationed a few miles east of the lake with an army composed largely of Indians. The disciplined English soldiers were but little acquainted with the Indian method of warfare, and they soon found themselves in an ambushade. Their commander was killed almost at the first fire, and after a short resistance they

retreated to the main body which was stationed on the lake shore. The triumphant French General followed, but meanwhile General Johnson had thrown up a breastwork of logs, which enabled his men to fight to more advantage. After a sharp battle of five hours the French were compelled to retreat. General Johnson then erected Fort William Henry on this spot, a fort which became one of the strongholds of the English during the remainder of the war. It was built of logs, filled in with sand, and mounted nineteen cannon and four or five mortars. When General Montcalm led his forces against it, it had a garrison of five hundred men. After a six days' resistance they were forced to surrender. They yielded on condition that they should be allowed to march out with all the honors of war; but when the fort was given up, Montcalm found it impossible to check the ferocity of his Indians, and the garrison was massacred in cold blood. On the spot where this tragedy occurred there stands the Fort William Henry Hotel; balls and merry makings are frequent, and the air is often filled with music and laughter where once resounded the war-whoop of the Indian and the death-cries of his victims.

Assembly Point is a retreat much frequented by Sunday-school and other conventions of a religious character. It is a cool, shady spot on a long tongue of land extending from the southeastern shore of the lake, and upon this narrow strip of land are many cottages and a spacious amphitheatre or auditorium. Many meetings of importance have been held at this place in past years.

Kaatskill Bay is a pleasant resort on the eastern shore of the lake, many hotels, boarding houses and cottages being located here. It lies at the base of a chain of lofty mountains, heavily wooded with maples, silver birches,



TONGUE
MOUNTAIN



BLACK MOUNTAIN

cedars and spruces. It is a romantic, restful and secluded place where the weary business man can forget his cares while enjoying the fine fishing facilities along the rocky shores. Near at hand are the Canoe Islands, the largest of which contains a handsome private estate to which visitors are always welcomed by its courteous owner. Following the eastern shore of the lake the next places of importance are Hundred Island House and Pearl Point Hotel, situated at the base of Shelving Rock, a vast precipitous ledge, from the summit of which a magnificent view is obtained. These resorts are attractively located and are much frequented during the summer months. The shores are heavily wooded with fine forests and the scenery is of a charming character. Here the lake narrows and the great gorge in which it is situated is dotted with many islands luxuriantly wooded and upon which many people camp during the hot and sultry July and August days.

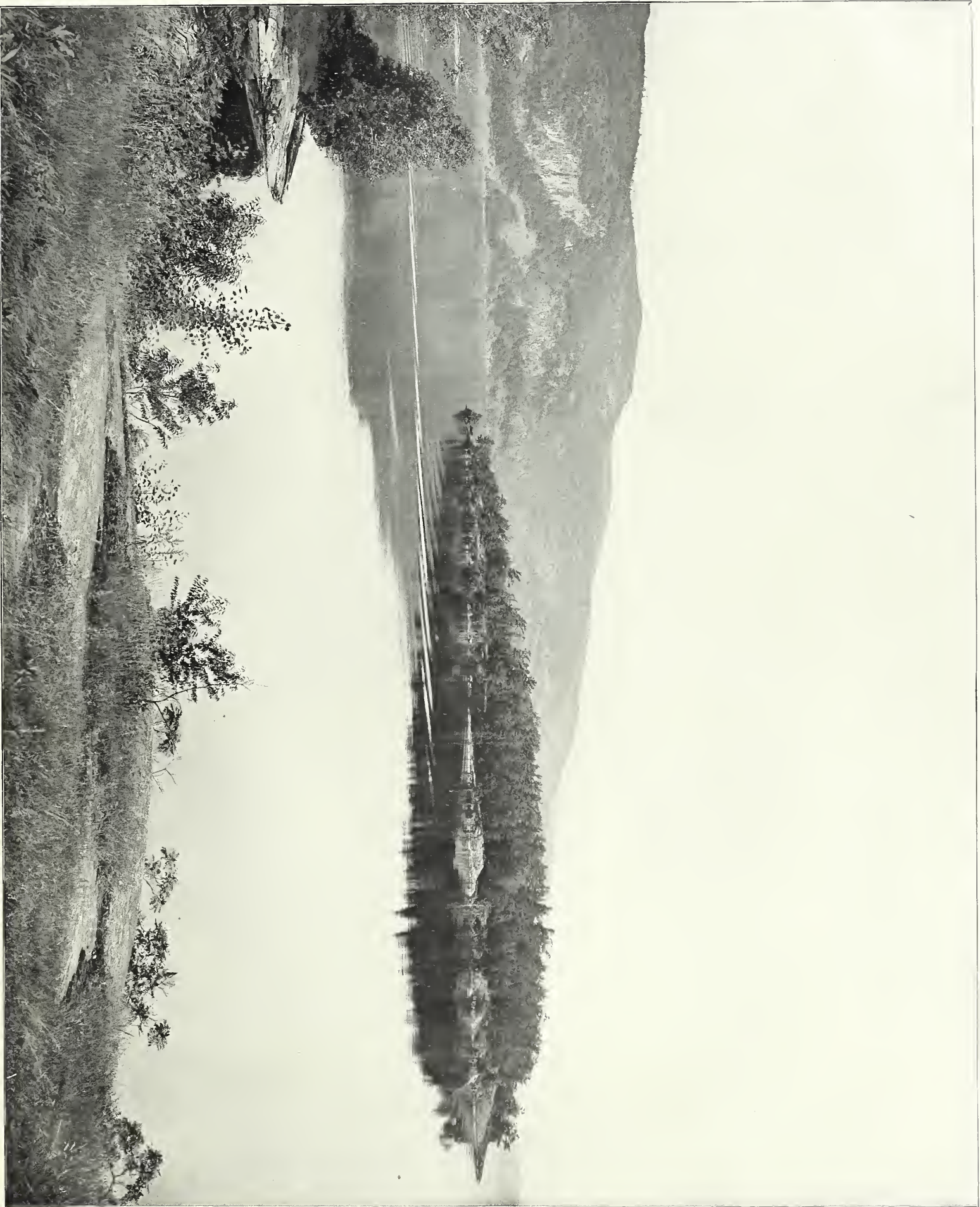


A MOUNTAIN STREAM

We spent a most enjoyable day in exploring these fairy-like islands and skirting the picturesque shores in a row boat. Cottagers and campers wherever we went extended to us a cordial welcome. At almost every turn of our tiny craft some new and charming scene was revealed to us; fleecy clouds floated through the azure sky and the mirror-like surface of the clear water reflected the beauty of the earth below and the firmament overhead.

To the westward of the Hundred Islands, Tongue Mountain raised its rocky ledges hundreds of feet above Northwest Bay. Eastward was Shelving Rock and the towering crags of Black Mountain, crowned by its forest of spruces from which it derives its name, and nestling between these lofty eminences was Paradise Bay, one of the loveliest little nooks in this great universe that nature has ever created for the admiration of man. He who seeks for infinite variety can find in the scenery of this locality everything he can reasonably desire.

Following the picturesque and rugged east shore of the lake we passed under the gloomy shadow of Black Mountain. This elevation is the highest in this locality, having an altitude of twenty-seven hundred feet. A steep and difficult trail leads to the summit, but the climb is so toilsome that but few attempt it. Those who have accomplished the difficult undertaking, declare that the view from the top of the mountain is well worth the toil and fatigue of the trip, for its lofty spruce-covered heights overlook all other high elevations in the vicinity.



UNCAS ISLAND. DEER'S LEAP



Nestling in a beautiful bay dotted with green islands, and at the base of Black Mountain is Hulett's Landing, a place much frequented and very popular with the summer resorter. The fishing in this locality is fine and a splendid bathing beach makes it doubly attractive to those who love the water.

From Hulett's charming views are obtained of the rocky heights of Black Mountain and Sugar Loaf, the latter being second in elevation of the great uplifts of the Lake George region. The scenery among the islands of this vicinity and along the shores of the various small bays is of a pleasing character. One never tires of rowing about in these delightful sylvan retreats where there are no noises to distract the senses, for here little is heard but the sighing of the wind through the fragrant pines, the occasional murmuring of a woodland waterfall, the breaking of the waves on the half-submerged rocks along the shore, the songs of a thousand happy birds and the sharp chirp of a cricket or grasshopper.

North of Hulett's Landing the scenery becomes very wild and rugged. There are no landing places along the shore or roads and few signs of life or human activity except an occasional sail or fishing boat and not until the beautiful steamer Sagamore rounds the forbidding rocks of Anthony's Nose, glides into the great dark gorge that lies between that conspicuous point and the vast ledge known as Rogers Slide, do we pass a visible human habitation. Here at the picturesque landing we disembark, climb the winding road, beautifully shaded by an archway of fine forest trees and find a roaring fire crackling on the broad hearth and a hospitable welcome awaiting us at the Rogers' Rock Hotel. To those who love what is romantic and wild in nature this is a fascinating resort. Many prominent people patronize this place year after year. For old-fashioned people it is an ideal place, for the old house and furniture, almost Colonial in style and character, suggests home comfort to many who do not care for the excitement or social activity of a more modern resort. The grounds about this hotel are very attractive and have for the most part been left as nature created them. By following a winding forest path that leads up the mountain side, we climbed to the summit of the rock, an altitude of nearly eighteen hundred feet above the lake, and from the observatory there obtained a magnificent view of



ROGERS' SLIDE

the surrounding country. To the northward the silvery surface of the lake was visible until hidden behind the great hills near Ticonderoga. Far away was a glimpse of Lake Champlain and beyond, the spruce-covered summits of the Green Mountains in Vermont. On the other hand, the lake lay spread out before us like a vast mirror extending to the Narrows. Across the gorge were the ragged rocks of Anthony's Nose; southwesterly were the piney woods of Hague and the fairy-like islands of that region; in the distance were Silver Bay, Sabbath Day Point and outlined against the far-away horizon, the summits of Sugar Loaf and Black Mountain. There are but few views in the entire western world comparable to those obtainable at this point. It was a toilsome climb to the top of Rogers' Rock but the sight of all this natural splendor was an ample reward.

The name, Rogers' Slide grew out of an incident in the Indian war. A scout named Rogers, who had gained considerable renown for his daring and skill, was one day pursued by Indians, and fled to this spot. At the edge of the precipice he loosened his snow-shoes, and without changing their position, turned about in them and put them on again with the heels in front. He then ran to the southern brow of the rock, and descending through a gorge or ravine to the lake sped away on the ice. The Indians reached the precipice and saw what seemed to be the tracks of two men who had apparently thrown themselves down the cliff in preference to being captured. On looking over the lake, however, they discovered Rogers fleeing across the ice, and at once their superstition suggested to them that a man who could have descended the cliff in safety must be under the protection of the Great Spirit, and should not, therefore, be harmed. From that time forward it was called "Rogers' Slide."

Following the western shore of the lake on our return trip, the first landing place was Hague, a resort mostly frequented by those interested in aquatics, and chiefly famous for its regattas. The lake at this point is at its greatest width and the conditions are favorable for racing. Many wealthy people have built summer homes here and several fine hotels afford ample accommodations for transient guests. The wooded islands in the vicinity of Hague are very attractive and are a favorable resort for campers. Most of the islands in Lake George belong to the state of New York, and as already stated are free to all visitors desiring their use for outings.

Silver Bay is a resort much frequented by pious people and several religious conventions are held here every summer, the place being an ideal one for meetings of this character. Its fine well-kept hotel has ample accommodations for several hundred guests. Its tennis court and golf grounds are attractive to young people of athletic tastes, while its spacious auditorium affords a suitable place for conferences and religious assemblages. Sheltered by a projecting lofty tongue of land from the fierce storms that suddenly come from the northwest, this peaceful bay is a safe place for bathing, boating and fishing, few accidents having occurred there.

Near Silver Bay are several resorts and boarding houses, and close by

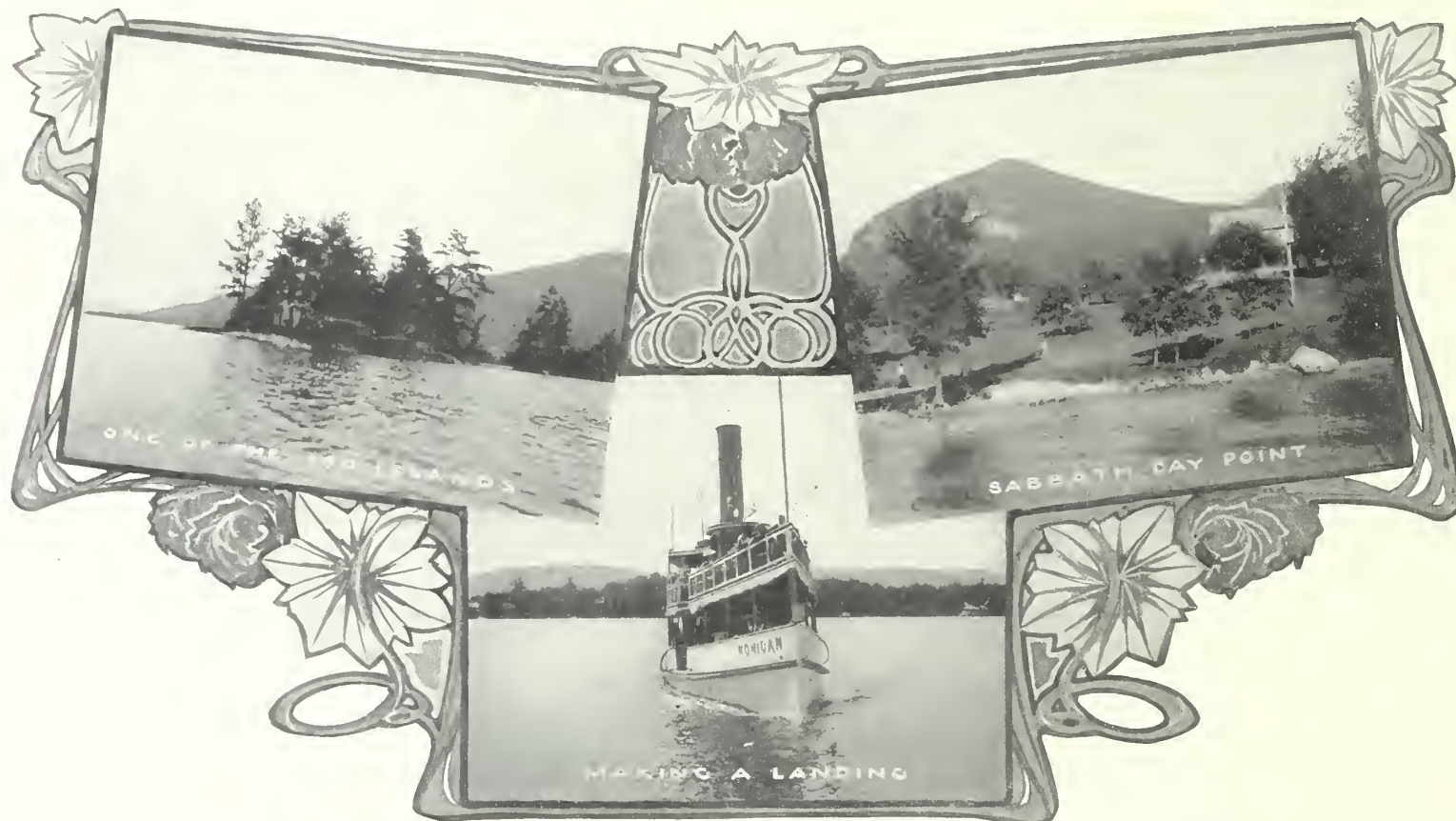
A
RUINED
BRIDGE





A SHADY NOOK. LAKE GEORGE

Sabbath Day Point, and several lovely islands. With the exception of Tongue Mountain and Rogers' Rock, Sabbath Day Point is the most conspicuous and best known of the great promontories extending into Lake George. Here General Burgoyne and his army of red coats camped on Sunday when on their way to subsequent defeat and capture by General Gates at Saratoga, and from this historical event the place derived its name. A home-like hotel is located there but being of an exclusive character, it is not much frequented by the general public and the steamers do not stop regularly at this landing. The place has more of quiet pastoral appearance than any other resort on Lake George. Its rustic church is one of the very few religious edifices in this region and the services there are well attended on the Sabbath.

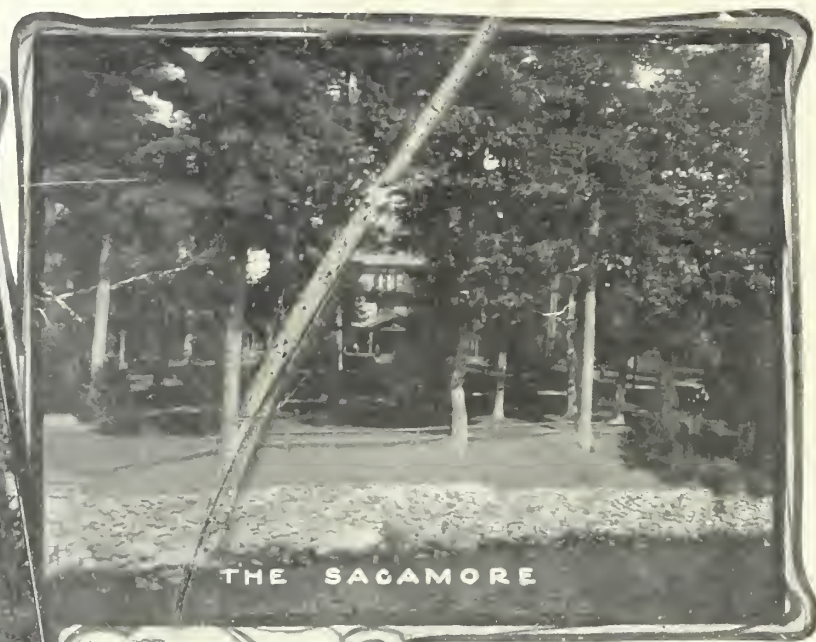


A short distance from this rustic house of worship a mountain stream comes rushing through a wooded ravine in a series of crystal cascades that have been the admiration of visitors and have furnished inspiration to our most eminent landscape painters. Fringed with silver birches and cedars, few places can be found that furnish prettier scenes for brush, pencil or camera; the gray rocks flecked with bright sunshine, the green mosses, ferns, vines and wild flowers are abundant everywhere forming a picture that lingers long in the memory of the tourist.

Below Sabbath Day Point we again enter the Narrows and glide between the Hundred Islands whose beauty we have already attempted to describe, pass the Deer's Leap and the overhanging crags of Tongue Mountain and cross Northwest Bay to Green Island, the gem of all the islands of this wonderful inland sea. On this island, which is many acres in extent, are several palatial cottages and the famous Sagamore Hotel, the most fashionable resort on the lake. To tourists of means who desire to live well and have the best of everything for their material wants, this resort affords them an excellent opportunity for spending their money. The grounds are splendidly shaded by a vigorous growth of pines, cedars and silver birches which abound in this region and always are kept in a fine condition. No retreat could be more breezy or comfortable during the warm August days and thousands of guests



DIAMOND POINT



THE SACAMORE



ONE OF THE 100 ISLANDS

are hospitably and luxuriously entertained at this popular resort every summer.

A short distance from Green Island is Bolton Landing, a favorite and less expensive resort which is favored with a large patronage. A few miles south the steamer stops regularly at the Marion House, a home-like old-fashioned hostelry much frequented by tourists on account of its accessibility to Caldwell, the terminus of the Delaware and Hudson Railway. South of the Marion House are two other well known places, the Diamond Point Hotel and the Antlers. Near Hill View there are two fine trout streams that come tumbling down the mountain sides and flow into the lake near these resorts. A good road from Hill View affords a delightful drive to Warrensburg, Schroon Lake and other pleasant resorts in the eastern Adirondack region.

Between Hill View and Caldwell are many palatial country houses with handsome grounds, magnificent trees and shrubbery. For a summer residence there is not a more healthful or delightful spot in America. There are several good hotels at Caldwell; the Lake House is a very old but popular place with many people who like quiet and a restful time. The famous Fort William Henry Hotel has, after having been closed for several years, been re-furnished, re-fitted and re-opened, and with its well-kept and spacious historical grounds attracts many guests. On these grounds the remains of the fortifications may be seen, in which were enacted some of the most bloody scenes of the French and Indian war, and on a bright, quiet day visitors at the pier can see through the clear water fragments of



PART FIVE



America

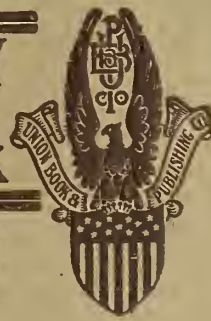
HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

THE ADIRONDACKS AND THE THOUSAND ISLANDS



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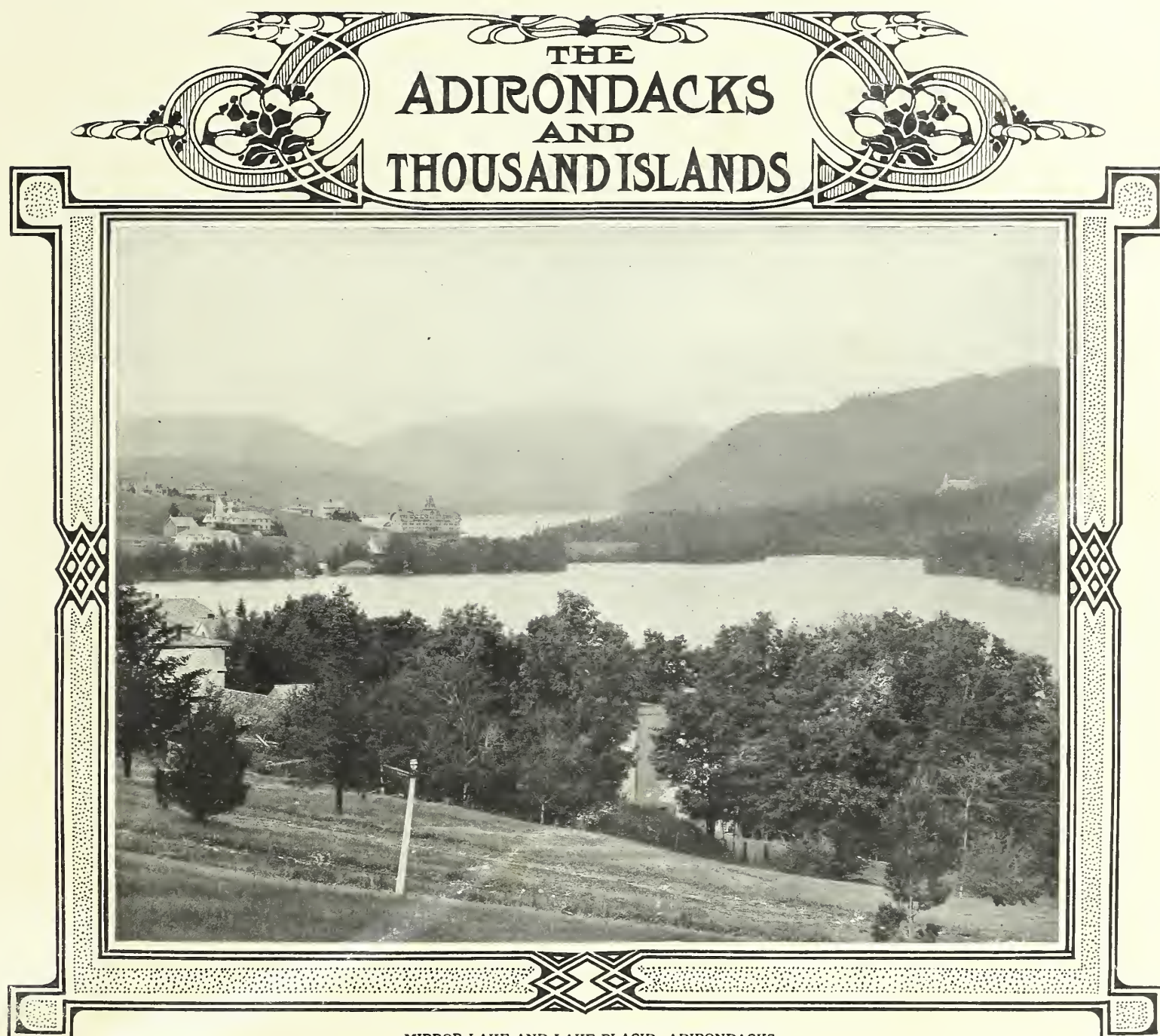
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MIRROR LAKE AND LAKE PLACID—ADIRONDACKS

IN beauty, the Adirondack region surpasses any other scenic locality in America. It possesses less of grandeur than the Grand Cañon of Arizona; less, of sublimity than Niagara Falls; but its silvery lakes, cascades, luxuriant forests, with the fragrance of pines and cedars, and above all, its majestic mountains rising like mighty pyramids to a great altitude and capped with fleecy clouds, merit the enthusiastic admiration of every visitor.

Few resorts are more frequented during the hot summer months. The proximity of the Adirondacks to New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, and other large cities, renders them speedy and convenient of access, and the busy man can go to sleep in a palace car in New York and awaken in the morning in these Northern wilds, ready and fully equipped for a delightful day's outing.

It is a sportsman's paradise, the piney woods abound with game, and fish are abundant in the lakes and streams, and one does not have to be a skilled hunter or angler to be successful. Railroads and stage lines take the tourist to almost any desirable point in the mountains, where boats, fishing-tackle,

ammunition and almost every required outfit can be readily obtained. Guides are always at hand and ready to conduct the inexperienced sportsman through the forest. Trails run from the main lines of travel in almost every direction, so that one can make his way through the primeval forests without great danger or difficulty.

Thousands of wealthy people have built summer homes and have constructed picturesque camps on the mountain sides or along the green shores of the silvery lakes. There seems, in late years, to be a growing desire on the part of well-to-do people to get nearer to nature and to live more unconventional



THE FULTON CHAIN OF LAKES—ADIRONDACKS

lives, and tan and sunburn are regarded as something desirable, rather than to be avoided. Upon these forest lakes one can obtain both in any required quantity, and men and women barearmed and bareheaded may be seen rowing, fishing or tramping along the woodland trails. With many sojourners, mountain climbing is a favorite pastime.

Utica, N. Y. is the gateway to the Adirondacks, when one travels to this region by rail. A branch of the New York Central Railroad runs through the Adirondack forests to Montreal, with connecting lines and steamers that enable the tourist to reach almost any desirable resort in the mountains without loss of time or fatigue. If one desires to tramp through the mountains or enjoy the more primitive way of traveling by stage line, he can come by a shorter route from the East, which will enable him to visit many romantic places not accessible by rail or steamer.



RAQUETTE LAKE—ADIRONDACKS



BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE—ADIRONDACKS

There are palatial hotels in the Adirondacks where one can obtain all of the luxuries of life that he cares to pay for. There are picturesque camps where all of the comforts of home can be obtained at a moderate price, or if the visitor prefers to have an inexpensive camp of his own he can bring his tent and camp outfit with him, do his own cooking and live as independently as he desires, and when the hotels are crowded with guests in the height of the season this modest method of living is often the most comfortable way.

Not only are the Adirondack Lakes surpassingly beautiful, but the mountain brooks, ravines and mossy glens, carpeted with emerald green ferns, are peculiarly charming. An abundance of moisture produces a luxuriant growth of vegetation everywhere, and even mighty forest trees thrive and look vigorous which derive their only sustenance from the misty air and from the crevices of the rocks on which they stand. Here the clouds are wonderfully beautiful and the sunrises and sunsets are glorious.

In touring the Adirondacks one in traveling northward from Utica usually stops at the Fulton Chain. There are seven of these charming lakes, four of which are navigable from Old Forge at the foot of the chain. At Old Forge there is a fine hotel located on a commanding position and which is generally the first stopping place for tourists. Steamers run from Old Forge to Eagle Bay, affording a delightful trip along the thickly wooded shores, with glimpses of camps, distant mountain peaks and broad expanses of pine forest. One of the best known and most conspicuous of these great rocky uplifts is Bald Mountain, a precipitous series of the cliffs rising to a great altitude from the shore of the second lake. Here another well equipped and home-like hotel furnishes rest and entertainment for the tired traveler.

On the opposite shore is Camp Harrison, where President Harrison was once hospitably entertained. As the boat ascends the lake it passes many attractive summer homes and camps, the accessibility of this



PULPIT ROCK
LAKE PLACID
ADIRONDACKS



LAKE OSEETAH—ADIRONDACKS

LOON LAKE
ADIRONDACKS



WHITEFACE INN
ADIRONDACKS



SUNSET ON
LAKE PLACID
ADIRONDACKS



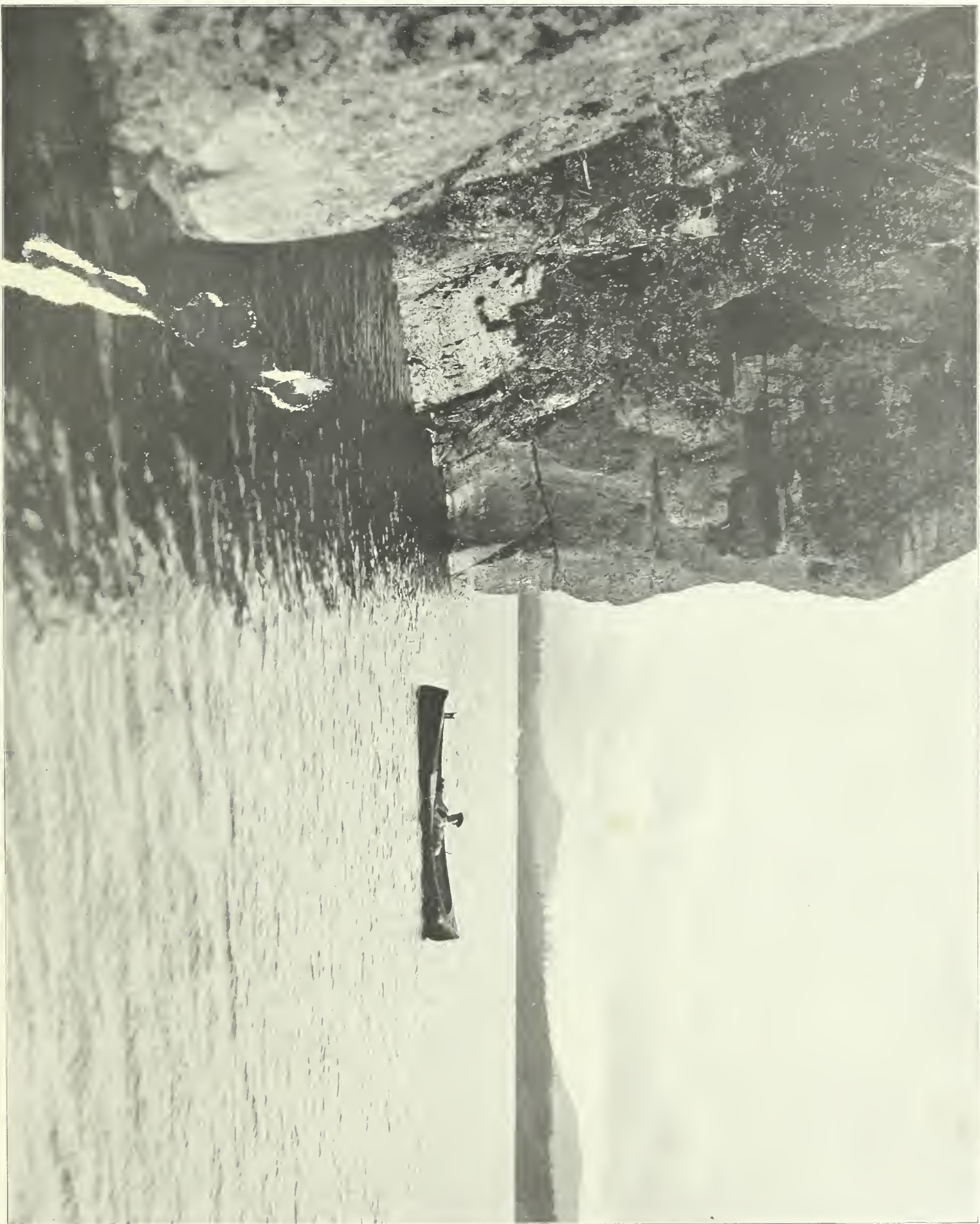
locality making it attractive to business men to whom time is valuable.

At the head of the fourth lake is Cedar Camp, located on a charming green island, and the Eagle Bay Hotel—a popular and hospitable stopping place. The scenery about this resort is exceptionally beautiful, affording views of distant mountain ranges, rocky islets and vast expanses of pine and cedar forests. At this point connection can be made with the Raquette Lake Railway, which takes the tourist quickly to another lovely chain of lakes extending into the very heart of the Adirondacks.

Raquette Lake is the most frequented and pretentious of these lakes and is famous the wide world over for its beauty. Here a colony of millionaires have built palatial sylvan lodges, and here they live in ease and luxury and skim the silvery waters in their stately yachts and launches and try to forget that there are such things in the world as trouble and care.

The most conspicuous hotel is the Antlers, which unlike other places of entertainment in the Adirondack region consists of a small village of cottages where guests can live by themselves and enjoy the rest and quiet that they cannot find in a larger and more pretentious house of entertainment. Here in these cozy cottages are broad fire-places in which fragrant birch logs are blazing, for in the crisp mountain air the nights and mornings are sometimes damp and chilly and the genial warmth of a wood fire is pleasant and comfortable.

The offices of the hotel are located on the shore of the lake, while its rustic dining room occupies a more conspicuous site upon an adjoining hilltop. The view of Raquette Lake and its clusters of wooded islands from this hilltop is something to be pleasantly remembered. Between these islands are sil-



LAKE PLACID—ADIRONDACKS

AMPERSAND
GOLF CLUB HOUSE
LOWER
SARANAC LAKE
ADIRONDACKS



LOWER
SARANAC LAKE
ADIRONDACKS

very expanses of water and far beyond the cloud capped peak of Blue Mountain, one of the mightiest of these majestic elevations. Other prominent resorts in the Raquette Lake region are Brightside and Sunset Camp. The Marion River has been deepened and made navigable so that the boats now run through the entire chain, with the exception of a short carry at Utowanna Lake on a short line of railway.

Beyond Utowanna Lake is Eagle Lake, on whose shore the famous golf grounds of the Adirondack Golf Club are located. Here a handsome camp for the club members has been constructed, where they enjoy all of the comforts of life during the warm summer months.

From Eagle Lake the little steamer enters Blue Mountain Lake through a narrow rocky passage. Blue Mountain Lake is one of the loveliest of this charming chain. Along its shores are palatial summer homes. Its islands with their rocky shores and towering pines and cedars are a delight to the eye of the observer, while Blue Mountain itself, towering to a great height, is one of the sublimest sights of this region.

At this point Mr. Durand built the celebrated Utowanna Hotel, the largest house of entertainment in the Adirondacks, but which since his death has been closed to the public.

High up on the side of Blue Mountain, on a conspicuous elevation, stands the Blue Mountain Lake House, from which one of the grandest views in America is obtainable. One can stand here and see the silvery chain of lakes extending for miles down the great valley below and can admire the surrounding mountain peaks capped with clouds in the early morning hours. The outlook from this point is one not soon to be forgotten.

A stage road takes parties who desire to make the trip through the Adirondack woods to Long Lake, from which another line carries visitors to Long Lake Station on the New York Central Railroad.

Those who prefer a more strenuous trip can go the northerly end of Long Lake and from thence



SCENE AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

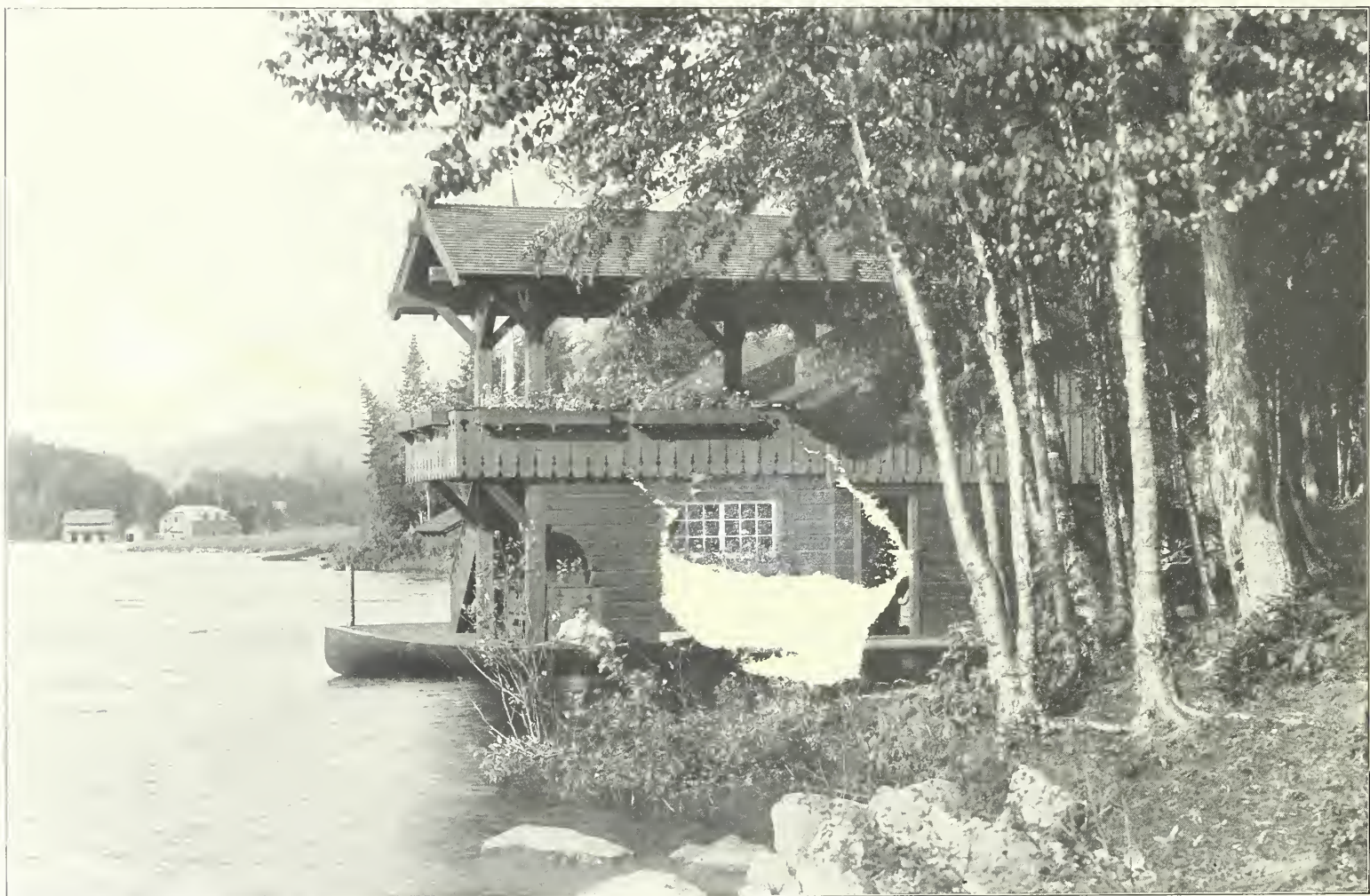
through the Raquette River to Lower Saranac Lake, but this trip takes time and tourists find it easier and more comfortable to return by Raquette Lake and take the train for the Saranacs and Lake Placid.

Of the Saranac Chain of Lakes the Lower Saranac is most beautiful. From the town the tour of the Lakes may be made by steamer which runs through Lake Oseetah and enters the Lower Saranac through a lock. The scenery both of Lake Oseetah and Saranac Lake is very attractive. Tall mountains arise on almost every side and several wooded islands lend a peculiar charm to the landscape. At Saranac Lake there are two famous hotels, the Ampersand and Algonquin, with ample accommodations for a large number of visitors.

About ten miles from the Saranac Chain lies Lake Placid, the queen of all of these silvery Adirondack Lakes. The beauty, the attractiveness, the clear pure water and the healthfulness of the locality induce thousands of tourists to visit the place each season. Few resorts in the country are more popular and all pronounce Lake Placid to be the loveliest body of water in the country.

Many prominent and wealthy people have built beautiful summer homes along its shores, and their camps and rustic boat-houses lend a charm to the landscape, as most of them are constructed in a manner that harmonizes with their environment, many being built of logs and covered with moss green shingles. The beautiful hotels are so designed and placed that they also are an attractive feature. The scene presented while looking towards Whiteface Mountain, when its rocky summit is capped with fleecy clouds, is one of great grandeur as well as of scenic beauty.

Lake Placid is almost entirely surrounded by towering mountain ranges. It is not far from six miles in extent and about three miles in its greatest breadth. It contains three large islands, one of



SCENE ON
LOWER
SARANAC LAKE
ADIRONDACKS



CANADIAN ISLANDS—THOUSAND ISLANDS



CANADIAN ISLANDS—ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

them several hundred acres in extent, all heavily wooded with pines, cedars, birches and maples, and they have fortunately, so far, escaped devastation by forest-fires such as have in many other places swept up the precipitous mountain sides, presenting a beautiful spectacle it is true, but causing an irreparable loss and leaving the everlasting rocks covered with charred stumps and ashes.

Prominent among its fine hotels are the Stevens House, Grand View Hotel, Lake Placid, Rosemont and Whiteface Inn, all well kept and apparently well managed. In connection with the Stevens House is one of the most picturesque golf-grounds in the world. From its highest point superb views of both Placid and Mirror Lakes may be obtained.

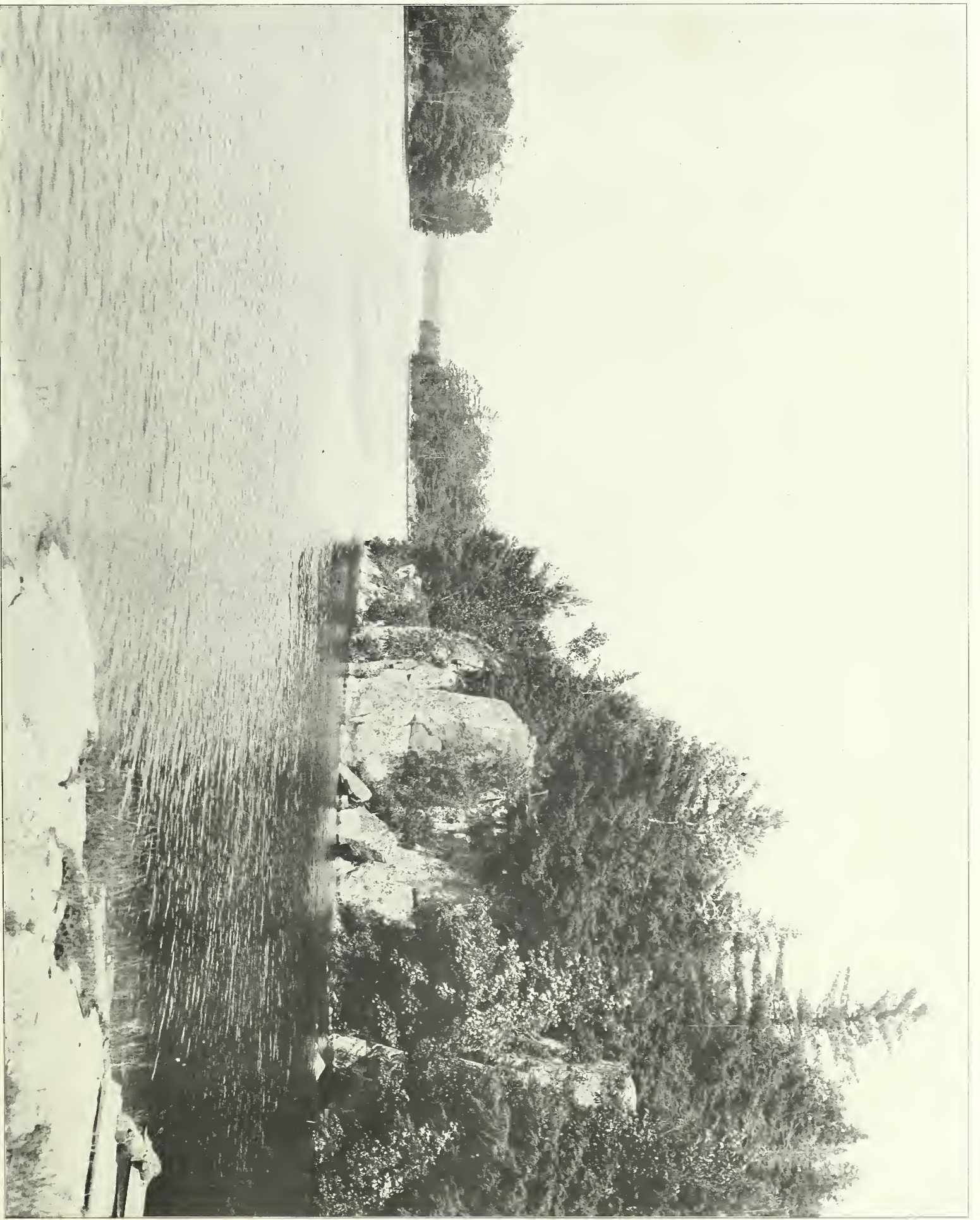
A well equipped steamer makes several tours of the Lake each day, which affords visitors an opportunity for viewing the splendors of the lake in an easy way, but to explore its most charming haunts one must make the trip in a row-boat viewing the scenery from prominent points along the shore where there are frameworks of beautiful overhanging trees, rocks and vines.

It is not a place that appeals so much to the rich as it does to one with a love of beauty in his soul. Bishop Potter of New York owns one of the smallest of the islands and spends many of his happiest days in an unpretentious cottage which he has had constructed there.

One leaves this sylvan paradise with real regret. There is beauty in the luxuriant green forests, grandeur in the majestic pyramids of rocks piercing the clouds, glory in the sunshine illuminating the mountains and vales and a calm splendor in the mirror-like water that reflects all of that which is most charming.

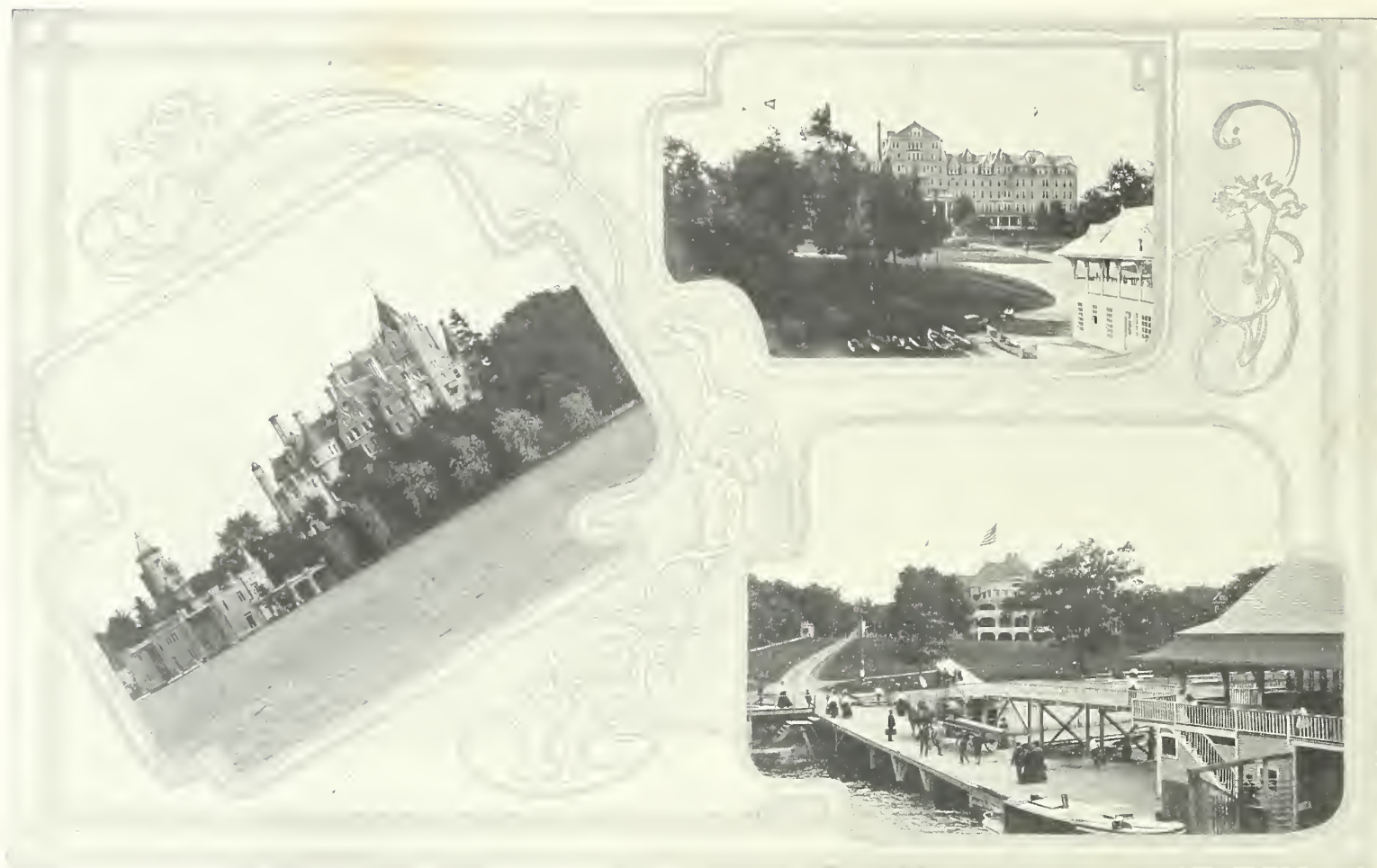


BOLDT'S TOWER—HART ISLAND



INLET TO WESTMINSTER LAKE—THOUSAND ISLANDS

BOLDT'S
CASTLE
THOUSAND
ISLANDS



HOTEL
FRONTENAC

THOUSAND
ISLAND PARK

THE Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River are easy of access. A day's ride from Montreal takes the tourist to Alexandria Bay, where millions of dollars have been expended in the construction of palatial hotels and handsome summer homes.

Dr. J. G. Holland, the famous poet and author, was one of the first to exploit the beauties of this region and the cottage in which he formerly lived still occupies a conspicuous point on the bay opposite the Crossman Hotel.

The palatial castles and cottages of Alexandria Bay excite the wonder and admiration of all tourists. The rocks have been covered with earth and have been converted into beautiful terraces and luxuriant flower gardens. In the moist cool atmosphere flowers seem under the skillful care of the gardener to reach their fullest perfection and we have seen nowhere more beautiful bowers of bloom than have been created here.

There is every conceivable kind of camp, cottage and castle upon these islands in the vicinity of Alexandria's Bay and Clayton, from the white tent in the piney wood to the feudal castle on Hart Island, which is said to have cost several millions of dollars and is still uncompleted. Most of the fine places are on the islands at Alexandria Bay, but Mr. Emery has built a beautiful home on an island near Clayton and has constructed the largest and most magnificent hotel on the river, the Frontenac, at Round Island near by.

It is a delightful voyage to make the trip through the narrow channels that lie between these islands on a yacht or launch, to sail through the peaceful Lake of the Isles and skim the silvery waters of Lost Channel and the Rift, and those haunts in the forest primeval, that the hand of man has not attempted to improve or that the axe of the woodman or forest-fires have not laid waste along the Canada shores of the St. Lawrence. These islands are most wild and beautiful, and there are hundreds



LOST CHANNEL—THOUSAND ISLANDS

of them, some nine miles long and others barely large enough for a man to stand upon. Nearly all are thickly and luxuriantly wooded. Trees spring from the crevices of the rocks and beautiful mosses, ferns and carpets of wintergreen cover the damp stones.

The air in this charming locality is deliciously cool, invigorating and healthful. Millionaires are finding here a haven of rest, for here they are free from business cares—here all is quiet and peaceful save the occasional mutterings of a passing storm—here they glide up and down the silvery waters in their stately yachts—here they live in luxury and ease through the glorious summer time.

One who has taken the time and trouble to count these lovely islands of the St. Lawrence River declares that there are more than nineteen hundred of them. On one of them Mr. Boldt of New York is laying out a magnificent park of three thousand acres, which with its drives, walks and sylvan



BROOK TROUT

retreats, its outlooks and picturesque features, will be when fully completed one of the most beautiful parks in the world, for here nature has accomplished landscape effects that could not be duplicated by man.

The St. Lawrence is more like a vast long lake than a river, in some places it is more than twelve miles in width. Its waters are clear and pure, there is no swampy land along its rocky shores.

No one who visits the Thousand Islands should fail to make the fifty mile tour on the steamer Wanderer. This will take him to the Admiralty Islands and enable him to see the beauties of the Canadian as well as the American shore. It will enable him to view the Lost Channel, Needles Eye, Fiddler's Elbow, Devil's Oven and other strange freaks of nature in this wonderful locality.

To see the Thousand Islands at their best one should view them by the light of the full moon on a quiet evening. Nothing in Fairyland could be more beautiful, the shadowy woods with their picturesque pines and cedars, the glistening rocks and the rippling waters reflecting the silvery splendor of the moon and stars present pictures of loveliness that the appreciative traveler delights in recalling to memory.







America





HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

Mrs. J. F. 10200

WASHINGTON AND MT. VERNON



UNION BOOK & PUBLISHING COMPANY
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CHICAGO     NEW YORK

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THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATED WORK EVER PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY

America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty

THE publication of this remarkable work marks a new era in the art of presenting the beauty and grandeur of nature in America to the view of man. This superb work has been in active preparation for several years, and the artist has traveled thousands of miles and expended thousands of dollars, but the publishers have their reward in the assurance that the scenes are depicted with unerring fidelity to nature as she really is.

An idea of the scope of the work is gained when it is mentioned that Yellowstone Park, the Hudson River, Southern California, the Grand Canon, Niagara Falls, Lake George, On the Banks of the Wabash, Picturesque Wisconsin, Great Smoky Mountain, The Upper Mississippi and Michigan's Lakes and Rivers are only a few of the treasure troves of scenery that have been made to yield their opulence to the on-looker.

The enterprise is a large one. FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS would not cover the cost of this work, but the publishers are convinced of the truth of the claim made for it, that no publication of the kind has ever been attempted before in this country by the process employed, on a scale so large and a design so liberal, with results so magnificent.

It is safe to assert that "America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty" is a monument worthy of the genius and reputation of the American people, and that it forms a permanent contribution to the treasures of mankind.

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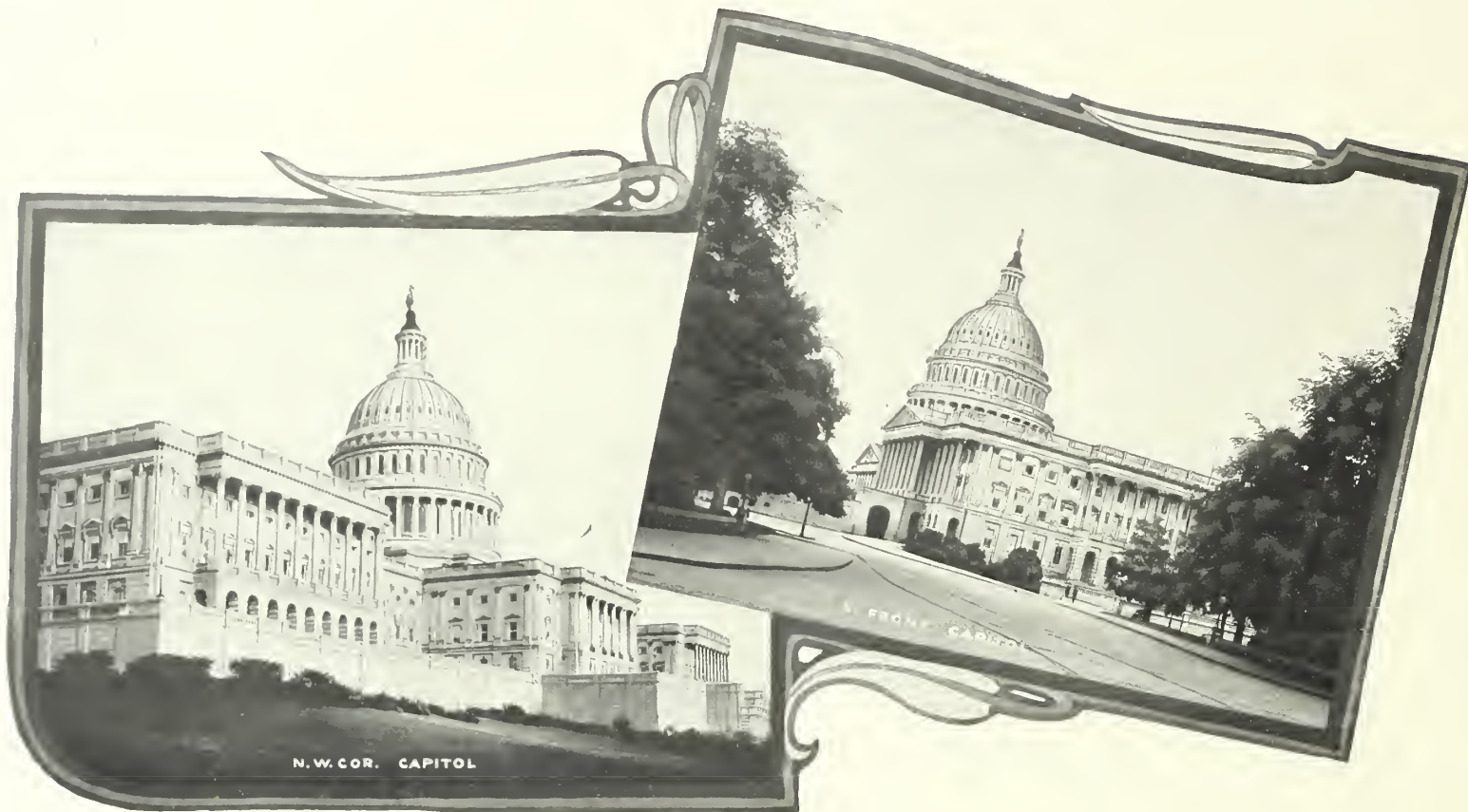
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WASHINGTON & MT. VERNON



EAST FRONT OF DOME

EVERY true American turns to Washington with feelings of patriotism and pride. The very name is of exceptional historic interest, while associated with the place are many of the most illustrious names and notable events in our national career. In 1790 Washington selected Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a Frenchman, to draft plans for the City of Washington, the site of which was selected, in 1789, for the permanent seat of government. Major L'Enfant came to this country in 1777 with LaFayette and served with him through the Revolution. There was no other man in this country at that time who had such a knowledge of art or engineering as Major L'Enfant. He planned, in 1791, not the capital of a small nation, but a city capable of being enlarged should this country be



populated from coast to coast, and as time might require. With the exception of a few unimportant details, his designs and plans have been executed unchanged in the building of Washington, which is destined to become the most beautiful city in the world.

It is a city laid out on a liberal and stupendous plan. Its broad streets, radiating from the capitol as the center and starting point of the whole system, intersect each other in a way that shows off to the best possible advantage its beautiful monuments and magnificent public buildings. The streets, which are all wide and beautifully kept, are laid off at regular distances from each other. The avenues run diagonally across the city. The grounds about the buildings are, for the most part, spacious and have been laid out and planted with trees and shrubbery by the most skillful of landscape architects. The general result is both pleasing to the eye and spiritually elevating, for nothing more strongly appeals to the human mind than noble examples of art and architecture.

Pennsylvania Avenue is the principal thoroughfare of Washington. It is more than one hundred and sixty feet wide and extends from the Eastern Branch to Rock Creek, which stream is the dividing and separating line between Washington and Georgetown.

Georgetown, named in honor of George III, of England, is a much older city than Washington. The stories told of its former grandeur and of its distinctly southern tone make it a quaint object of interest. Every visitor to Washington should also visit Georgetown.

In Washington—Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and New York Avenues intersect at the capitol; New York, Vermont, Pennsylvania and Connecticut Avenues intersect at the president's house.

The City of Washington was officially occupied June 3, 1800, since which time it has been the ward of Congress. Great improvements have been made in the past twenty years in the appearance of the city and it presents, today, a very different aspect from what it did in the days of the war period, when stirring events were transpiring in the vicinity which have made a brilliant record in American history. The muddy streets and ugly old-fashioned buildings have mostly disappeared. Not only have



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her public edifices been greatly enlarged and improved, but with her social development many stately and attractive private homes have been reared, houses where sumptuous receptions are held and costly entertainments given when Congress is in session and in which many men, who have helped to make American history, reside during the greater portion of the year. Designs of private as well as business houses in Washington are made to harmonize with the landscape and public buildings.

The tourist meets with illustrious people at almost every angle of the street. Statesmen, Senators and Congressmen elbow each other here in the street cars, restaurants and corridors of the hotels. Great men are so common that they fail in Washington to exact that adulation from the public that they are accustomed to receive from their constituents at home, and one of them might walk from one end of Pennsylvania Avenue to the other—which stretches across the entire city—without attracting any more attention than the humblest department clerk on his way to work in the early morning.

The crowning attraction of the City of Washington is, of course, its stupendous capitol building, from which its principal avenues radiate like the spokes of a gigantic wheel. This stately edifice of white marble is a landmark that may be seen for many miles. Crowned by its massive silvery white dome, it towers above everything else save the great Obelisk, whose needle-like spire glistens in the light of the setting sun on the banks of the Potomac near the Executive Mansion. The great Statue of Liberty is a fitting finial to an architectural masterpiece.

George Washington laid the corner-stone of the old Capitol September 18, 1793, which is now the central part of the new building. On July 4, 1851, the corner-stones of the wings were laid by President Fillmore. The central portion of the Capitol was designed by Stephen Hallet and William Thornton, while the great wings were designed—more than fifty years later—by Thomas N. Walter, who managed to harmonize them with the original and central structure.

The building covers about three and one-half acres. It is seven hundred and fifty feet long and three hundred and fifty feet wide. The base of the building is about ninety feet above the Potomac



THE WHITE HOUSE—WINTER SCENE

STEPS OF CAPITOL
WHERE OUR
PRESIDENTS ARE
INAUGURATED



level. The dome of the Capitol rises two hundred and fifty-seven feet above the rest of the building and is more than sixty feet higher than Bunker Hill, not including the height of the Statue of Liberty, which is a trifle more than nineteen feet.

The impressions one receives of the Capitol depend very much on the view point of the observer. Late in the afternoon on a beautiful May day, nothing could be more magnificent than the scenes presented to the eye from the Northwest corner of the grounds, where, above the luxuriant shrubbery and flower-decked terraces, lofty colonnades rise in their simplicity and grandeur supporting the pillared dome beautifully defined against the cerulean sky. This impression is always pleasing and is a scene of splendor that never fades from the memory of the observer.

The East front of the Capitol building has been the scene of many imposing public ceremonies. Here most of the presidents have been inaugurated and have taken the oath of office. The vast grounds make a splendid concourse for

great crowds of people. Momentous events have transpired here. In 1808 the original Senate Chamber, now the Supreme Court Room, was completed. The House, now Statuary Hall, was finished in the spring of 1811, though its ornamentation is not yet completed. A plate near the center of the room marks the spot where John Quincy Adams fell, stricken with paralysis. "John Quincy Adams, who, after fifty years of public service—the last sixteen in yonder hall—was summoned to die in this room February 23, 1848," is the inscription on a memorial bust seen in the room off of the old House.

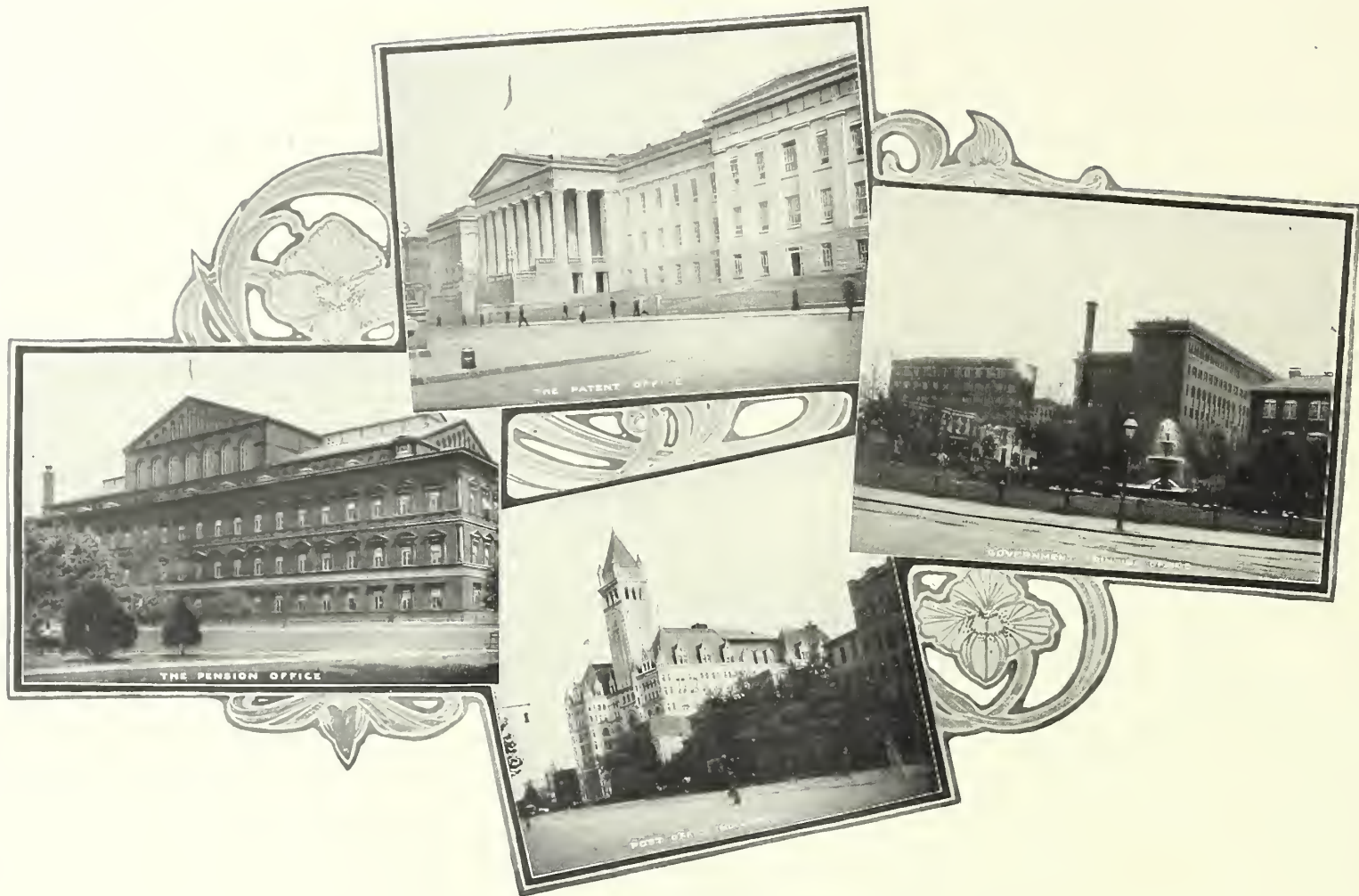
Each state is allowed to place, in Statuary Hall, two statues of renowned sons, to be left forever. Is it any wonder that the ornamentation of this Hall is incomplete? We need the perspective of time to best know what will be of everlasting interest to the world and whose statue should rest in this Hall.



WASHINGTON
FROM
ARLINGTON
HEIGHTS



STATE, WAR AND NAVY BUILDING



The statues which have already been placed and the states offering them, are as follows: Virginia, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson; New Hampshire, Daniel Webster and John Stark; Pennsylvania, Robert Fulton and John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg; New York, Robert R. Livingston and Alexander Hamilton; Illinois, Abraham Lincoln and James Shields; Missouri, Frank Blair and Thomas H. Benton; Vermont, Jacob Collamer and Ethan Allen; Oregon, Edward Dickinson Baker; Wisconsin, Jacques Marquette; Ohio, James A. Garfield and William Allen; Connecticut, Roger Sherman and John Trumbull; Rhode Island, Roger Williams and Nathaniel Green; Massachusetts, Samuel Adams and John Winthrop.

The Senate Chamber is one hundred and two feet long, eighty-two feet wide and thirty feet high. The walls are finished in white and gold and the ceiling consists of great panels of glass, each one bearing the coat of arms of a state. The most interesting rooms in the north wing, besides the Senate Chamber, are the President's room, the Vice-President's room and the Committee room of the District of Columbia. The Hall of Representatives, in the south wing, is about the same size as the Senate Chamber in the north wing. Its decorations include several of the world's finest paintings and works of statuary.

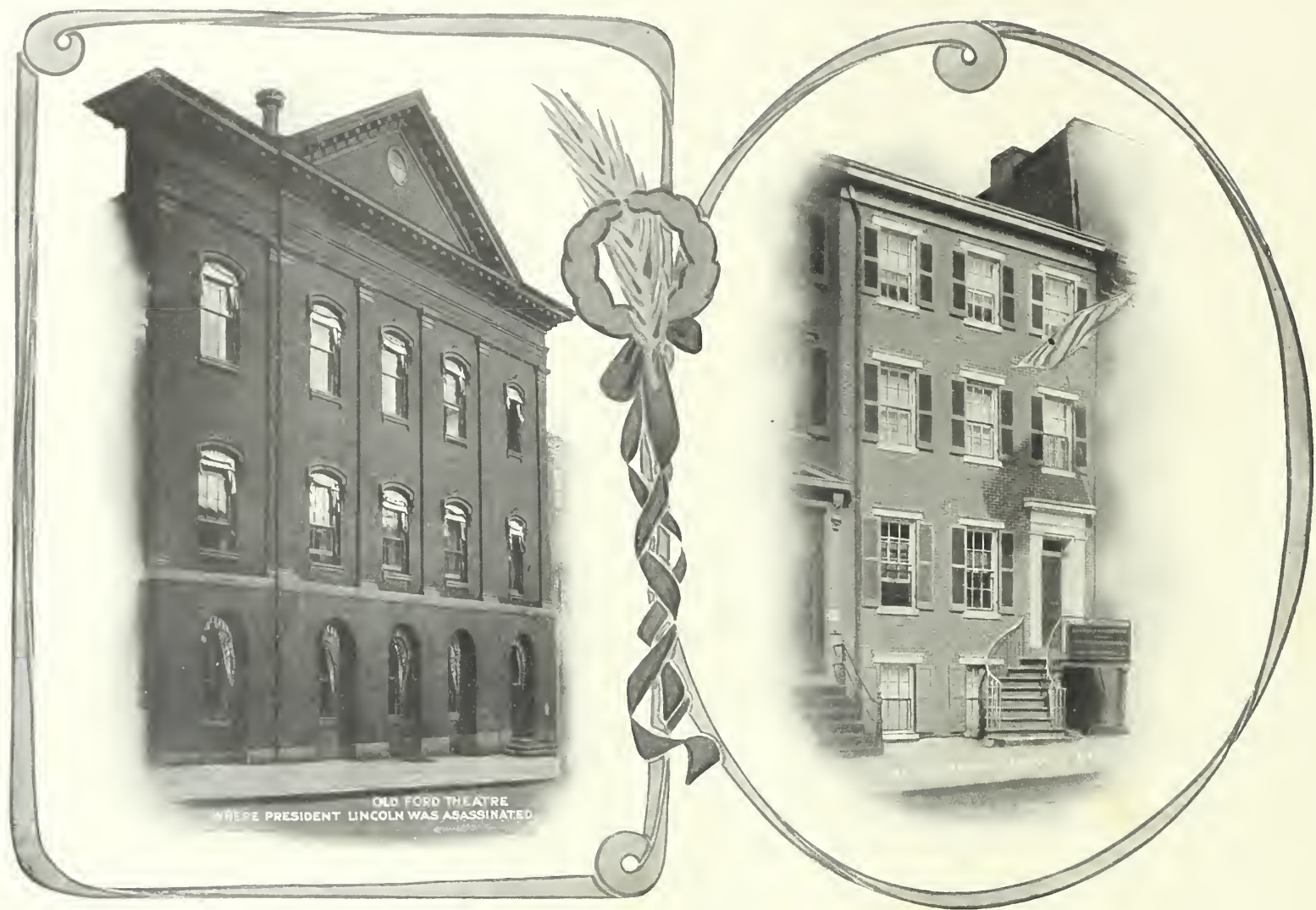
Much more might be written of this vast building, its environments, of the precious works of art and historic interest which it contains.

The Senate Chamber and Hall of Representatives have beheld many stirring and exciting scenes. The old House once rang with the clarion voices of Webster and Calhoun, and could the dead walls but speak how much of patriotism and truth or of envy and hatred they might tell.

One is strongly impressed by the vastness and magnificence of the building as he stands beneath the



THE TREASURY BUILDING



great dome decorated with historical and allegorical paintings by famous artists whose works have already long out-lived them, or as he ascends the massive staircase to the floor above. Here are some of the finest rooms ever constructed by the hand of man. The walls and ceilings are of imperishable marble that will last for centuries.

The view from the dome is ever worth the toilsome climb, for not only does it afford a complete outlook of Washington, but also of the Potomac and Arlington Heights, as well as much of the surrounding country.

Directly east of the Capitol Building and facing the grounds of that edifice stands the new National or Congressional Library. Architecturally, this building is a modern masterpiece, both in its exterior lines and in its interior adornment. There is no finer piece of handiwork in America than its broad white marble stair cases, supported by massive pillars, and adorned by handsomely carved balustrades. Its vast halls and vestibules, skillfully decorated by the most famous artists, present a scene of magnificence rivaling an Aladdin's dream. It is the handsomest, most complete and best ventilated and lighted library building in the world. It has three stories and a dome, and covers three and three-quarter acres. Its base dimensions are four hundred and seventy feet long and three hundred and forty-six feet wide. No edifice of its kind in the world is more complete in all its appertainments.

Next in importance to the visitor is the executive mansion, generally known as the White House, situated on Pennsylvania Avenue, on the banks of the Potomac. It contains two stories above the ground and a basement. The foundation was laid October 13, 1792, and the first occupant of the



ARLINGTON—HOME OF GEN. ROBT. E. LEE



SLAVE QUARTERS MT. VERNON



WEST FRONT MT. VERNON



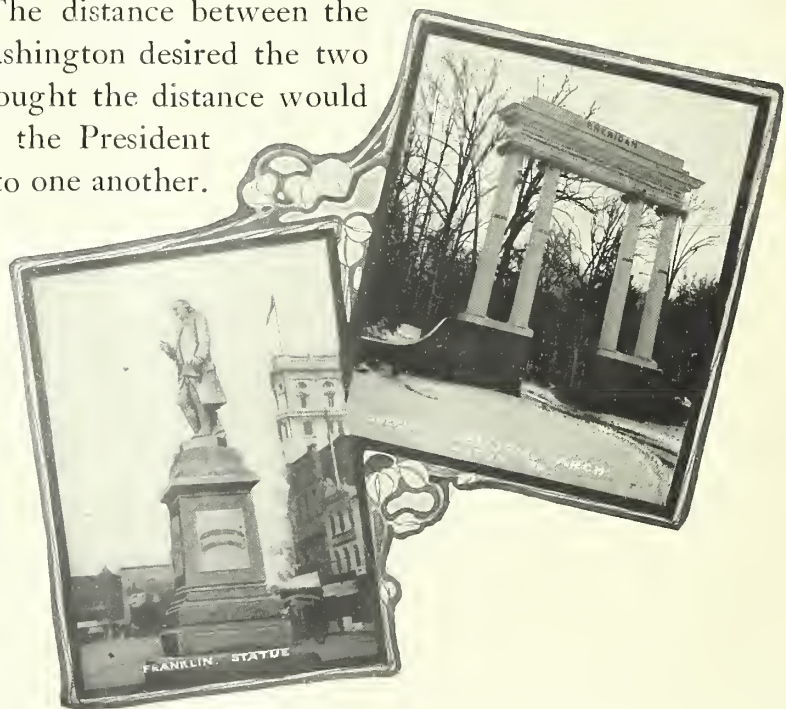
S. E. COR. MT. VERNON

building was President Adams in 1800. The building was partially burned by the British in 1814, during the Madison administration. The building contains thirty-one rooms and has been re-

fitted and almost rebuilt by President Roosevelt. Although not a costly edifice in comparison with other public buildings in the country, few structures are more pleasing to the eye or more perfect in their proportions. It is a classical structure of white marble with a vast portico in front and a semi-circular colonnade in

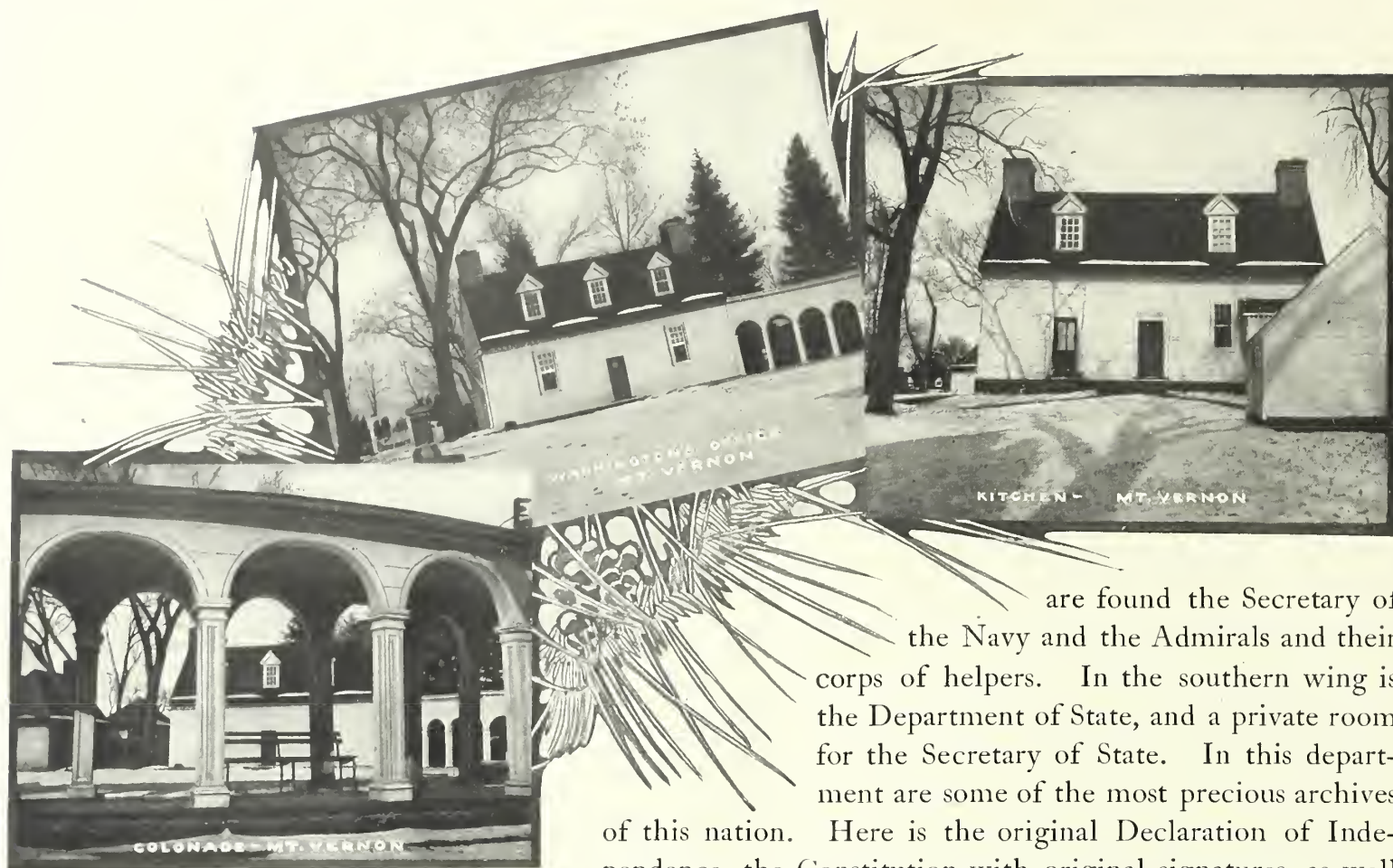
the rear that gives it the appearance of a great temple rather than a place of residence. In this simple structure the most illustrious of American citizens have lived and have entertained many of the world's greatest statesmen, scientists and men of letters. The distance between the Capitol and Executive Mansion is one mile. Washington desired the two buildings separated by this distance, because he thought the distance would prevent the Representatives and Senators troubling the President as much as they would if the two places were closer to one another.

West of the White House stands the enormous Army and Navy or State Building. It is a four-storied granite structure, having a frontage of three hundred and forty-five feet and a depth of five hundred and fifty feet. The building is one of the handsomest in Washington, being of the French Renaissance type, modified by American ideas. It contains more than five hundred rooms and has two miles of marble halls. In the western wing of the structure the Secretary of War and the Commander of the Army have handsome quarters for themselves and their assistants. In the east wing





MOUNT VERNON



are found the Secretary of the Navy and the Admirals and their corps of helpers. In the southern wing is the Department of State, and a private room for the Secretary of State. In this department are some of the most precious archives

of this nation. Here is the original Declaration of Independence, the Constitution with original signatures, as well as the handwriting and signatures of most of the monarchs

of the world during the past two centuries. The Treasury Building, the noblest example of pure Greek architecture in America (built in Jackson's time), stands as firmly and apparently secure as when first constructed, and it will undoubtedly remain through many years to come as one of the most substantial structures in the country. It is located just east of the White House and obstructs the view, from this point, of the Capitol. The dimensions of the Treasury Building are four hundred and sixty feet long by two hundred and sixty-five feet wide. The building is tenanted by more than three thousand workers and contains three hundred and fifty rooms.

The Patent Office is another massive building, whose stupendous pillared front is familiar to most of the American people. In this building are the models of every patented invention of this country—the sewing machine, the telegraph, the telephone and all those numerous inventions that have revolutionized business methods throughout the country.

In the same vicinity stands the old Ford Theatre, where Lincoln was assassinated, and the brick house on the opposite side of the street where he died. The theatre is now used as a government office, while the house in which Lincoln died has been converted into a museum and repository for many interesting relics of Lincoln and his time.

The Pension Building, situated on Judiciary Square, is a vast barn-like structure of mixed architecture, not beautiful in appearance, but, like the Government Printing Office, the best lighted, heated and ventilated department building in the city. The Pension Building is the largest of the department buildings. It covers a ground space four hundred by two hundred feet and its walls are more than seventy-five feet high. Fine grounds surround this building and fountains play in a pretty little park, before the government printing office. These relieve the structure from the appearance of business.



THE LAWN—MOUNT VERNON

Arlington, the former home of General Robert E. Lee, is now used as a national cemetery, and many of the nation's illustrious dead here found a final resting place. There could not be a more beautiful spot of consecrated ground for the lasting sleep of the sacred dead; far from the noise of the busy world, beyond the tumult of fierce debate and party strife, it is a fitting place for the nation's heroes to repose in.

The old historic mansion with its massive colonnades is carefully kept, and is used as a repository of relics and the home of the custodian. No pilgrim should fail to visit Arlington.

A few miles south of Arlington is Alexandria, with its historic associations and its venerable church in which Washington was a pew holder and worshipped.

A trolley car takes the tourist a few miles down the river to Mount Vernon, once the home of the Father of this Country. The old Colonial mansion, which is located upon the high ground overlooking the Potomac River, is kept in a condition of excellent repair, a special effort being made to keep everything in the same condition in which it appeared in Washington's time. Most of the old furniture has been retained and the visitor can almost imagine that Washington and his family occupied it but yesterday. Here is the bed in which Washington died, here are the rooms in which he received and entertained his friends and associates. Here on the broad colonnade he walked arm in arm with LaFayette and other illustrious men of his time. Here is the office in which he transacted his business, and there the venerable kitchen where the food was prepared. All is so real that one cannot help but wish to linger there and to think of what its owner accomplished in the brief space of a lifetime, and what has been done by his successors since he passed away.

Down at the foot of the hill, close by the banks of the beautiful river that he loved so well, all that is mortal of him reposes, but his unconquerable soul goes marching on in the national progress of today.



POTOMAC FROM MT. VERNON





PART SEVEN



America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

THE MUSKOKA LAKES
HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO
CANADA



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ECHO ROCK—LAKE JOSEPH.

EAST of Georgian Bay and about one hundred miles north of Lake Ontario lies a district many hundreds of square miles in extent which has been named "The Highlands of Ontario." This district embraces a number of smaller districts, the best known being called Muskoka. The name Muskoka is supposed to be derived from the name of the Chief of the Hurons, "Musaquodo," signifying "clear sky," and the district well merits its name for nowhere is the sky so blue or the sky so clear as in this lovely spot.

Situated 1000 feet above sea level its altitude produces a modifying effect in the sun's brightness, and the climatic conditions are most enjoyable. Game of the larger kind is plenty. The woods are



WALLACE CUT



ALONG THE SHORE - THE NARROWS



CLIFF BAY



THE NARROWS

not so frequented that the deer have been driven away but they are no longer to be seen in droves. Bass, pickerel and trout are plenty everywhere and at times the waters seem almost alive with them.

The general formation of Muskoka is of the same general ruggedness which characterizes the great Laurentian Range, of which it forms a part. It is thickly wooded with stately pines, giant hemlocks, fragrant balsams and wide spreading maples; in fact, every variety of tree life is found to grow here in glorious profusion. The forests are immense and imposing in their solitude. The axe of the lumberman has made slight inroads upon them so they are as primitive and natural as can be imagined. An artist who has traveled all over Switzerland, and through the Rhine and Rhone regions, says that he has nowhere found scenery which, judged from a purely artistic point of view, combines so many beauties with so much grandeur. Hundreds of lakelets are walled in by these vast forests of pine and hemlock.

This region has been called the "Sportsman's Paradise" from the fact that most of the sporting can be done from a boat, the whole country being intersected by a chain, or, to speak more correctly, by a system of lakes. It is not necessary to undergo long and tiresome tramps through undergrowth and brambles, over swamps and morasses, with drooping branches to flap in your face, carry off your hat, or otherwise try your patience; but you glide along the quiet waters of the lakes, or paddle along the windings of the rivers, overhung by the outlying pines, and fringed with water-lilies that mingle their fragrance with clear cool air. You save your strength and your temper—and these are very important considerations to amateur sporting-men whose chief aim is health, recreation and amusement.

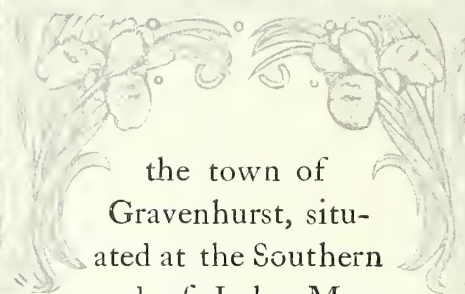
The number, beauty and variety of the lakes in Muskoka is one of the most striking features of its scenery. Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph are her three pearls of nature. They are accessible from all parts of the United States and Canada; in fact, seventy-five per cent of the summer travel to this region is by American tourists.

The railway, fully alive to the importance of the Muskoka Lakes as a pleasure resort, offers, during the tourist season, a most complete double service to the gateway of the lakes,





THE EVENING BOAT—LAKE MUSKOKA



the town of
Gravenhurst, situ-
ated at the Southern
end of Lake Mus-

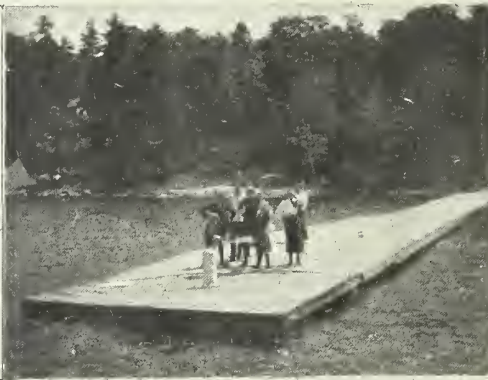


koka. Here at Muskoka Wharf a fleet of steamers await the arrival of the trains ready to carry away to all parts of the lakes their precious human cargoes.

From Muskoka Wharf, the starting point, to Port Carling, the junction of Lake Muskoka and Rosseau, the distance is twenty-one miles; from the same starting point to Rosseau at the head of the lake of this name, it is thirty-three miles; while the farthest point on the three lakes, Port Cockburn, at the head of Lake Joseph, is forty-five miles from Muskoka Wharf; the width of the lakes varying from channels a few hundred yards across to open stretches of water about six miles wide.

The three lakes contain between four hundred and five hundred islands of every shape and size, ranging from one over 1100 acres in Lake Rosseau, to those containing but a single tree or a rock rising sheer from the water's edge. The most numerous, however, are densely covered with pine, balsam, cedar, birch, maple, oak and other varieties of tree life.

Many of the islands, on which have been erected handsome dwellings, are the private property of



MUSKOKA RIVER



LAKE ROSSEAU



BEAUMARIS

wealthy Americans and Canadians, but there are hundreds of choice little spots on which any party is at liberty to take up their abode for the season.

On leaving the train at Muskoka Wharf a person has the choice of three routes in going up the lakes, one covering Lake Muskoka and Lake Rosseau, the other covering Lake Muskoka and Lake Joseph, while the third takes the Bala route. These steamers on their way up the lakes are met by other boats at junction points so that every part of the lakes are reached twice daily.

On leaving the wharf the steamers pass up Muskoka Bay for a distance of three or four miles until Muskoka Lake is reached, here the channel narrows down to a width of seventy-five to one hundred feet; in fact, boats are run at half speed in passing through the narrows into the lake proper.

On account of the healthful surroundings the Bay has been selected as a location for two large sanitariums for consumptives, the only institutions of the kind in Canada. We understand a large percentage of the cases received at these institutions are discharged cured and many others, more advanced probably, are so benefitted that their lives are indefinitely prolonged to the comfort and enjoyment of themselves and friends. This speaks volumes for the healthfulness of this region, which is characteristic of the entire Muskoka district.

On entering the lake a sense of exquisite beauty fills one as the boat steams swiftly into the midst of this lovely sheet of water. Many

isles lay around on the bosom of the lake. They and the shores are covered with dense pine and spruce trees. The water is like a polished mirror of steel. The islands are reflected, so are the heavens above. The lake seems as a little sea of glass, brilliant in the sun, skirted with lovely green, evergreen, and the feeling of the place is that of perfect isolation from the world and the rest of mankind. The sun shines on

PINE
ROCK



SHORE—BIG ISLAND



A SUMMER COTTAGE



SCENE NEAR CLEVELANDS—LAKE ROSSEAU

SCENE
NEAR
BALA



HAMIL'S
POINT



HUCKLEBERRY
ISLAND



trol. All boats have to be locked through and as several of the steamers arrive here at the same time it has become quite a meeting place for the nearby cottagers to enjoy a little visit and watch the bustle of the transferring of passengers and freight.

A very enjoyable side trip can be taken from here on one of the smaller steamers to Bala on Muskoka Lake. There are so many attractions at Bala it is difficult to enumerate them. To the fisherman his favorite sport claims first place and he will find abundance to satisfy him in angling for maskinonge, black bass and pickerel in the famous Moon and Muskosh Rivers close at hand. These rivers form the outlet at the turbulent Bala Falls, for the Muskoka waters to Georgian Bay.

The lover of scenery can while away many a peaceful hour treading the numerous walks through sylvan glades in the neighborhood. Boating in the placid Bala Bay can be enjoyed to the utmost, ample facilities being afforded in the well stocked boat-houses, smooth sand beach, with attendant bath houses.

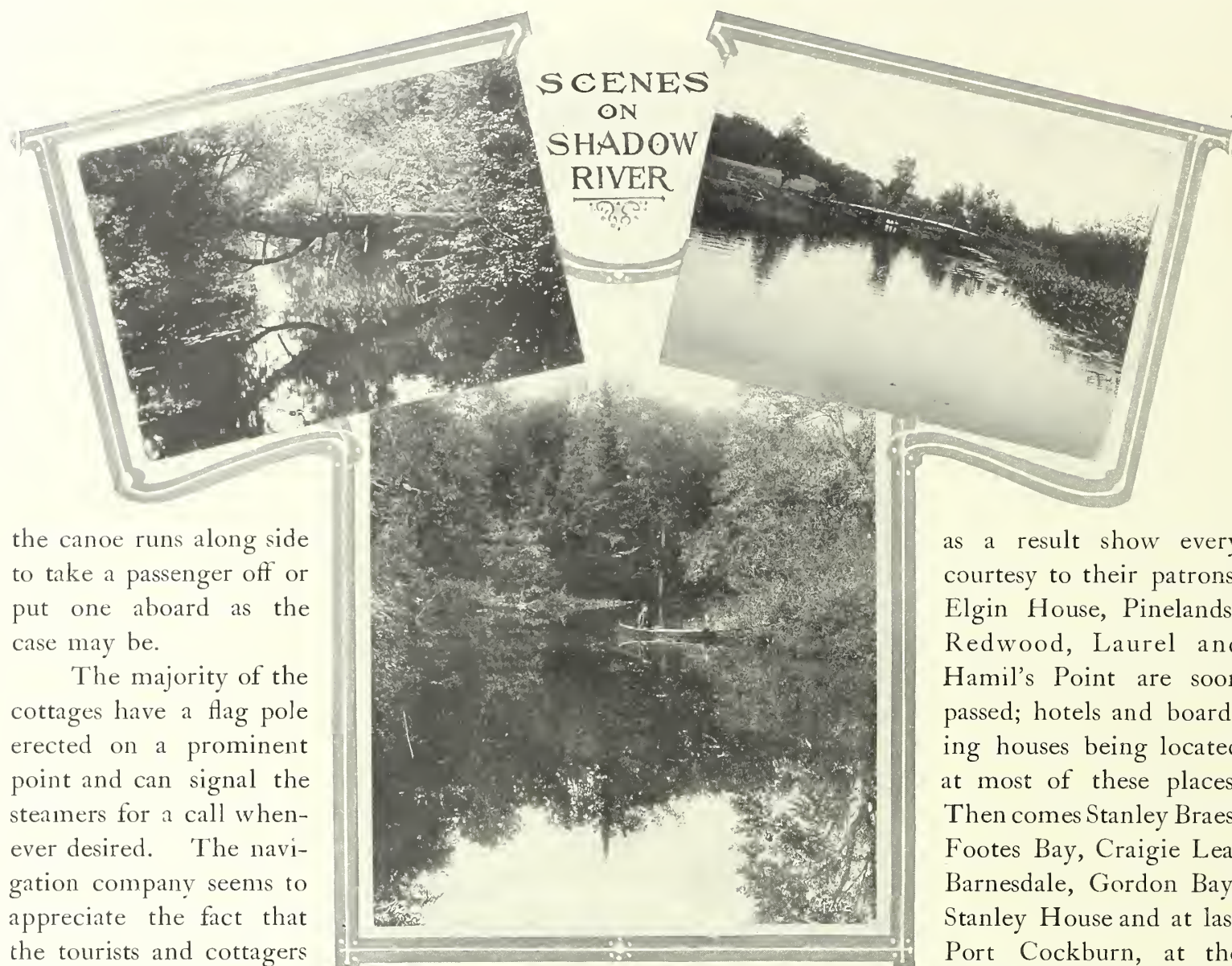
One day that overshadows others spent on a summer trip in the delightful Muskoka country, is Moon River day. Doubtless there are many streams equal in picturesqueness to the Moon; streams on which just as delightful days may be spent; but we have not seen them.

Some consider Lake Joseph the gem of the three lakes, perhaps on account of the clearness of the water, as in some places the bottom can be seen at a depth of thirty to forty feet.

The boat after leaving Port Sandfield, winds in and around the islands making stops wherever a passenger desires, be it a cottage on an island or a hotel on the shore. Sometimes a canoe will shoot out from around a rocky point, a handkerchief is waved, the steamer slackens up while



LAKE ROSSEAU—PORT SANDFIELD—LAKE JOSEPH



the canoe runs along side to take a passenger off or put one aboard as the case may be.

The majority of the cottages have a flag pole erected on a prominent point and can signal the steamers for a call whenever desired. The navigation company seems to appreciate the fact that the tourists and cottagers make their business and

Here within a radius of five or ten miles some excellent bass fishing can be secured.

In taking the Lake Rosseau route from Port Carling about the same scenery is met with as in Lake Joseph, all beautiful, hardly ever out of speaking distance from the shore or some island; each stop more beautiful than the one that preceeds it.

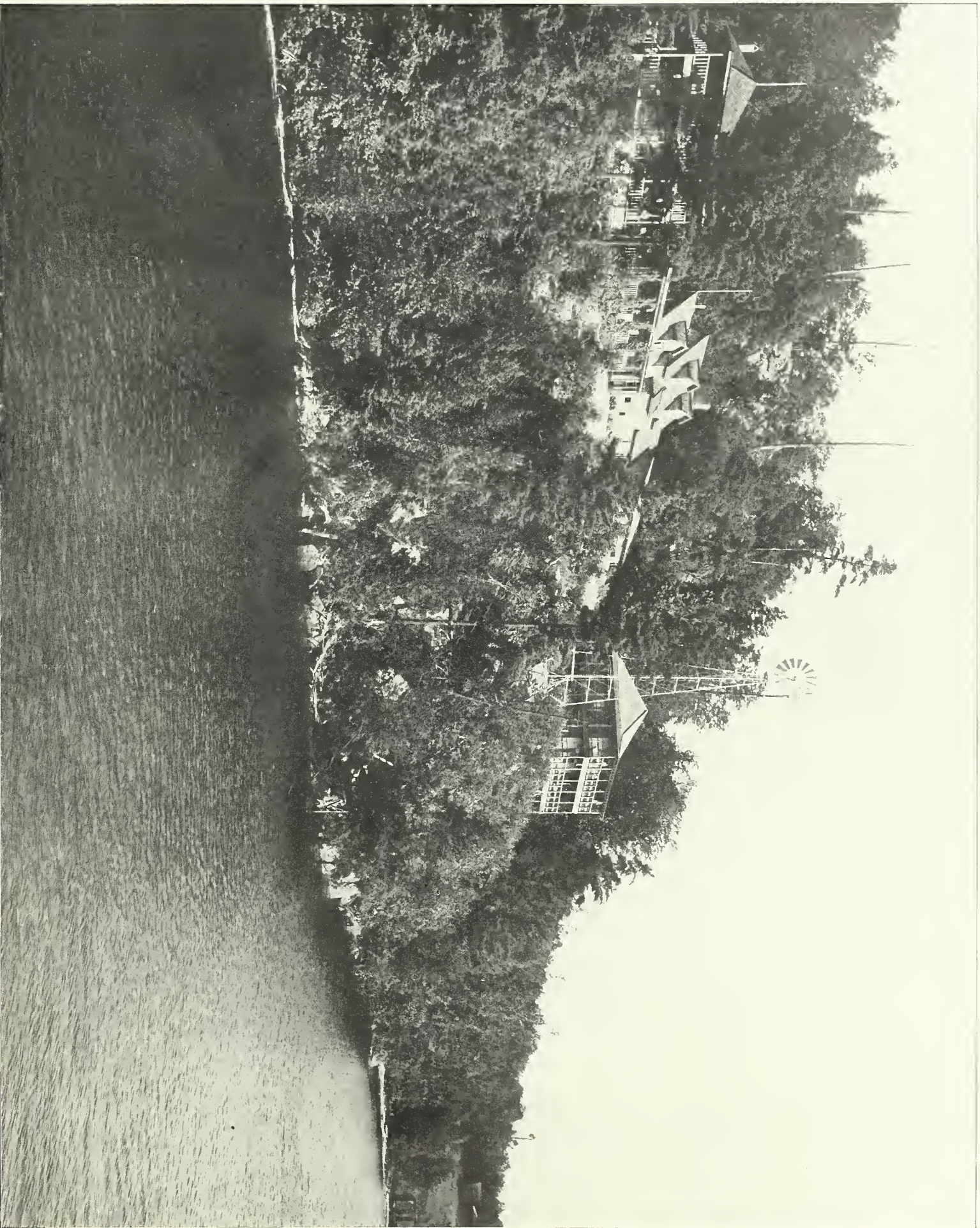
Clevelands and the Windermere are both favorite resorts with good hotel accomodations, then comes the Royal Muskoka famed as the finest summer hotel in Northern Canada.

Perhaps there is no place on the lakes more beautifully situated than "The Bluff;" perched on a cliff it enjoys every breeze the lake gives forth.

Rosseau, at the end of the lake, is quite a settlement and is largely visited on account of its close proximity to the beautiful Shadow River, one of nature's gems. With its deceptive shadows and reflections it is nature "holding the mirror to nature." The wonderful transparency of the water reflects objects in life-like truthfulness. The trees along its bank, the sky with the smallest cloud that flits across it, are reflected in its clear depths.

Late in the Fall when the first frost has nipped the leaves this territory is taken possession of by the disciples of the gun and lovers of the chase. In the "Highlands of Ontario" it is said that during each hunting season, which for deer is from November 1st to November 15th, there are nearly ten

as a result show every courtesy to their patrons. Elgin House, Pinelands, Redwood, Laurel and Hamil's Point are soon passed; hotels and boarding houses being located at most of these places. Then comes Stanley Braes, Footes Bay, Craigie Lea, Barnesdale, Gordon Bay, Stanley House and at last Port Cockburn, at the extreme head of the lake.



THE BLUFF—LAKE JOSEPH

thousand deer and more than one hundred moose killed. It is somewhat marvelous how the stock of deer keeps pace with the number killed, but it seems each year they are becoming more numerous and there is an increase instead of a diminution. This is accounted for by the shortness of the open season and by the strict prosecution by of any one transgressing slaughter, which no doubt hunters been allowed to thus been prevented and one of the best public saved. No

the Ontario Government the laws. The wanton would have prevailed had kill at their pleasure, has to a great extent, heritages of the person is allowed to



kill more
than two deer
each open sea-
fifteen days in

son, which only covers the entire year. In the hunting season it is an interesting sight at the different railway depots to see the great number of deer being handled by the express companies; in some cases the platforms are entirely covered with the carcasses.

To the dweller of the city, weary of work and worn with the tumult of its life or those who wish to recuperate from the insidious diseases that arise from a too intense application to sedentary pursuits, there are few places in the whole range of American scenery so attractive as the Muskoka Lakes in the Highlands of Ontario.







America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAIN
THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER
IN
NORTH CAROLINA



UNION BOOK & PUBLISHING COMPANY
PUBLISHERS.

CHICAGO ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ NEW YORK



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THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATED WORK EVER PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY

America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty

THE publication of this remarkable work marks a new era in the art of presenting the beauty and grandeur of nature in America to the view of man. This superb work has been in active preparation for several years, and the artist has traveled thousands of miles and expended thousands of dollars, but the publishers have their reward in the assurance that the scenes are depicted with unerring fidelity to nature as she really is.

An idea of the scope of the work is gained when it is mentioned that Yellowstone Park, the Hudson River, Southern California, the Grand Canon, Niagara Falls, Lake George, On the Banks of the Wabash, Picturesque Wisconsin, Great Smoky Mountain, The Upper Mississippi and Michigan's Lakes and Rivers are only a few of the treasure troves of scenery that have been made to yield their opulence to the on-looker.

The enterprise is a large one. FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS would not cover the cost of this work, but the publishers are convinced of the truth of the claim made for it, that no publication of the kind has ever been attempted before in this country by the process employed, on a scale so large and a design so liberal, with results so magnificent.

It is safe to assert that "America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty" is a monument worthy of the genius and reputation of the American people, and that it forms a permanent contribution to the treasures of mankind.

CONDITIONS OF PUBLICATION

This work will be published in semi-monthly parts, at Fifty Cents each, payable on delivery, the carrier not being allowed to receive money in advance or give credit.

Each part will contain descriptive text and eight large highly finished nega half-tones and from ten to fifteen smaller half-tones, arranged in single and artistic groupings.

The work will be imperial quarto size. It will be printed on heavy toned, highly calendered paper, made expressly for the work in the best manner known to the art. The terms and conditions of our printed contracts can not be added to, varied or waived, either verbally or in writing, by any agent, solicitor or other person.

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THE scenery among the Great Smoky Mountains in North Carolina is a surprise to many who are unfamiliar with that section of the South commonly called the "Land of the Sky." Here are peaks rivaling in altitude the snowy crests of the Sierras; forests more magnificent than those of the Adirondack region, and vales as beautiful as those of Cashmere, with silvery streams leaping down the rugged ravines or flowing placidly through fields and meadows; and here are hot springs bubbling up from the depths of the earth that are the wonder of scientists and are health-giving to invalids suffering from many ills. In rugged attractiveness, pure fresh air and splendid climate, nothing excels this Appalachian region in the western part of North Carolina. There is something inspiring and invigorating to soul and body in the very fragrance of the mountain pines.

Through the midst of this charming country flows the famous French Broad River, the roar of which, as it rushes through the mountain passes, may be heard for many miles. It winds and twists about the mountain vales to finally mingle with the mightier Tennessee.

This stream possesses many picturesque features. Its banks are steep and precipitous, with the rude log huts of the natives perched on crags and hill-tops like miniature toy houses.

There is but little land in this locality fit for cultivation, though there are fertile spots down in the vales and occasional plateaus of circumscribed limits, upon which the inhabitants eke out a scanty subsistence, but the country is rich in scenic splendors, and at every turn and bend of the French Broad a new and surprising vista of beauty is presented to the eye of the beholder and if one has time and

inclination to explore on horse-back the mountain paths and trails through the great forests he will find objects of interest to please and charm him at every hand.

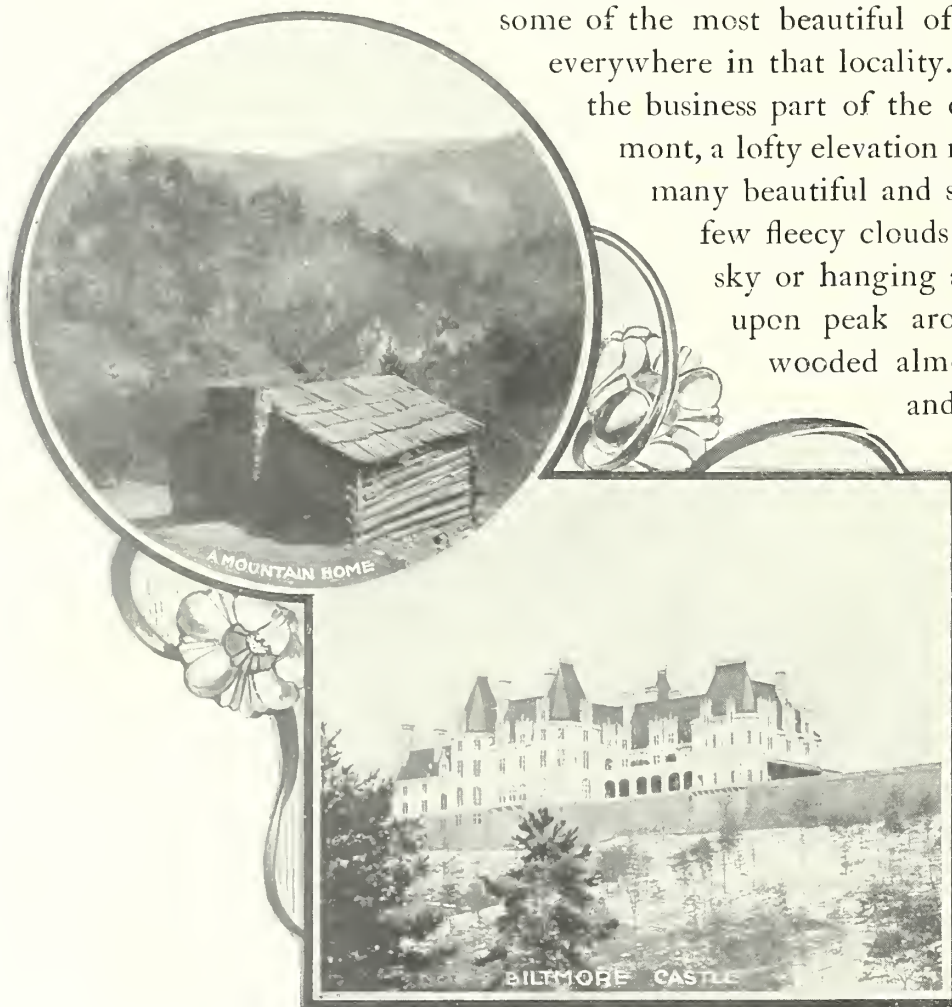
We arrived in this region in the midst of a terrific storm, something unusual, we were told, in this latitude and at that particular season of the year. The lightning flashed and tremendous peals of thunder reverberated through the mountain gorges. The rain descended in torrents, swelling the mountain streams and deluging the highways. On our arrival at Asheville the darkness was so dense and the air so saturated with moisture that the signal lights at the railway station were barely discernible. A trolley car awaited us there and we were soon being whirled about curves and inclines. It was with difficulty that we kept our seats. Onward we flew through the darkness, ascending higher and higher, and in a few minutes we arrived at the beautiful and brilliantly lighted Battery Park Hotel. Here warmth, comfort and a good supper awaited us. A band of musicians concealed in the spacious palm garden made us forget the rain and darkness without. We could not have found anywhere more of the comforts of home or anything that excelled the cordial southern hospitality with which we were greeted.

Our long trip from Savannah, Georgia, had wearied us and we did not awaken in the morning until the sun was brightly shining in at our window. In gazing from the lofty heights upon which this hotel is situated, we could see in the distance the glittering summits of the great Smoky Mountains, for in the midnight the world had undergone a wonderful transformation. Mountain peaks, vales, fields, forests and roadways and the beautiful city below us were thickly covered with a glistening mantle of snow, which we were told, was the heaviest fall of the fleecy element for more than twenty years.

As soon as we could conveniently equip ourselves, we engaged a substantial conveyance and a driver familiar with the roads in that vicinity and set forth to photograph some of the most beautiful of the scenes that confronted us almost everywhere in that locality. We drove down the long hill through the business part of the city and proceeded on our way to Beaumont, a lofty elevation near at hand, upon the crest of which are many beautiful and sightly homes. The air was still and a few fleecy clouds were lazily floating through the azure sky or hanging about the snowy mountain tops. Peak upon peak arose from the plateau about us, heavily wooded almost to their summits. The forest trees, and particularly the mountain pines, heavily

loaded with snow, presented a dazzling appearance in the morning sunlight as we made our way up the mountain side along the steep and somewhat difficult highway. We reached the summit at last, from which a magnificent view was obtained of Asheville and the lofty mountains far to the west, the most conspicuous of which was the peak of Pisgah, the most noted mountain in the vicinity.

To the south a few miles away, we could see the great estate of





SNOW SCENE—BALD MOUNTAIN, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Biltmore with its grand chateau crowning a lofty mountain top. Seldom in this world has it been our privilege to gaze upon a spectacle more brilliant and sublime. Our return to Asheville by way of the western slope of the mountain was chiefly through a heavy pine forest, through which vistas of charming landscapes were revealed to us.

On the following day, through the courtesy of the Manager, Mr. Charles McNamee, we visited the stately Biltmore, the home of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, which is situated in the midst of a great and magnificent domain reaching almost as far as the eye can see and which is the most costly home of its kind in America as well as the most beautiful in the world. We say beautiful, for nowhere has nature



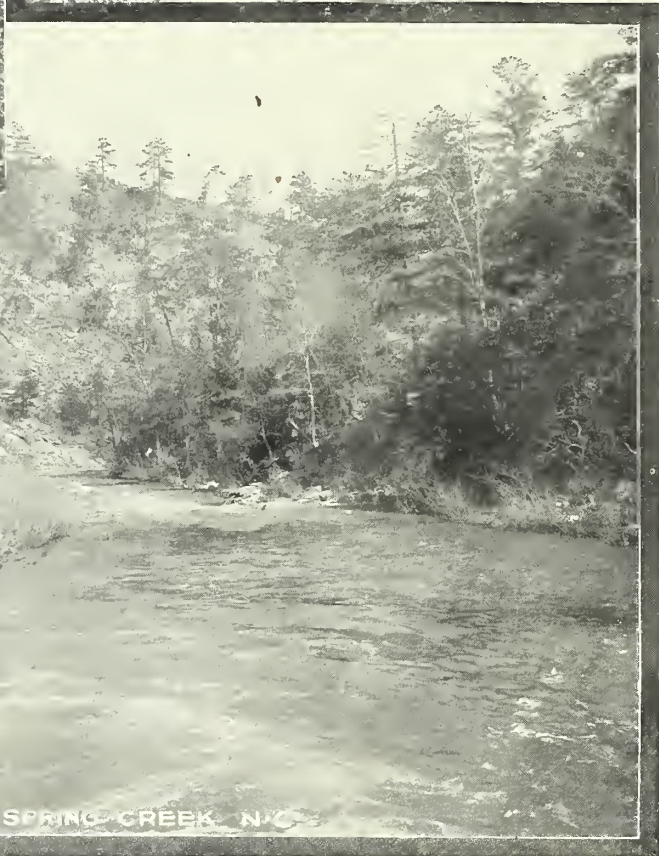
been more prodigal of her favors. It was charming before the eye of man ever beheld it by reason of its environments. In improving it, Mr. Vanderbilt has done his work carefully, so skillfully and judiciously that artificiality is scarcely apparent anywhere. Entering at the great gate or portal, we followed a drive for a considerable distance before coming in sight of the castle or chateau. Along this drive are splendid flowers, shrubbery and trees of every conceivable kind, and in leafy June, when in full bloom and beauty, the scene presented must be something akin to an earthly paradise. At every turn of the road a charming picture or scenic effect is presented, such as a Turner or Claude Lorraine would paint were they living and flourishing today. Here are brooks and beautiful waterfalls flashing and sparkling in the sunlight, miniature lakes, and most attractive of all, the French Broad and Shennuah Rivers, coursing rapidly through forests and along thickly wooded shores with here and there a space or opening through which an unexpected view breaks upon the beholder as he passes by. This place is so



WATERFALL AT BILTMORE



vast and is created upon such a liberal and magnificent scale that it inspires a feeling of wonder as well as of admiration. The crowning creation is the house itself. To make a site for this stately home, Mr. Vanderbilt leveled a mountain and built a private railroad for the transportation of the materials, and this habitation arose in the midst of this domain like the palace of an Aladdin. It stands today completed, a lasting monument to the philanthropy and generosity of George W. Vanderbilt. We say philanthropy and generosity, for as we rode through this estate and were told of what was being done, we could see in all this mighty work



something superior to the selfishness and greed that characterizes many millionaires. On this estate thousands of willing hands are being given profitable employment, and the millions of dollars that it costs go into the hands of the lowly workers who give their toil for Mr. Vanderbilt's money. Here are schools for the education of their children; a magnificent church for them to worship in; tasteful, attractive houses built of substantial material for their occupation and comfort. Could any man do more than this for his kind?



GLEN IN GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS



Yes, Mr. Vanderbilt has done more. He has made out of this great tract of fertile vales and mountains the most beautiful park in America, and on certain days of the week the gate is thrown open to the public that those who love what is beautiful may appreciate and enjoy it.

He has created a great object lesson in agriculture, horticulture, floraculture, in forestry, in stock-raising, in dairying—in fact, in many industries for the education and enlightenment of his fellow Americans. He has not gone to England and expatriated himself. He is a typical American who is content to spend his millions here for the benefit of his fellow citizens. There is a deeper and broader meaning to Biltmore and its magnificent environments than most Americans imagine. Mr. Vanderbilt is a public benefactor and he deserves to have and to hold his millions because he administers his estate so wisely.

Probably nowhere in the United States can such vast virgin forests be found as in the vicinity of the great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. The forests abound with a great variety of hard wood trees, such as walnut, chestnut, cherry, ash and oak, as well as hemlocks and pines, but vast forest fires and the ax of the lumberman are fast despoiling these magnificent mountain slopes of their great trees, and the rivers and streams of that region are correspondingly decreasing and unless this devastation is stayed the picturesque features of this beautiful country will in the near future disappear.

There has been much talk of late years of converting this locality into a vast national park. The land is comparatively worthless for agricultural purposes and denuded of its fine forests would be of but little value. It might be made with little expense one of the most delightful and restful resorts in the country. Its accessibility to the great cities of the Eastern States would make it popular with the people. The South is just beginning to realize its manufacturing possibilities, and as many of the great rivers of the South have their sources in this mountain region it is important that these forests be preserved that the water supply may not fail in a dry season.

We are pleased to be informed that a movement has been started at Asheville, North Carolina, with the purpose in view of securing a great forest reserve in this Appalachian region. The territory which it is proposed that the Government should purchase comprises an area of about two million acres and lies in Western North Carolina, Eastern Tennessee, Virginia, North Georgia and Northern South Carolina.



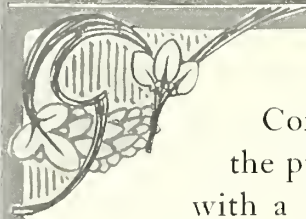
PAINT ROCKS ON THE FRENCH BROAD



RIVER AT BALTIMORE



A MOUNTAIN STREAM



Congress has already made a small appropriation for the purpose of a preliminary investigation of these forests with a view of their ultimate purchase. The President of the United States, in a special message to Congress, recommended the movement under consideration. Subsequently a bill was introduced into Senate asking for an appropriation of

five million dollars (\$5,000,000) for the purchase of these Appalachian forests, but the question was not acted upon but will probably be taken up and will receive favorable consideration at a future session. It would seem that the time has come to take some action in the matter, as the ax of the woodman has already made wanton waste and destruction in the forest wilds.

About thirty-five miles west of Asheville, on the Southern Railway, and occupying a beautiful plateau of about a thousand acres, is the village of Hot Springs, surrounded by some of the grandest of North Carolina's famous mountains. It is only in recent years that the beauty and grandeur of the North Carolina mountains have become known, for the railroad in this region is of but recent construction. The country has not been denuded of its trees or despoiled of its natural beauty by the improvements of civilization. The advertising man has not invaded it with his paint box. The air is very pure and stimulating and sometimes a little severe on account of the high winds, but it is dry, and delicate constitutions do not feel the cold as much as they would in other places nearer the sea level.

As we near the boundary line between North Carolina and Tennessee the country becomes still more rugged and broken and the great Smoky Mountains reach their greatest height in Mt. Mitchell, 7,900 feet high. Mt. Mitchell has many sister peaks of great altitude. We were told by an old resident, who claimed to be an authority, that there were forty-seven mountains in this locality over six thousand feet high. In the midst of these mighty mountains lie the fountains that feed the Tennessee



LOVER'S LEAP—NEAR HOT SPRINGS, N. C.

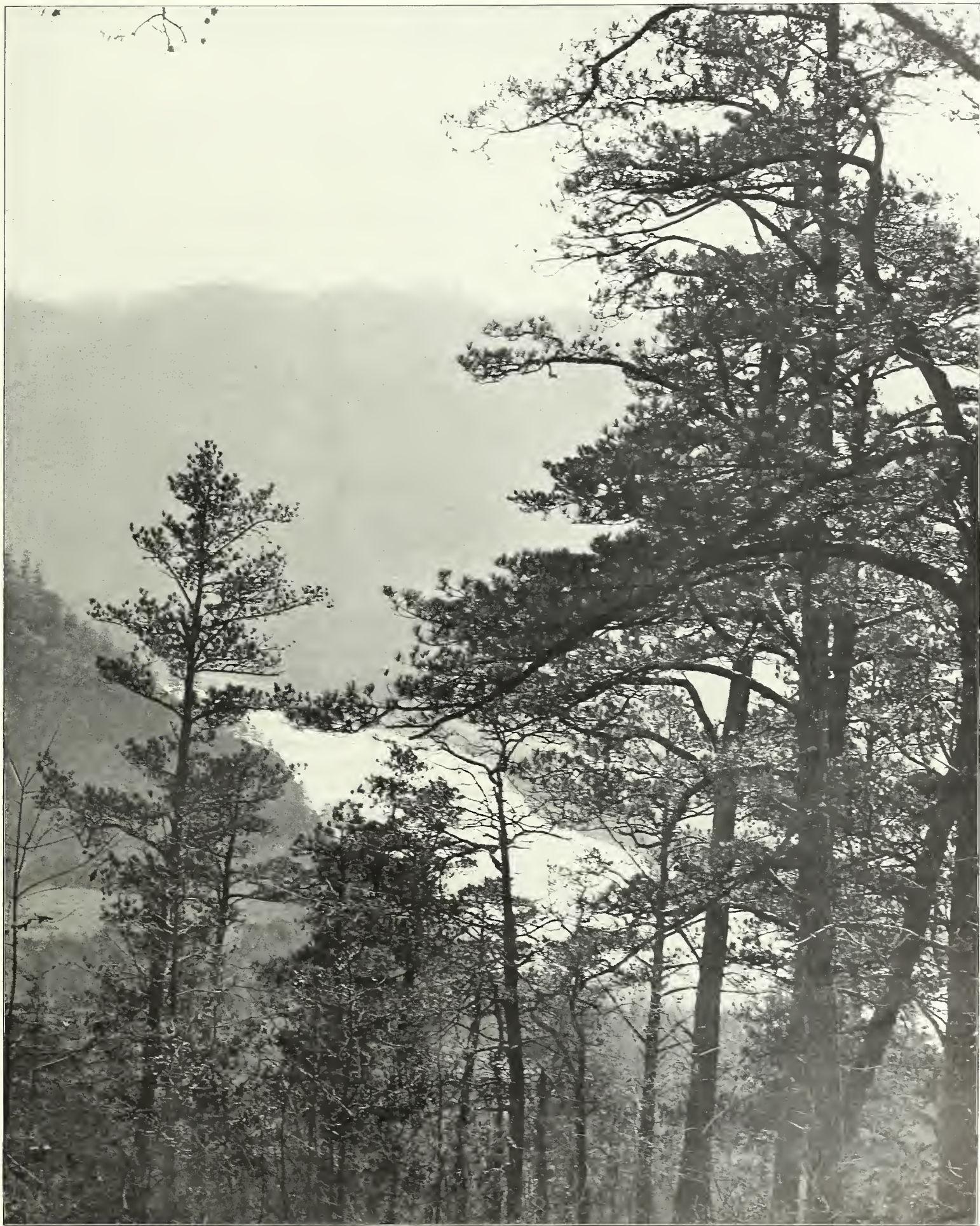
River. We know of no place where the world-weary man may find a more restful retreat than in this romantic region. May and June are the most beautiful months of the year, though in the Autumn, when the trees wear their garments of gold and fire, the scenery is said to be something splendid to see. The people here are hospitable to strangers, particularly northern visitors, from whom their subsistence is principally derived. The big hotels of Asheville and Hot Springs consume many of their products and create a ready market for them. There are many fine farms in the fertile valleys about these mountains, well stocked with horses and cattle. The mountains are for the most part heavily wooded, though an occasional devastating fire in the dry season sweeps over one or more of them, as we have already stated, destroying much fine timber. It is appalling to see the damage done by a forest fire to these beautiful woods.

The woods of America have always been regarded as an obstacle in the way of settlers. Vast areas covered with magnificent trees have been cleared. The trees have been felled by the woodman's ax



and have been burned, when they were dry enough to feed a forest fire, or have been converted into ties or fuel for railway locomotives. Millions of square miles of territory are now bare of all foliage, and the land is sterile that was once covered with luxuriant green forests. Cloud-bursts and floods are fast washing away the little fertility that is left in the soil. Our ancestors never gave thought that the time might come when timber would be less abundant and worth many times the value of the land upon which it stood.

There is a vast section of territory in Eastern Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia and North Carolina that is almost as much of a wilderness as when the first settlement was made at Jamestown. The mountains are covered with magnificent forests and the valleys are watered by unfailing streams. Many wonder that this country is so sparsely settled when it is so beautiful and fertile. The explanation is simple. The almost inaccessible forests made it difficult to reach and the great procession of pioneers passed around it and poured into the more desirable parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, or staked out their homesteads on the fertile prairies of Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, where the rich soil only awaited the plow.



FRENCH BROAD RIVER. N. C.

To have cleared these mighty forests would have been an Herculean task and the bare land would not have been worth the labor, and in consequence vast tracts of timber have been spared from the ax of the woodman until they are becoming valuable and are, as we have said, attracting the attention of northern capitalists. It is devoutly to be hoped that the strong and commendable effort which is being made to convert this vast domain into a national park or government reservation will be fruitful of good results.

Only a few scattering, hardy mountaineers inhabit these wilds today. They live in an almost primitive manner. Many of them have been squatters for generations, and it would be difficult for the real owners to evict them. They live in log cabins or in hovels that a northern farmer would deem unfit for his cattle. Their ways are simple; a corn and potato patch and a few wild hogs who feed on acorns and roots and run wild in the forests supply their wants. Most of them are illiterate. They have neither energy nor ambition, nor have they any desire to work in order to accumulate property. But they can shoot straight and are quick to resent a wrong, real or fancied, so there are drawbacks which make the ownership of property sometimes very undesirable in this part of the South.

This locality is rich in historic associations, and was the scene of considerable strife during the war for the Union. By traveling the old stage road that runs through a narrow pass along the French Broad River, Longstreet, when hotly pursued by Buell, escaped from Tennessee into North Carolina. This old stage route is still indicated by remains of its excellent roadbed, but it has been mostly washed away by the tremendous floods that in late years have come rushing down through the great gorge. With the completion of a branch of the Southern Railway through this mountain region, the old stage line was discontinued and the road left to decay. The railway now makes nearly every interesting part of the Appalachian region accessible.

Asheville and Hot Springs have become widely known as popular Summer and Winter resorts. Southerners seek the cool, bracing mountain air in the summer and the Northerners go to the place for the mild climate that prevails during the winter months. Invalids with weak lungs and low vitality find the high and dry atmosphere of Asheville curative and helpful, as well as stimulating and invigorating, while at Hot Springs those suffering with rheumatism and kindred ailments are greatly benefited by the baths and through the waters. Numerous springs gush from some mysterious subterranean source ranging in temperature from 96° to 110°. Over some of these springs luxurious bath houses and commodious swimming pools have been constructed and the natural thermal waters flow into them fresh and clean as they come from the depths of the earth below, so that the bathers get all of the heat as well as the gaseous and mineral effects of the water, which is invariably of the temperature prescribed by physicians and does not have to be heated or cooled artificially. All invalids are prescribed for by the house physician. These mineral waters have cured many sufferers' ills, particularly ailments of the kidneys and such troubles as rheumatism and dyspepsia. A careful analysis shows them to be identical in mineral and medical qualities with the waters of Hot Springs, Arkansas, and Hot Springs, Virginia.

The climate of Hot Springs is healthful all the year round; fogs seldom appear. The atmosphere is rarely damp and is wholly free from malaria. The mountain tops intercept the moisture and during the winter months they form a strong protection from the bleak north winds. The sunshine streams into the peaceful valley, giving warmth and cheer to all sojourners there. The soil is mostly of a sandy character and does not retain moisture. The scenery in this pretty locality is the most beautiful of any part of the great Appalachian range. It has been called by many admirers "The Switzerland of America." The water from the mountain springs is delicious and abundant. The average temperature in August is seldom below 76° and in January rarely below 41°, as careful observations, scientifically taken, have shown.



SPRING CREEK FALLS, N. C.



A short distance from the Mountain Park Hotel, the chief hostelry of the place, a beautiful mountain stream called Spring Creek blends its pure crystal waters with the French Broad River. The scenery along the great mountain gorge, through which this torrent flows, is of exceptional loveliness. One can follow its winding curves for a long distance by riding or driving along a well kept mountain road.

Another road built for a pleasure drive leads to the summit of Round Top, a neighboring mountain height, from which elevation a very fine view of the great vale of the French Broad and the towering mountain peaks in the vicinity may be obtained.

We shall long remember the beauty of this land. The smell of the mountain pines and the sight of the silvery cataracts will be fragrant and bright memories of ours forever.







America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

THE CAVES OF KENTUCKY
MAMMOTH CAVE
COLOSSAL CAVERN
WHITE'S CAVE



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THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATED WORK EVER PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY

America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty

THE publication of this remarkable work marks a new era in the art of presenting the beauty and grandeur of nature in America to the view of man. This superb work has been in active preparation for several years, and the artist has traveled thousands of miles and expended thousands of dollars, but the publishers have their reward in the assurance that the scenes are depicted with unerring fidelity to nature as she really is.

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THE caves of Kentucky can be fairly numbered among the great wonders of the world. Nowhere upon earth are caves more splendid in size or beautiful in their various formations. There is a certain section of the State of Kentucky in which these caves abound. No one knows how many of them there are or the full extent of those that have already been discovered. New caves are being found and avenues opened up in the caves that have for many years been known to the public. Hundreds of miles have been traced in these subterranean palaces, for nothing ever created by the hand of man possesses more of grandeur or of beauty than some of these magnificent grottos far down in the depths of old mother earth.

Two causes seem to have contributed to produce these wonders. First, some tremendous upheaval, evidently of a volcanic character, and, second, the chemical action of the water on the limestone rocks. The former produced cracks and seams through which the water, trickling through countless centuries, enlarged these fissures until they became vast halls, domes, pits and avenues, through some of which an army might move without being impeded in its way.

Without these caves, the country is of a rough, rocky and sterile character, abounding in vast sink holes, in which the surface water runs and seeps through the soil and gravel into the caverns below. These sink holes, many of them acres in extent, are evidently caused by the falling in of the rocks below, the passages, in many places, being abruptly cut off by the debris.

Of these vast caves in Kentucky, Mammoth Cave is the largest in extent and most widely known. It was discovered by a hunter named Houchin, on or about 1808, who, in pursuing a bear, followed it into the cave. The discovery of this vast cavern attracted but little attention until 1812, at which time it was found that the cave contained large quantities of saltpetre, a commodity much needed at that time for the manufacture of gunpowder, and works, which were then considered of an extensive character, were established for the manufacture of this product.

The old wooden pipes for conveying water into the cave, and vats, used for leaching the nitrous earth, may still be seen; interesting relics of our great grandfathers' days.



The saltpetre produced in the cave was conveyed over a rough road to the Green River, down which it was floated to the Ohio and up the Ohio to Pittsburgh, and from thence conveyed to Philadelphia. The old timbers, left in the cave by the saltpetre miners, are still sound and in very much the same condition in which they were left when work was discontinued.

The wonderful stories told of the cave by the saltpetre miners were at first not credited, but they were soon verified by reliable explorers, who gave to the outside world a knowledge of the cave's extent and grandeur, and in due time it took its proper place as one of the great wonders of the world.

In former times the caves of Kentucky were difficult of access and could only be reached by a tiresome stage ride from Louisville. Now, however, they can be reached in comfort and without



ENTERING THE CORKSCREW—MAMMOTH CAVE

difficulty. The Louisville & Nashville Railway Company has its main line only nine miles from the mouth of the Mammoth Cave and Colossal Cavern, and a branch road takes the tourist from Glasgow Junction directly to the cave.

Thousands of people visit these caves annually, and hundreds of thousands more would visit them if they but realized the splendor and magnificence of many of their spacious avenues.

The entrance to the Mammoth Cave is of an imposing and attractive character. One enters a vast archway or tunnel from a romantic glen situated in a forest of oaks, elms and sycamores. At the

entrance, a tiny waterfall comes from a crevice in

the rocks above, glitters like a silvery thread in the sunlight, and sinks through the rocks into the caverns below. Descending

the substantial
stone stairway
one finds the
cave easy of
access, the
archway
being

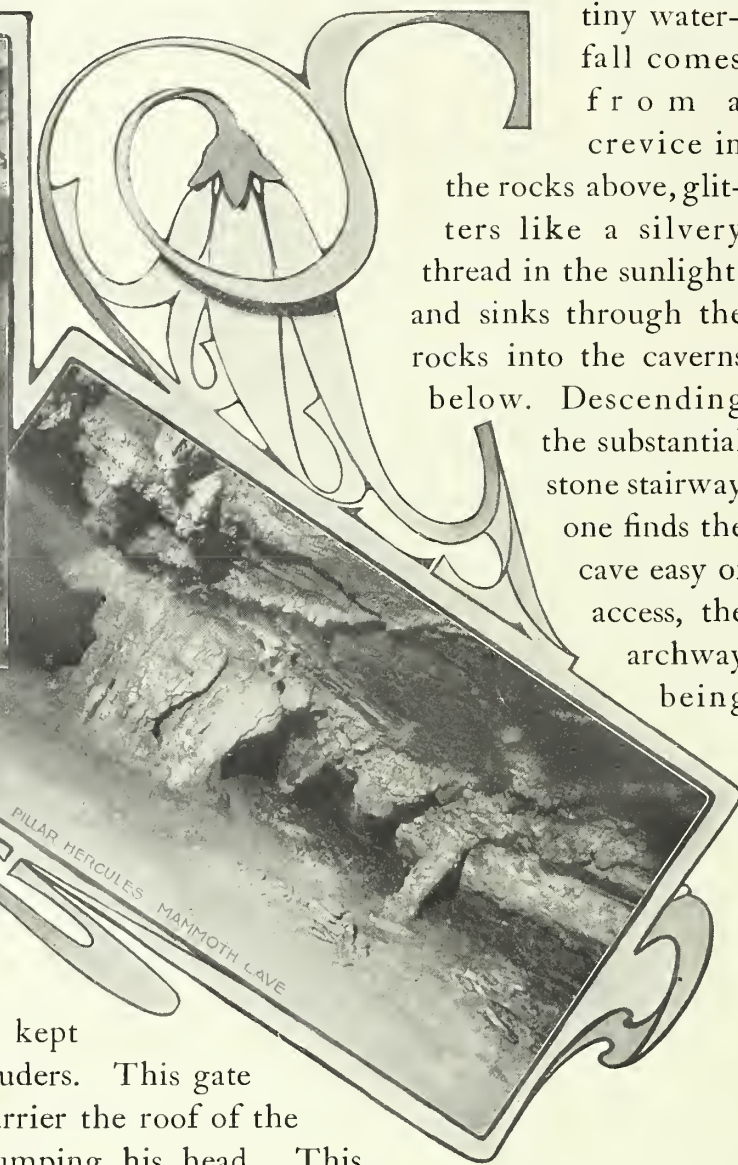


from ten to twenty feet in height and proportionately broad, with a smooth, level floor.

About two hundred feet from the mouth of the cave one comes to an iron gate, which is kept locked for the purpose of excluding vandals and marauders. This gate the guide opens and carefully closes. Beyond this barrier the roof of the cave is lower and the visitor must stoop to avoid bumping his head. This passage is called Houchin's Narrows, in honor of the discoverer of the cave.

The first great room of importance, reached by the visitor is the Rotunda, a vast circular hall with a roof more than sixty feet in height, from which two passages diverge, the main cave and Audubon Avenue. The latter is a short passage leading to little Bat Avenue, Rafinisque Hall and Olive's Bower, which contains the most perfect alabaster stalactites found in the great cavern. No one visiting the cave should fail to see this beautiful grotto. Entering little Bat Avenue one sees thousands of bats clinging to the walls and ceiling, an interesting study for a naturalist.

Retracing our steps to the Rotunda we again enter the main cave. As we proceed our way becomes higher and more spacious. We pass the entrance to the Corkscrew, an intricate passage affording a



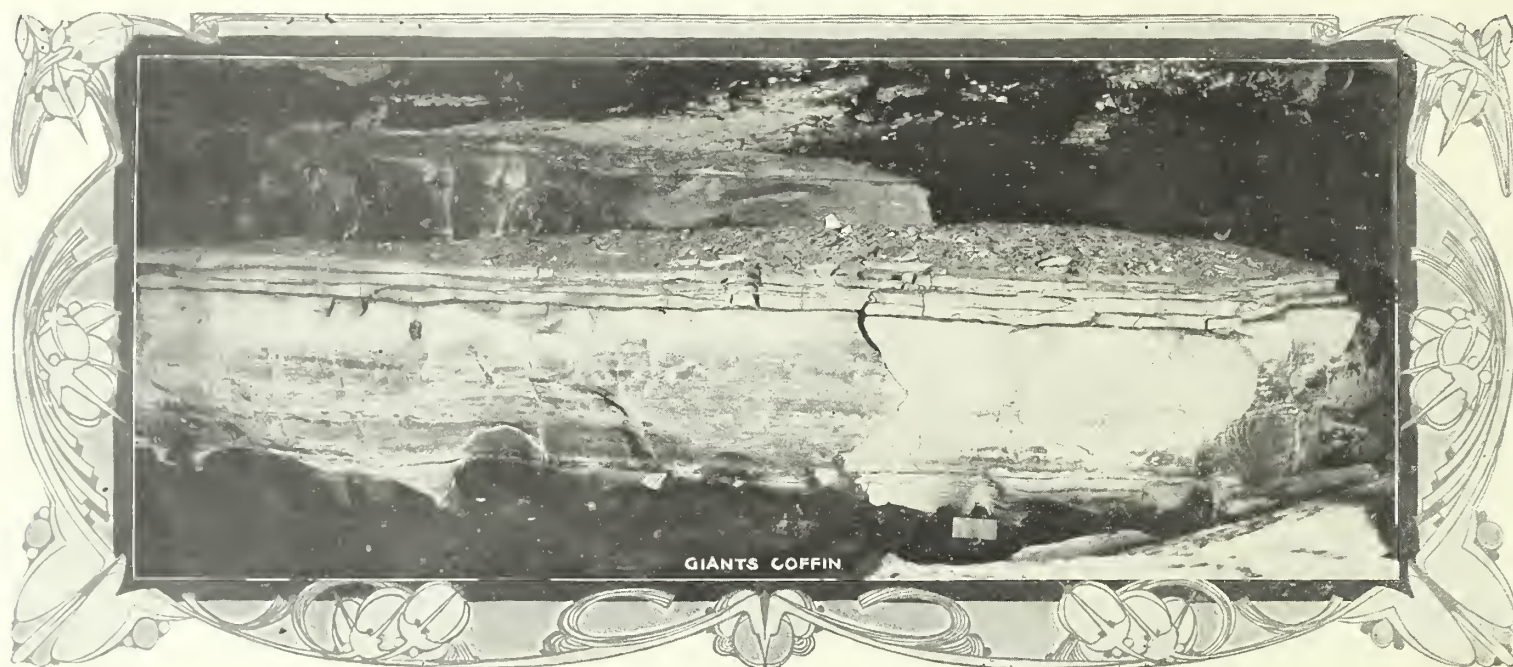


ECHO RIVER—MAMMOTH CAVE

short cut to the river. We pass the Church, a great auditorium with a natural pulpit in it, from which sermons have been preached to large congregations and where Christmas festivals have been held. A large tree is left standing as a memento of one of these occasions, which is decorated with thousands of cards left there by visitors.

Booth's Amphitheater is another spacious hall resembling a place of public amusement, with stage, parquette and galleries. In this place the famous tragedian is said to have enacted one of his parts standing on the large rocks that form the stage.

A flight of stairs leads from this place to Gothic Avenue, which is, perhaps, the most attractive feature of the short route and in which are many beautiful formations, though some of them have been sadly defaced by vandal hands and by thousands of fools who have sought to place their names in public places, for beautiful ceilings are smeared with soot and scratched with knives, chisels and other sharp instruments. The caves were becoming so despoiled by visitors, and their attractions were being broken



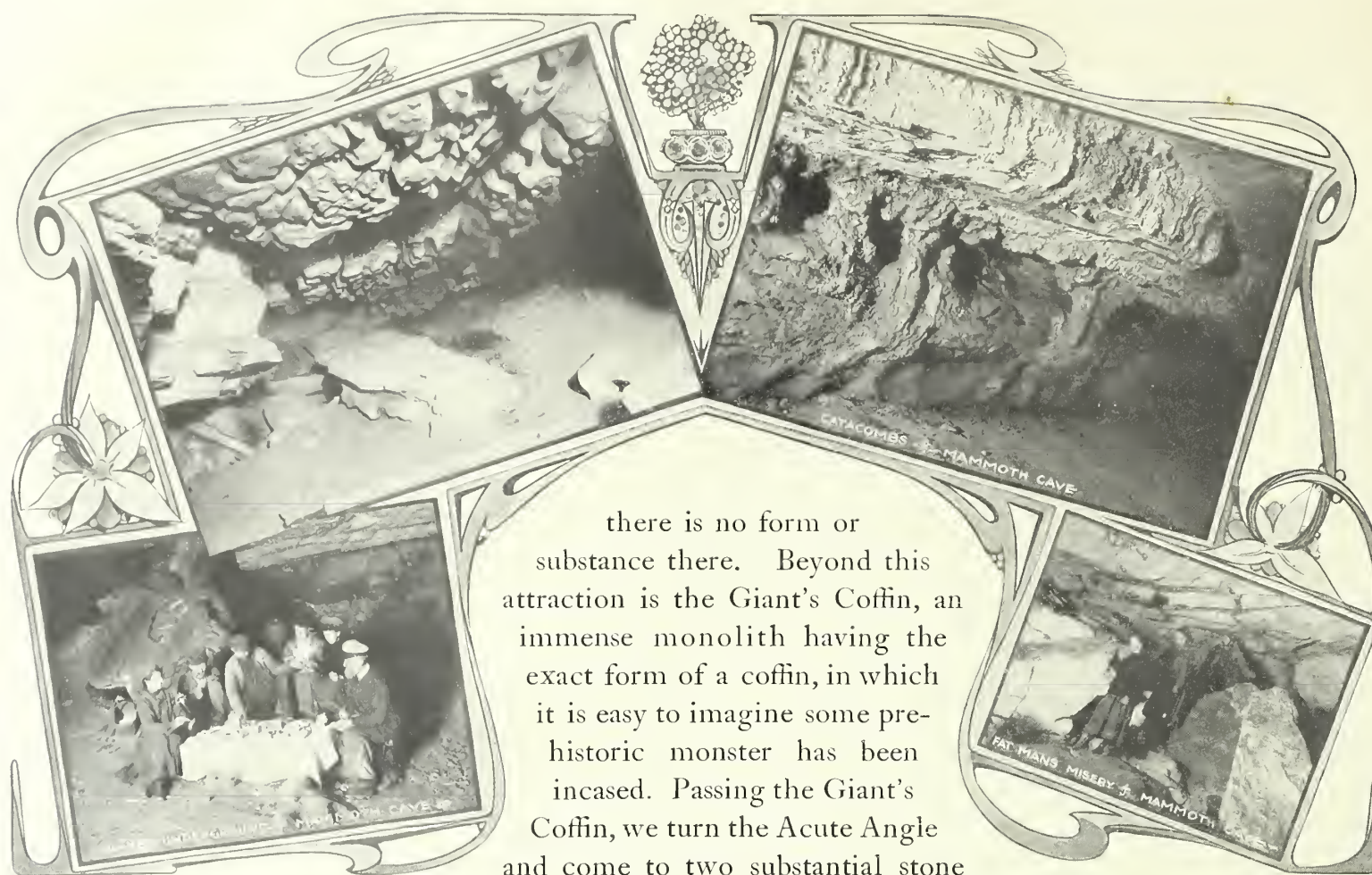
off and carried away to such an extent, that the Legislature of Kentucky was forced to enact a law making it a misdemeanor, punishable by a heavy fine, for such an offense. The names, smeared, scratched and scribbled on the walls, as a perpetual reminder of the offenders, are held in execration by all visitors of the present day.

Among the curious formations in Gothic Avenue are the Catacombs; the Bridal Altar, where several romantic marriages have occurred; the Arm Chair, Pillars of Hercules, Cæsar's Column, Pompey's Pillar, the Lover's Leap, and Napoleon's Dome, all attractive and interesting features that must have been wonderfully beautiful when originally discovered but now sadly disfigured by vandal hands that have plucked them and broken off their chief attractions.

Returning again to the main cave, we pass Standing Rocks, the Grand Arch, and come to a point where the guides exhibit a very strange freak of nature, called Martha Washington's Statue. The visitor is told to stand in the dark while the guide goes several yards down the cave and throws the light from a bit of magnesium tape on a white wall. Certain shadows are formed about this white wall that bring out, in startling brilliancy, the form and outlines of a woman in colonial costume, that bear a wonderful resemblance to the mother of our country. While gazing at this apparition, one can scarcely realize



ELEPHANTS HEADS. COTHIC AVE.—MAMMOTH CAVE



there is no form or substance there. Beyond this attraction is the Giant's Coffin, an immense monolith having the exact form of a coffin, in which it is easy to imagine some pre-historic monster has been incased. Passing the Giant's Coffin, we turn the Acute Angle and come to two substantial stone

cottages, which, we are told, were erected

by a colony of consumptives more than fifty years ago, who imagined that the pure air and agreeable temperature of the cave would rid them of their malady. It is pathetic to learn that the experiment proved a failure and that the cottages were abandoned after several of the patients had died. Before the door of one of them stands an old saw-horse, used in cutting wood, the only article of furniture left intact, the timber of which is still as sound as when first put together.

A little further on is the Star Chamber, one of the grandest apartments of the Mammoth Cave, and in which as one looks upward he seems to be gazing at a vast expanse of space spangled with white stars which are of gypsum formations on the dark roof overhead. The illusion is very complete, being aided by our guide, John Nelson, who imitated the crowing of the cock, the crying of the cat, the bleating of a calf, the lowing of cattle and the neighing of horses with startling fidelity.

We next find ourselves in the *route* of pits and domes, in which are caverns of great depth and beauty, being fluted in formation, the effect of water through countless centuries. The most famous of these is the Bottomless Pit, into which, if one casts a stone he can hear it tumbling from cliff to cliff far below for a considerable space of time. Gorin's Dome and Side Saddle Pit are also attractive and curious features of the cave.

We pass on to Revelers' Hall, where formerly, on the great stone table, dinner was served. Now the river route is more used, and this place is less frequented. Near at hand a narrow avenue leads to Fat Man's Misery, which one never forgets after having once traversed it. From this he emerges into the Hall of Great Relief. Another avenue leads from Revelers' Hall to Pensico Avenue and Resonator Hall, having a certain key note which if struck produces the effect of a sounding board of a vast piano. This phenomenon is doubtless caused by the existence of vast caverns below. Beyond is Wild

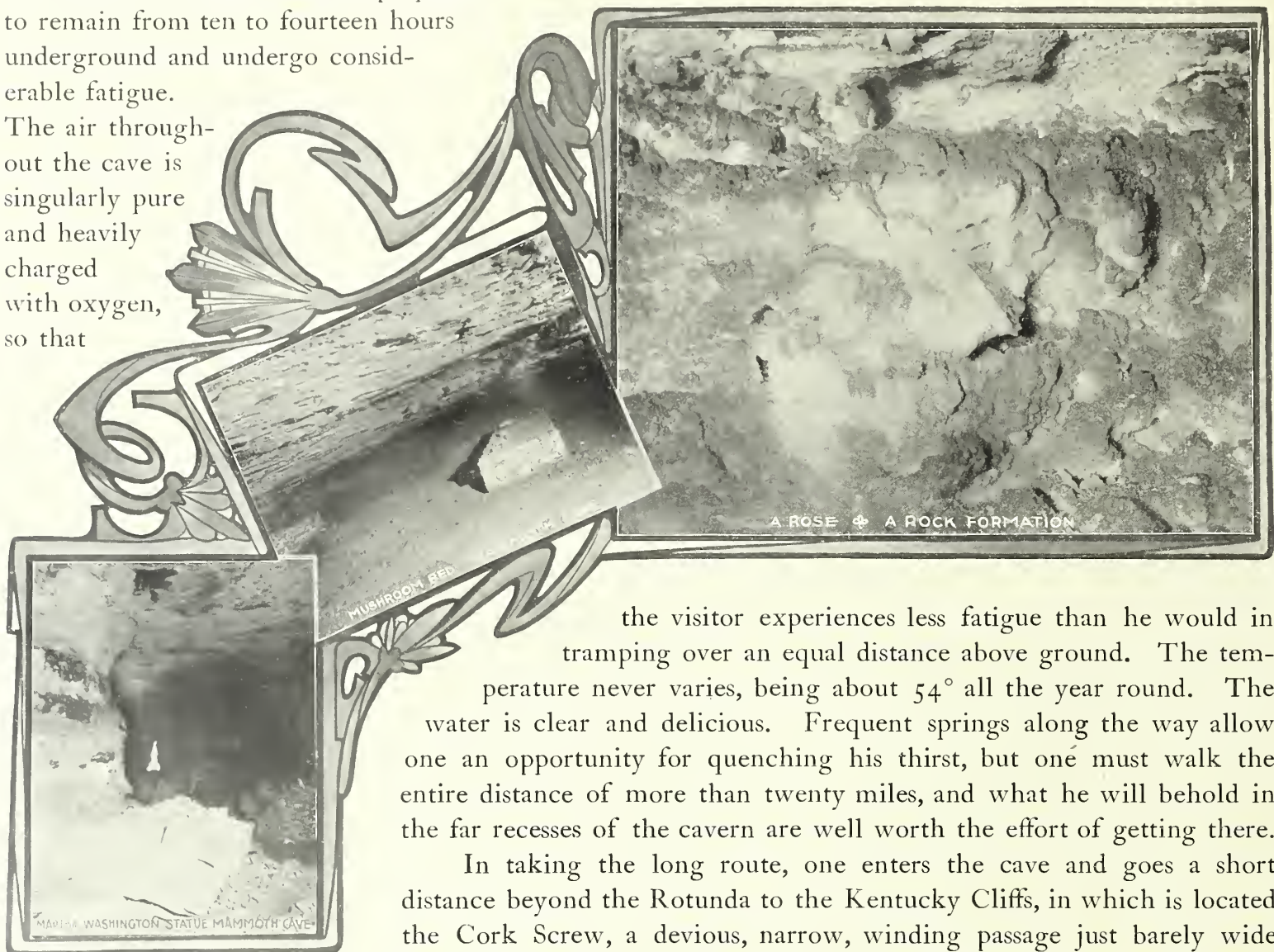


ORPHA'S GARDEN—MAMMOTH CAVE

Hall, where rocks are thrown about and formed into strange and fantastic shapes, and Grand Crossing where two great caverns of different levels come together.

This trip, which we have attempted to briefly describe, partially completes the short route and a trip generally taken by visitors to the Mammoth Cave. In taking the so-called long trip through Mammoth Cave, one must be prepared to remain from ten to fourteen hours underground and undergo considerable fatigue.

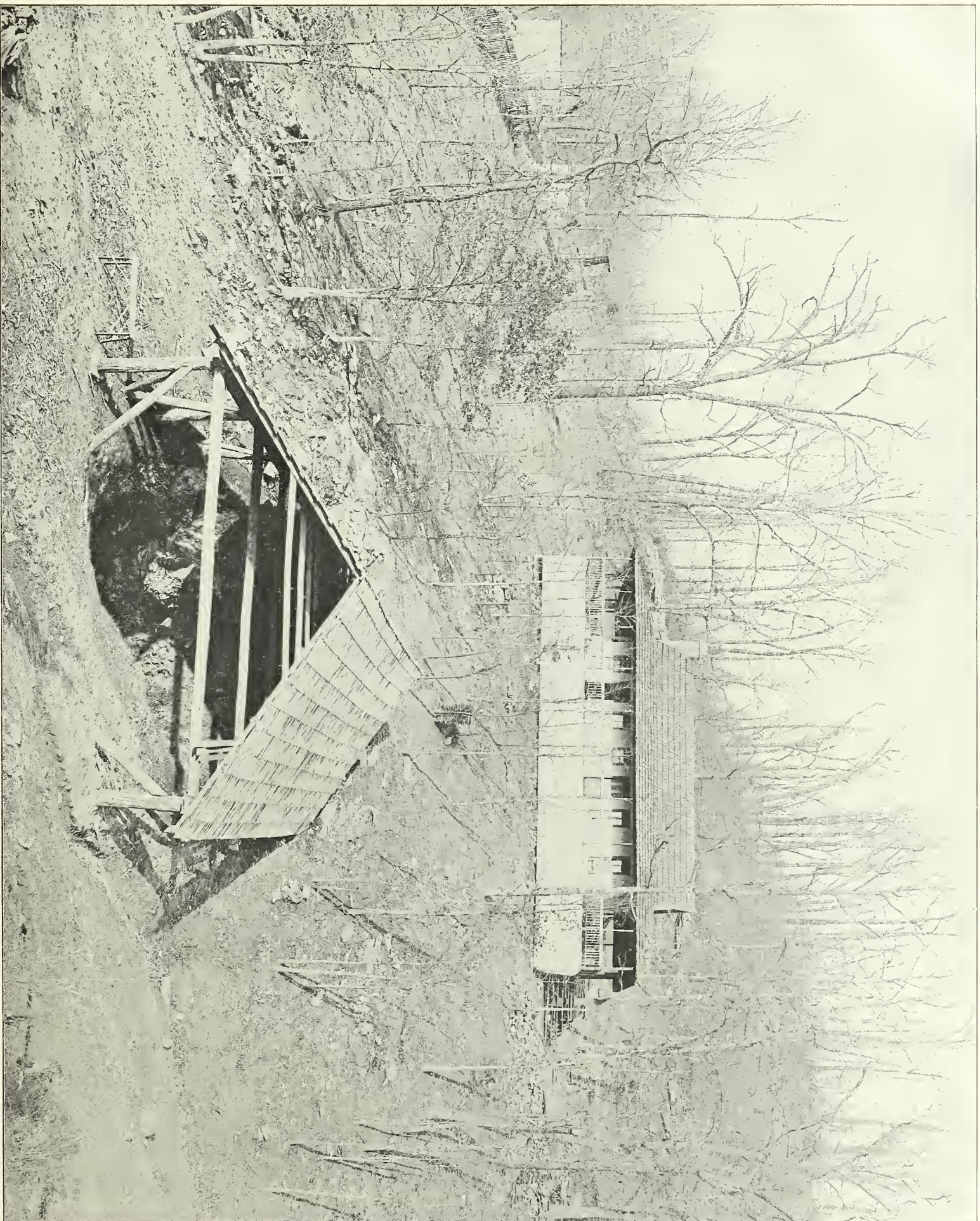
The air throughout the cave is singularly pure and heavily charged with oxygen, so that



the visitor experiences less fatigue than he would in tramping over an equal distance above ground. The temperature never varies, being about 54° all the year round. The water is clear and delicious. Frequent springs along the way allow one an opportunity for quenching his thirst, but one must walk the entire distance of more than twenty miles, and what he will behold in the far recesses of the cavern are well worth the effort of getting there.

In taking the long route, one enters the cave and goes a short distance beyond the Rotunda to the Kentucky Cliffs, in which is located the Cork Screw, a devious, narrow, winding passage just barely wide enough for one at places (like the Needle's Eye) to squeeze his body through, and a terror to people of heavy avoirdupois. In this passage he descends two hundred and twenty-five feet and emerges into Bandit Hall, from which two avenues diverge. Sparks Avenue, which leads to the Mammoth Dome and River Hall, which takes the tourist to the Echo River. There is not much in Sparks Avenue to interest the visitor, but when he emerges into the Mammoth Dome he has reached the crowning feature of the cave. Nothing ever conceived by a Milton or a Dante can exceed in grandeur the stupendous proportions of this cavern. At one end of it stand, like a row of ruined columns, formations in the solid rock resembling an Egyptian temple and named by Professor Hovey, the "Ruins of Karnac." Below, at the other hand, opens a vast abyss into which the light of the lard oil lamps fails to penetrate. This vast apartment is one of the grandest rooms in the world, its height, as measured by Professor Hovey and Dr. Call, is over one hundred and fifty feet.

Returning to Bandits' Hall we take the river route. We pass the Bacon Chamber, so called from its peculiar formations on the ceiling which resemble sides of bacon hung up in a Kentucky smoke-house.

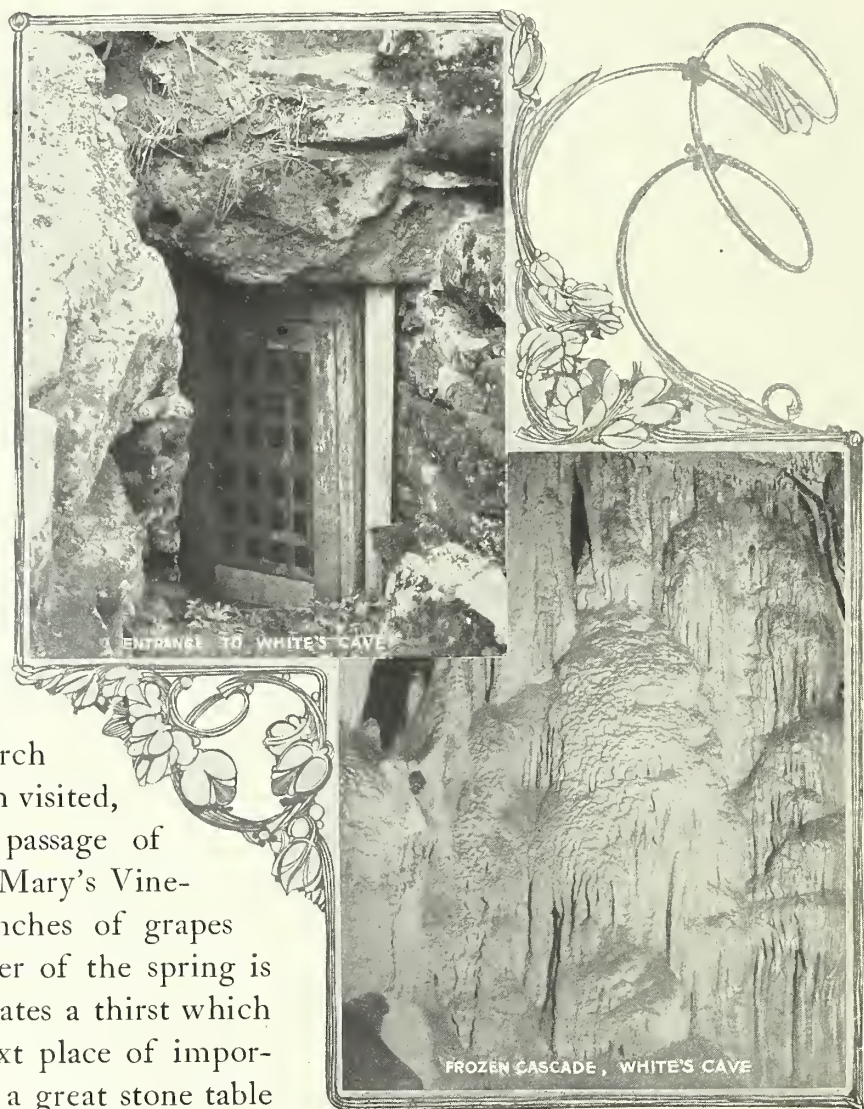


ENTRANCE—COLOSSAL CAVERN

We follow River Hall for a considerable distance, descending gradually to the lowest point in the cave. We skirt a tall cliff from which we can look over an iron railing into a black pool, forty or fifty feet below the path, called the Dead Sea; beyond this pool we come to the River Styx, whose black waters are crossed on a natural bridge. A little farther on are Lake Lethe and the world-famous subterranean Echo River. Echo River is from eighteen to twenty feet in width and is shallow for the most part, but in some places is from ten to fifteen feet in depth. The ceiling above at low water is from five to six feet in height. It is navigated by flat-bottom boats or scows propelled with a paddle by the guides. There is no perceptible current in the stream. Its waters are pure and clear and are inhabited by eyeless fish, some of which, white, transparent and of very quick action, we saw darting about in the sluggish water. A strange feature of this subterranean stream are its marvelous echoes. There seems to be a certain key note that, if struck, produces waves of melody resembling a thousand human voices and their echoes are prolonged. The guides have a peculiar call which produces a marvelous effect. We have never in all our experience listened to sounds more beautiful or harmonious.

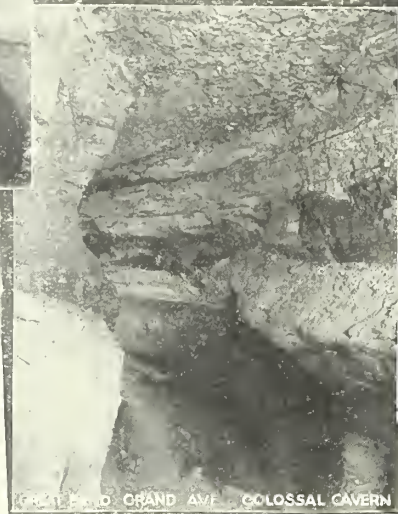
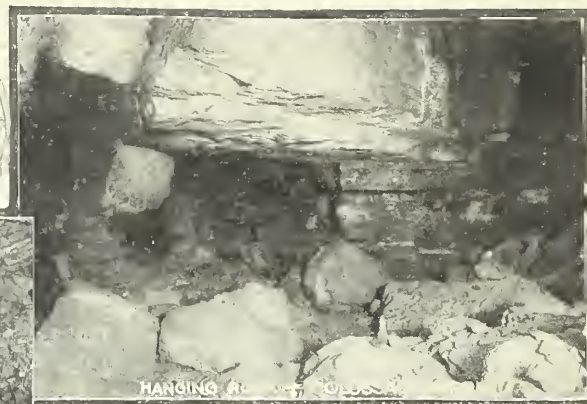
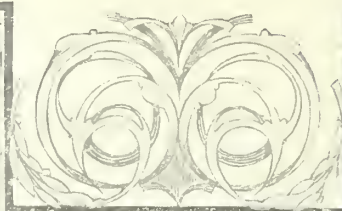
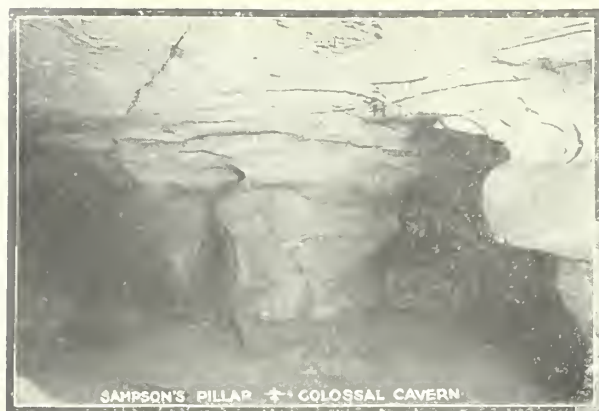
After a voyage of from five to ten minutes, we land on the rocks beyond the river, and after crossing a muddy bridge enter Cascade Hall, where a water-fall gushes from the rocks above and runs into Echo River. Beyond this Hall, in one direction, lies Roaring River, but it being difficult of access is not included in the regular route. Visitors generally proceed through Silliman's Avenue to the Dripping Spring, a fountain of pure water that falls from a stalactite overhead, which in form resembles a human heart. Beyond this passage is Ganter Avenue, which affords an opening through which an unlucky tourist can escape if caught beyond the river by a sudden flood. This way is rather tortuous and wearisome, and is rarely used except in cases of emergency. We reach and descend the Hill of Fatigue and come to the stern of the Great Eastern, beyond which is the great dining hall with its long table where lunches are served to parties of hungry visitors.

Silliman's Avenue ends in the Ole Bull Concert Room, in which the great fiddler once gave a performance and awoke the echoes of the great chamber with the notes of his violin. Near this are Rhoda's Arch and Lucy's Dome, beautiful formations, seldom visited, and further on is the long and winding passage of El Ghor, which leads to Hebe's Spring and Mary's Vineyard. Here are formations resembling bunches of grapes clinging in profusion to the vines. The water of the spring is delicious and welcome, for the long tramp creates a thirst which here is satisfied. Washington Hall is the next place of importance and a favorite spot for taking luncheon, a great stone table affording ample space for the cloth and delicacies usually





COLOSSAL DOME—COLOSSAL CAVERN



consumed there. Many membranes of this great interest is the Snow-ball Room, snowy formations of gypsum, glittering with beautiful alabaster soming with white flowers as per a sculptor; The Vale of Diamonds, Charlotte's Grotto, Serena's Arbor, which lie along Franklin Avenue which leads to the end of the long route. There are beautiful avenues leading from the main cave which are seldom visited, but in which the natural formations may be seen in all their brilliancy and original purity, undefaced by the hand of the relic seeker and unsmoked by the oil lamps carried by the guides. Of these there are none more beautiful than Orpha's Garden and Marion Avenue. One can see in a beautiful garden in the outside world flowers of every form—roses, lilies, chrysanthemums, sunflowers, pansies, morning glories, carnations and other blossoms. He can see in the frost that forms on the windows the wonderful faces, leaves and delicate tracery caused by crystallization, and here, two miles underground, the walls and ceilings are spangled with the same wonderful formations designed by the hand of the Great Creator. Flowers of every form, leaves, vines and lace work more beautiful than Venetian worker ever designed.

tourists retain pleasant re-chamber. The next point of with its wide ceiling dotted with Beyond are Cleveland's Cabinet, formations; Flora's Garden, blos-fect as if chiseled by the hand of sparkling with crystal formations; the maelstrom and dismal hollow,

It's a long distance from the mouth of the cave to these wonderful grottos, but the beauty that greets the visitor is well worth the effort of getting there. There are miles upon miles of these magnificent passages that have never been explored, and the field presented is one of great interest to the investigator and scientist. Some say that White's Cave is a part and continuation of the Mammoth Cave. It is a small cavern situated about half a mile from the mouth of the Mammoth Cave, and is chiefly famous for its beautiful white alabaster stalactite formations resembling icicles. It is only a few hundred feet in extent, but is well worth a visit, as its attractions are wholly different from anything in the Mammoth Cave except Olive's Bower, which is supposed to be located in same vicinity and only separated from White's Cave by a few hundred feet. Among its attractions are the Frozen Cascade, Humboldt's Column, The Lace Curtains, The Fish Market and Lake Purity, a pool of crystal water reposing in a formation of alabaster resembling a gigantic sea shell.

Colossal Cavern, whose entrance is about one and one-half miles from Mammoth Cave, is in many respects quite as wonderful, and having been but recently discovered it has not been defaced or blackened by vandal hands and the smoke and grease of one hundred years. Some young men while hunting discovered a stream of water which ran into a sink-hole and disappeared in a crevice of the rocks below. Listening, they could hear the sound of falling water far beneath them; subsequently they told of what



PEARLY POOL—COLOSSAL CAVERN

they had discovered to a party of explorers who proceeded to investigate the cavity. A stone tied to a long cord was lowered into the pit, which, by measurement, was found to be one hundred and sixty-five feet in depth. Later the crevice was widened sufficiently to admit of the passage of a man, and a courageous young fellow named Chapman, who subsequently lost his life in the cavern by an unfortunate accident, allowed himself to be lowered into the pit by means of a rope and pulley. The result was the discovery of the great Colossal Dome, one of the greatest subterranean chambers in the world.

Explorers soon discovered numerous avenues and passages leading from this great dome in various directions, and nearly five miles of them were traced. Hearing of this wonderful cave the officers of the Louisville & Nashville R. R. purchased the land beneath which the cave was situated and proceeded to



develop the property. Engineers, by a careful survey, succeeded in finding a point where the cave came within about forty feet of the surface in a beautiful and romantic valley about three miles from the Colossal Dome. A tunnel was started which, being ingeniously pushed forward, soon opened up the cave in one of its most interesting parts and made it easy of access to all.

To describe all the wonders of the caves of Kentucky would require a work of great size. We have but briefly attempted, by pen and picture, to portray a few of the attractions seen. Far down in the Stygian darkness, Nature has done some of her most wonderful work. More than one hundred miles of winding avenues have already been traced in these great caverns, and it may be that discoveries are yet to be made more marvelous than any that have yet been revealed.







America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

The White Mountains
and
Lake Winnipiseogee in New Hampshire



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WATERFALL IN THE FLUME—WHITE MOUNTAINS



EAGLE ROCK—PROFILE NOTCH

Notch, just wide enough in places for the passage of a stream and a carriage road excavated along the mountain side. A little further on one comes to a narrow plateau that lies at the base of Mount Pemagawasset. On this narrow strip of land stands the well known Flume House, a neat, well kept and popular hostelry. Here one meets with a hospitality that is homelike and cheerful and he finds in the immediate vicinity many scenic attractions. The first and most important of all being "The Flume" from which freak of nature the hotel takes its name.

The Flume is a deep narrow gorge through which rushes a mountain stream. It is reached by a toll road, through the forest, which descends a steep incline, crosses a picturesque wooden bridge and leads upward through the notch to the entrance which is approached by a series of wooden walks and ladders.

As one approaches the Flume the walls become perpendicular and rise to a great altitude. He must proceed with caution as a false step might precipitate

him into the torrent below. Formerly a great boulder hung suspended between the rocks or walls of the Flume but several years ago there was a terrific cloud-burst which produced a raging torrent that brought down vast quantities of debris from the mountain side and swept this obstacle away to—nobody knows where.

All parts of the Flume are accessible and thousands of people visit and admire its beauties every year. At its upper end a sylvan waterfall comes leaping from a lofty precipice producing a picture of great beauty. In this glen there is a luxuriant growth of vegetation. Mosses, ferns, spruces, birches and cedars almost cover the rocks in some places and relieve the gorge of its loneliness. This glen is one of the greatest attractions of the White Mountain region.

Another scenic feature of Franconia Notch is the Pool. A cataract comes leaping from a lofty ledge and plunges into a deep green pool of water that lies in the midst of a dense forest. Many famous artists have vied with each other in making pictures of this charming place.

From Mount Pemagawasset above the Flume House a sublime view of Franconia Notch is obtained. The climb up the mountain trail is toilsome but the view obtained there



WATERFALL
NEAR
FABYAN'S

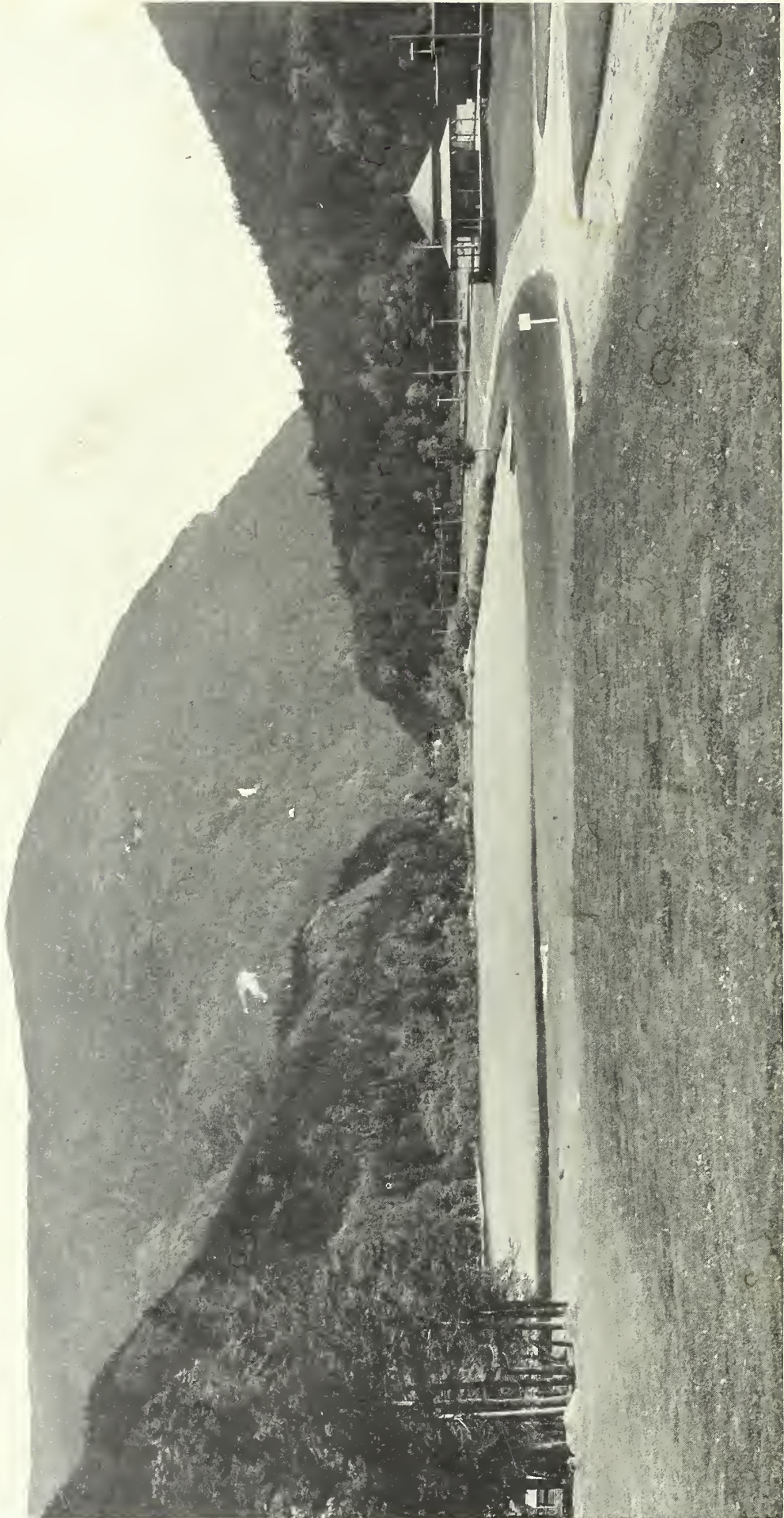


OUTLET OF THE FLUME—WHITE MOUNTAINS

is well worth the effort that it costs. A short distance above the Flume House and close by the highway is the Basin, a vast round bowl-shaped rock formed by the long and constant wearing of the waters. There are several lovely cascades near this point which have been much admired.

The drive through Franconia Notch from the Flume House is one of the most romantic in America and to enjoy it fully one must view its splendors from the top of the stage coach. An archway of primeval forest trees shades him from the glare of the noonday sun.

The next point of interest is the Profile House, so called from a gigantic cliff high up on a neighboring mountain called Profile Rock from its strong resemblance to a human face. Opposite this height stands Eagle Cliff an almost precipitous mountain nearly two thousand feet in height. Between these two gigantic mountains, low down in the notch, stands the Profile House with its many attractive cottages. On each side are two lovely lakes surrounded



V I E W W E S T F R O M C R A W F O R D ' S . W H I T E M O U N T A I N S



SOURCE OF THE PEMAGAWASSET RIVER—WHITE MOUNTAINS



LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE



—NEW HAMPSHIRE



CRAWFORDS FROM ELEPHANT ROCK

by dense forests. Mirror Lake and Echo Lake are both famous for their reflections of mountains and clouds, and the latter for the wonderful echoes that are reflected from the mountain walls. The rambles about the Profile House and the trails up the adjacent mountain sides afford delightful opportunities for those who are fond of mountain climbing.

To fully appreciate the grandeur and beauty of Franconia Notch one should follow the wood path along the shore of Profile Lake until he comes to the outlet where on a rustic bridge he can stand and behold a view of the everlasting mountain heights worthy of perpetual remembrance. The ride from Franconia Notch to Fabyan's is an interesting one. Peaks are presented to the tourist of great altitude, views of surpassing splendor greet his gaze. He reaches Bethlehem, passes the Twin Mountain House and at the base of Mount Deception finds that famous old hostelry much patronized in our grand-



SYLVAN LAKE
NEAR
CRAWFORDS



SILVER CASCADE, CRAWFORD'S NOTCH—WHITE MOUNTAINS



LAKE WINNIPISCOGEE FROM WOLFESBORO

fathers days and still so popular with the Hebrews as to be characterized as the "New Jerusalem." Here Landlord Barron dispenses hospitality to his thousands of guests with a lavish hand. It is a wonder to see a man who successfully manages such immense interests, wear a beaming countenance and ready to welcome everybody with a glad hand.

East of Fabyan's a winding path leads to the summit of Mt. Deception and if one cares to endure the fatigue of a long climb he can reach a point on the summit of this high elevation where from a wooden tower a magnificent view of the Presidential Range is obtained. Rising above all other mountain peaks stands Mt. Washington the highest point in all New England capped by silvery clouds; one of the most sublime sights in America.

Near Fabyan's there is a picturesque waterfall which is much visited and admired and which no one who visits that locality should fail to see.

About a mile beyond Fabyan's are the Mt. Pleasant and Mt. Washington Hotels, two of the most costly houses of public entertainment in New England, where all, who can afford it, are privileged to enjoy the luxuries of up-to-date living. These hotels command a grand view of Mt. Washington, Mt. Pleasant, Mt. Webster, Mt. Willard and other conspicuous points of interest.

Crawford Notch is the widest known and most historic locality in the White Mountain Region. It is a narrow gorge originally just wide enough for a wagon road over which in former years there was a vast amount of traffic. The advent of the railroad has changed the character of this mountain pass and the trains go thundering by the walls of the notch on road beds blasted out of the solid rock bearing their mighty loads of freight and passengers.

Near the entrance to this great gorge once stood the historic Crawford house kept by Ethan Allen Crawford from whom the Notch takes its name. This famous old hotel was destroyed by fire many years ago, but it has been replaced by a fine inn, which occupies a commanding position near by



CRAWFORD NOTCH FROM ELEPHANT HEAD—WHITE MOUNTAINS



and which at the present time is one of the most popular and best patronized places in the mountains. The view of the Notch from its long and spacious veranda or through one of its immense crystal plate glass windows is one of the grandest outlooks in New England.

A trail in the rear of the house leads to a silvery lake in the midst of the forest by the side of which is Merrill Spring, a fountain of clear pure water from which the hotels' supply of drinking water is procured. Another wood path leads to the "Red Bench" from which a fine view of Mount Washington is obtained. Another forest path leads to Beecher Falls a cascade of a charming character and a well kept roadway runs to the top of Mount Willard from whose precipitous heights one gazes into a vast chasm that extends for miles through the very heart of the White Mountains. Eastward lies Mount Washington so clearly defined that one can trace the curves of its cog-wheel railroad and count the windows of the Summit House. Southward lies Mt. Webster, a mass of ragged rocks crowned with clusters of stunted spruces.

Directly below lies Crawford Notch with its silvery cascades. To the west lies a vast chasm miles in extent beyond which rises the tremendous heights of Mount Kearsarge. Far down in this great valley stands the historic Willey House recently destroyed by fire, the barn is still standing.

The story of the death of this pioneer family is pathetic. In the bottom of this great gorge they had cleared away the forest and built a house and by industry gained a scanty subsistence. One stormy night there was a cloud burst and a descending torrent loosened the rocks, the scanty soil and trees far above, causing an avalanche. They heard it coming and rushed from the house seeking some place of safety, but were overwhelmed and destroyed by the descending flood, but strange to relate, the house and farm buildings remained unharmed. A great spot or scar on the mountain side remains which shows from

whence the descending avalanche came. Mt. Willey near at hand perpetuates the memory of this interesting family and dreadful disaster.

There are many other romantic and charming places in the White Mountains which lie further out of the way of ordinary travel. To describe every attraction of this wonderful region would be to repeat many things that have already been written. A trip to this locality is never disappointing. Many go there year after year and never tire of its splendor and the infinite variety of its scenic attractions.

Lake Winnepiseogee is a vast inland body of fresh water near the southern base of the White



RED HILL. LAKE WINNIPISEOC—WHITE MOUNTAINS

Mountains. Though without much scenic interest it possesses many good hotels. Its shores are dotted with handsome summer houses and it is much frequented as a summer resort. Few lakes offer better attractions for sailing or yachting; its great extent affording ample room for long courses. The

region is healthful; the fishing is good and for those who like the water better than the woods it is an ideal resort.



To see Lake Winnepiseogee at its best, one should view it at the sunset hour, should see the splendors of earth and sky commingled; a picture as unfading to the memory as it is beautiful to the human imagination, should see the sun go down behind banks of crimson clouds, the flood of mystic light dancing on the trembling waters and watch it fade away into the cool gray twilight of the misty evening. At this hour the scene is as beautiful as a dream—a glimpse of the "Better Land."







America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

The Valley of the Wabash
The Blue Grass Region
and the
Great Gorge of the Kentucky River



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America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty

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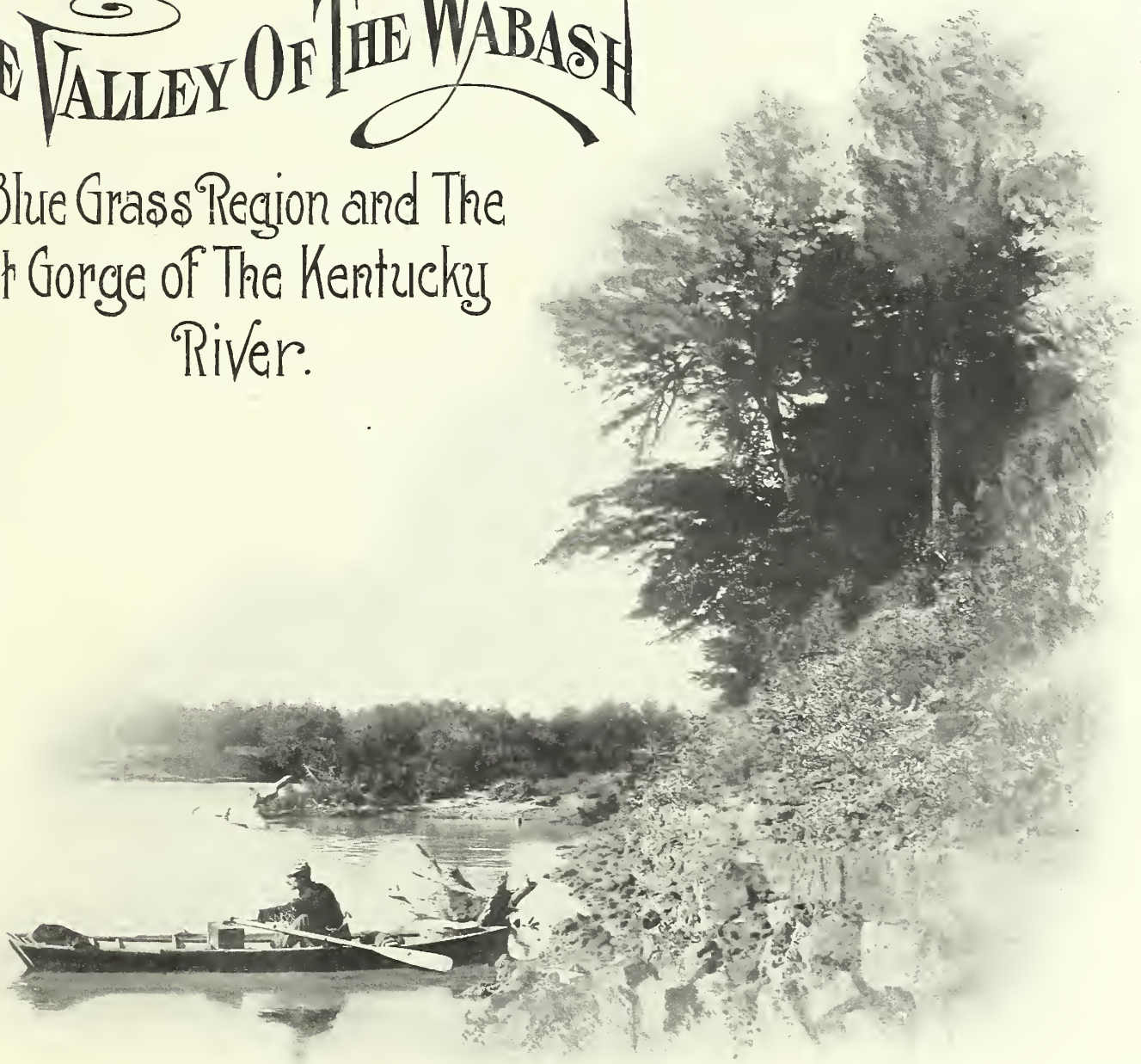
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THE VALLEY OF THE WABASH

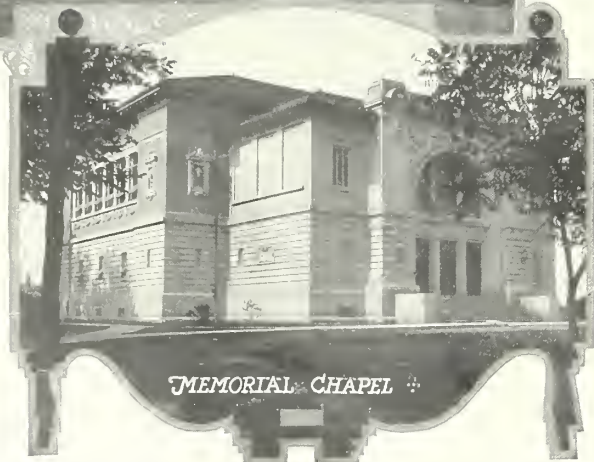
The Blue Grass Region and The
Great Gorge of The Kentucky
River.



THE WABASH RIVER NEAR WILLIAMSPORT

THERE are in the State of Indiana many picturesque places. Its greatest river is the Wabash along whose wooded shores lie many attractive scenic features as well as points of great historic interest, places that are not only pleasing to the eye of the observer, but that are worthy of being caught by the magic of the camera.

To the Indianian the Wabash is always romantic and interesting. Its bends, curves, broad expanses of silvery water, its grand archways of leaning sycamores festooned with clinging vines are



enchancing. To many it offers an attractive resort for a Summer's outing. Some people have built home-like cottages along these shores, others have their Summer homes in house-boats which may be seen moored to the shady banks and in which they take their comfort and their ease during the hot Summer months.

Its numerous rapids render it navigable only for small boats or canoes in low water. It flows through a charming country whose broad acres are covered with luxuriant cornfields and green meadows, where hillsides are covered with productive orchards and virgin forests, where the people of the adjacent country are prosperous, for the bottom lands of the Wabash Valley yield an abundance wherever the sturdy agriculturist tickles the earth with a hoe.

Many of the hillsides, bordering the Wabash, are cut up into wild and fantastic ravines. Through some of these glens and chasins silvery streams come leaping, forming water-falls and cascades of great loveliness. One unexpectedly comes upon many charming spots in the wild wood that are worthy of being sketched by the artist's pencil or described by the poet's pen.

Falls Rock, near La Fayette, is an excellent example of this sort of sylvan splendor and there are few glens in the Middle West more picturesque than Kickapoo Falls near Attica.

Between La Fayette and Attica the Wabash River presents many attractive features. Its bends, curves and thickly wooded shores offer many views pleasing to the eye, its tall silvery-bark sycamores are characteristic features.



PINE CREEK NEAR ATTICA

Tecumseh's Trail, near La Fayette, is a place of great historic interest, as is Tippecanoe, the famous battle ground, not very far away, where that daring Indian warrior met with overwhelming defeat in encountering the American forces under Gen. Harrison. This consecrated spot has been enclosed by a substantial iron fence and converted into a fine park which is much frequented by visitors.

Purdue University occupies a commanding site on the West bank of the Wabash near La Fayette. Its buildings are spacious and substantial and those of more recent construction possess great architectural beauty. The Campus is one of the finest in the country and possesses features of exceptional beauty, showing the splendid results that can be attained by skillful landscape gardening.

The country about La Fayette is rich and fertile, abounding with fine farms stocked with blooded cattle. Some of the most valuable coach and draft horses in the world are also bred in this locality.



THE WABASH RIVER BELOW LA FAYETTE

Attica, about twenty miles below La Fayette, abounds with wild and romantic scenery. No section of the famous Wabash Valley is more attractive. Near this city is located the well known Mudlavia Hotel, a resort much frequented by invalids, who derive great benefit from the mud baths and curative waters there.

Indianapolis is a populous city of great commercial importance. It possesses but few scenic features but the outlying country is rich and fertile and there are few sights more attractive than well cultivated farms. The great corn belt of the United States extends through this region into Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Kansas, which is pronounced by many to be the garden spot of the World. There are rural cities and towns of commercial importance in this rich locality, industries that are famous the world over, characteristics that have occasioned popular comment abroad as well as at home.

Greensburg, a prosperous city, is known as the "Green Tree Town." It possesses a freak of nature of a rare and unusual character. In the lofty stone tower of its court house a sturdy maple tree is growing with its roots firmly fixed in the yielding crevices of the masonry, from which it derives



LOVERS LANE—PINE CREEK

sufficient nourishment to sustain its life. It is supposed that a seed blown about by the wind lodged, sprouted and took root there. This famous tree at the present time is thirty years old and nearly ten inches in diameter.

Some of the most valuable short-horn cattle in the world are being bred in this locality and groups of these magnificent animals in fields and pastures present an attractive appearance.

Hope is well known to the poultry world through its famous chicken farms, many people here devoting their time and energy to the breeding and raising of fine fowls. Some of these fowls have taken prizes at various world's fairs and have been sold at fabulous prices. Chickens and turkeys are shipped from Hope to all parts of the world. Thousands of acres are sub-divided into chicken pens and the sight of one of these vast chicken farms with its thousands of snowy white fowls, brooders and poultry houses is well worth a long and tiresome journey.

South Bend, in the Northern part of the state, is famous as a manufacturing city. Its wagons, carts, coaches and automobiles are sold all over the civilized world. Millions of dollars are invested here in the carriage making, paper mill and sewing machine industries.

Elkhart and Fort Wayne are also points of commercial interest. Logansport and Valparaiso are populous and prosperous towns, prominent for their educational institutions. Crawfordsville, Terre Haute and Old Vincennes are historic places identified with the early history of the country.

Southern Indiana is more sterile, rocky and picturesque though along its rivers and streams are stretches of bottom lands of great fertility. It possesses many features of great scenic beauty, places that are much frequented by tourists, travelers and people in pursuit of health.

Its great natural wonder is the celebrated Wyandotte Cave near the Ohio River, whose vast subterranean chambers rival in splendor the caves in Kentucky but they have never been very much exploited or fully explored.

The most popular and frequented resorts in Indiana are West Baden and French Lick Springs in the south western part of the state.



INDIANA WOODS—EARLY FALL



OLD INDEPENDENCE FERRY—WABASH RIVER



MUDLAVIA PARK AT KRAMER



MUDLAVIA HOTEL AT KRAMER

There millions of dollars have been expended in the construction of vast hotels and pleasure grounds. Here are sulphur springs of great medicinal value. Thousands of people come here to take the baths and drink of the healing waters which come bubbling up from the depths of the earth. About these great pleasure and health resorts are

many charming drives and picturesque forest paths. There are also interesting freaks of nature in the rocks, ravines and cañons of the adjacent country. There are caverns of great extent and grandeur some of which in the earlier days of the state were hiding places for robber bands.

In southern Indiana and Kentucky great caverns are so common, they excite but little curiosity or comment. A native will tell you of a vast cavern within a mile of his home whose mysteries he has never had the curiosity or inclination to explore.

The parks and grounds, surrounding the great resorts of South Western Indiana, are exceptionally beautiful. The woodman's axe has spared the magnificent forest trees. For the weary and broken down business man few resorts offer greater attractions.

When one speaks of "Old Kentucky" the "Blue Grass Region" is the location first suggested to the mind of the listener, for here, as the native Kentuckian puts it, are produced the best whiskey, the finest horses and the handsomest women in the world. Lexington is the central point of this charming section of territory. It is a prosperous city with substantial commercial and public buildings as well as splendid Southern Colonial homes.

The chief business of the surrounding country is the breeding and selling of race horses. Great fortunes are invested in stock farms and fine animals, nothing being considered too good or costly that will improve the stock of the average Kentucky or Blue Grass horseman.

The events that occur at the race courses of Lexington are telegraphed and cabled to all parts of the world, for here have been recorded some of the most remarkable performances that have ever transpired upon the turf. In the annals of horse racing Lexington is rich in reminiscences.

In the Blue Grass Region, adjoining Lexington, are some of the most costly estates in America. There on a wonderfully improved and scientifically conducted farm of eight thousand acres, Mr. J. B. Haggin, the copper king and famous horseman, has had constructed a palatial home and has created a rural paradise which is surpassed in splendor by no other country place in Kentucky. One could write a



THE APPROACH TO FRENCH LICK SPRINGS



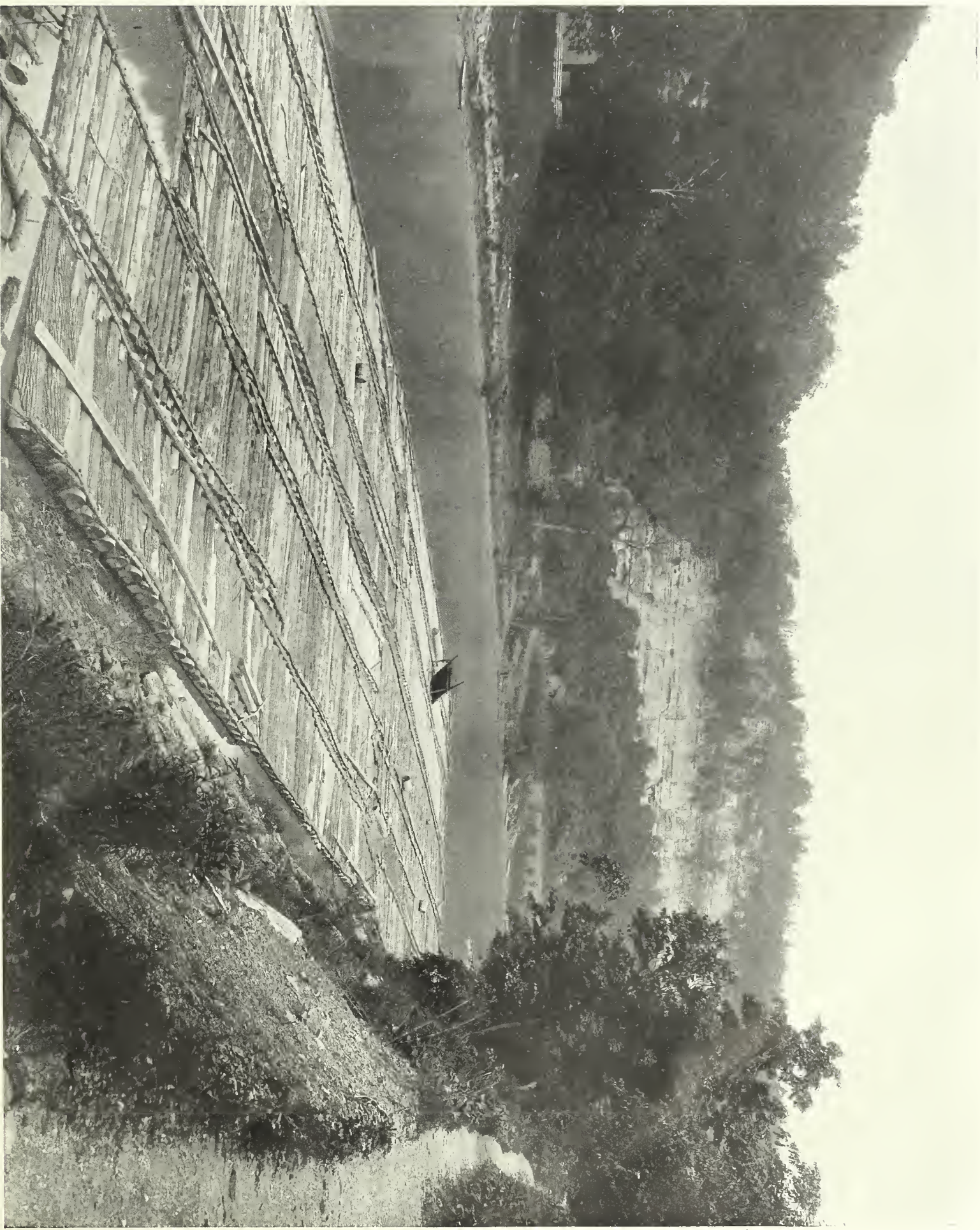
readable book in describing the splendors of this vast estate as they are presented to him, from the moment he enters the gates at the handsome lodge till he reaches the superb entrance of the magnificent mansion with its massive walls of white marble and majestic colonnade.

The stables, in which the kings of the turf are comfortably quartered, are richly and substantially constructed. Here is the home of "Old Salvator" one of the world's greatest winners on the turf, still spirited in his mellow age. There are others of his kind who have brought their owner additional fame and fortune, and as the grooms led them out one by one and showed their splendid qualities, it

was a spectacle to gladden the eye of any genuine horse lover.

Other famous horsemen have fine establishments in the Blue Grass Region. Here are the beautiful Southern Colonial home and stables of Mr. L. V. Harkness. Here is the famous Price Pony Farm, not very far from the State Agricultural Experiment Station, with its incomparable herd of Jersey Cattle. In this region, also, is the beautifully kept home of Henry Clay, Ashland, with its superb oaks, elms, pines, cedars and quaint old colonial mansion. There is no finer roadway in America than the highway from Lexington to this grand historic old place.

In Lexington the Kentucky State Agricultural College is located. Its buildings of red brick are substantially constructed. The grounds are spacious and well kept and the Institution is said to be in a very flourishing and prosperous condition. Attached to the Institution is a young ladies' hall or college where the young women of Kentucky are taught the rudiments of good house keeping so that they may be fit helpmeets for the young men who are graduated from the other departments of the Institution.



LUMBER RAFT—KENTUCKY RIVER



Scenes at
FRENCH LICK SPRINGS

The great gorge of the Kentucky River at its junction with the Dix River possesses many scenic attractions. Here the river seems to have cut out a channel for itself in the solid rock more than three hundred feet in depth and formations in stone are presented to the eye of the observer that are both grotesque and beautiful.

Near the foot of this great gorge, or chasm, the United States Government has built a massive dam with an adjacent lock for the purpose of making the river navigable, so that steamers of large size are enabled to ascend the river above for many miles, and it is an interesting sight to see them slowly making headway up stream between the towering walls of this great chasm which loudly echoes the puffing of the escaping steam and the shrieking sound of the whistle, as it signals to the shore. Great rafts of logs and lumber are moored to the shore through which the steamers have some difficulty in making their way.

Quite a large business in lumber is being done along the Kentucky River and the adjacent forest. Like the woods of the North these are fast being denuded of their fine trees.

There are several caves in the side of this chasm, some of which we were told were of considerable extent and beauty though very difficult of access.

Among these subterranean chambers is the historic Daniel Boone Cave where the great backwoodsman of Kentucky is said to have taken refuge when hotly pursued by Indians with whom he had several desperate encounters.

A thick growth of trees and underbrush conceals the entrance to the cavern, which is so difficult of access that no good photograph of it could very well be made.

Across the great gorge stretches the high bridge of the Queen and Crescent Railroad. At each end of this structure, founded on the solid rock, stand two tall and massive stone towers, joined by a connecting arch. These towers have an interesting history. Before the war a



JUNCTION OF THE KENTUCKY AND DIX RIVERS

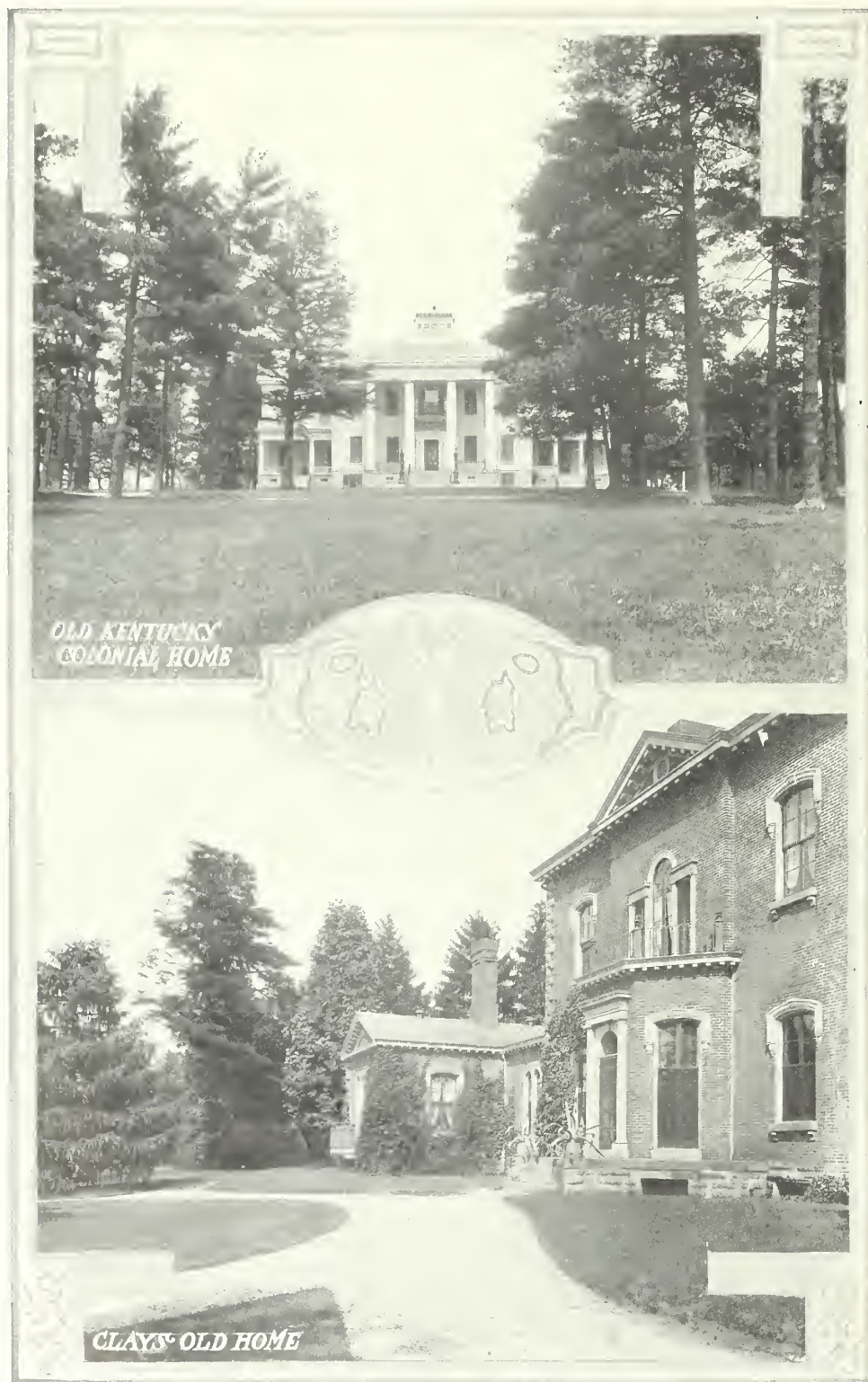
great suspension bridge over the Kentucky River at this point was projected and these towers were constructed as a support for the cables with which it was intended the chasm should be spanned, but the bridge was never completed. The war came, work was stopped by the contending armies of the Union and the Confederacy and the great enterprise failed, work never being resumed. The tall towers which had taken so much time and money to build were left standing there.

After the war a more modern structure was designed and completed and the towers with their connecting arches were left as gateways, although they serve at the present time a purely ornamental rather than a useful purpose and they are built so substantially that they look as if they would last for all time.

One can pass a very pleasant day in viewing the great gorge of the Kentucky River at High Bridge. Its charming scenery, its historic associations all are interesting. There are delicious springs of pure clear water, gushing from the rocks below, and archways of overhanging elms, beeches and cedars along the shore, through which a shady path winds along the side of the chasm. From this path there are outlooks of great beauty for one who admires fantastic rocks, trees and silvery expanses of water, reflecting the splendors of a turquoise sky. On the heights above, is a fine natural park much frequented by excursionists during the Summer months and, near at hand, a hospitable hotel offers all the comforts of home to the tired traveler.

The Great Gorge of the Kentucky River is so accessible to Louisville, Cincinnati and other cities that it might be made, with adequate accommodations, a popular resort. It is a pleasant place now in which to stop over for a day for rest and recreation. To the amateur photographer, the writer or the lover of nature, it offers many charming scenic attractions.

There are many other scenic and historic places in Old Kentucky of great beauty and interest. Here





THE FERRY AT HIGH BRIDGE—KENTUCKY RIVER

in a humble log cabin Abraham Lincoln was born. Here Henry Clay stirred the hearts of his countrymen by his matchless eloquence. Here were the haunts of the gifted Prentiss. One might enumerate a long list of illustrious names in summing up the great men of Kentucky to whom these scenes were once familiar which we have attempted to describe.

When the famous pioneer and backwoodsman, Daniel Boone, emerged from the pine forests of North Carolina and from a mountain height caught his first glimpse of the beautiful land he little thought what an important part it was destined to play in the great historic drama of his country.

Here in these rugged and picturesque regions he spent months of loneliness with no companions but his dogs and the wild animals with which the forests were infested and where he encountered no



PONY FARM NEAR LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

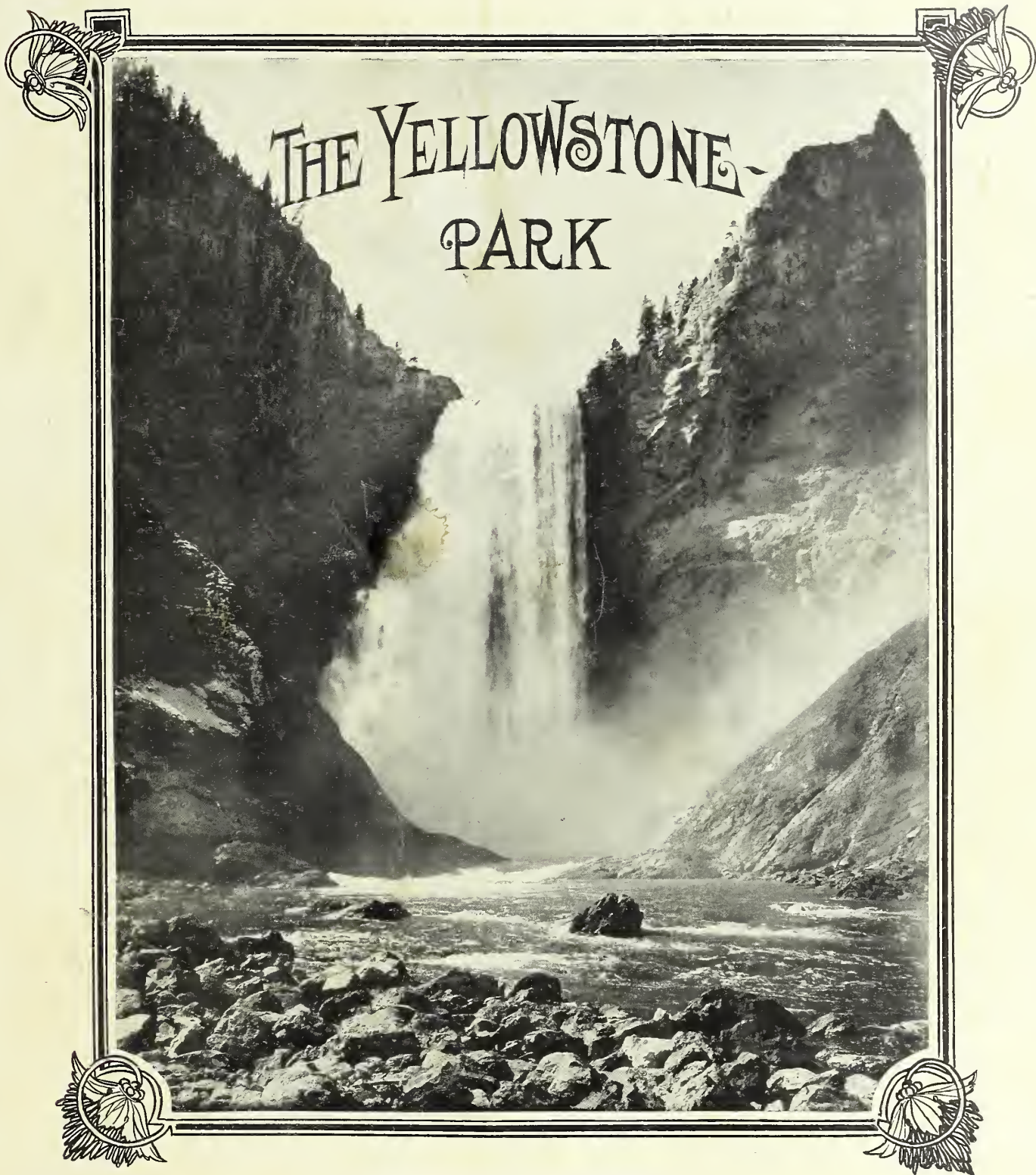
human beings except the savages who often laid in wait for him or pursued him. Little he must have thought at that time that the wilderness into which he entered was destined to yield bountiful harvests, teem with prosperity and give stately homes to thousands of industrious people.

As one sits upon the rocks at the Great Gorge of the Kentucky River and hears the railway train thundering over the great iron bridge that spans the mighty chasm he can but wonder how such a scene of our own time would have impressed the pioneers of a hundred years ago.

In her grandeur and her beauty, in the wildness and picturesqueness of her scenery, Kentucky has few rivals. Her farms are fertile, her climate is healthful and delightful the greater part of the year. Here people are courteous and hospitable. They live well and seem to enjoy the best that there is in life.







LOWER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

THE Yellowstone National Park is one of the chief wonders of the New World. Not only does it abound with wild and magnificent mountain scenery but it contains lakes, rivers and streams of great natural beauty, waterfalls of tremendous power and sublimity, as well as great geysers belching forth vast columns of steam and boiling water from the cavernous recesses of the earth. Some parts of it come about as near being an inferno as any freak of nature on earth.

So varied, interesting and marvelous are its attractions that the United States Government, with wise forethought, has forever set apart and dedicated to the public use for all time this vast tract of country, lying mostly in Western Wyoming (a narrow strip only extending into Montana and Idaho)

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GRAND ENTRANCE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK AT GARDINER, WYOMING

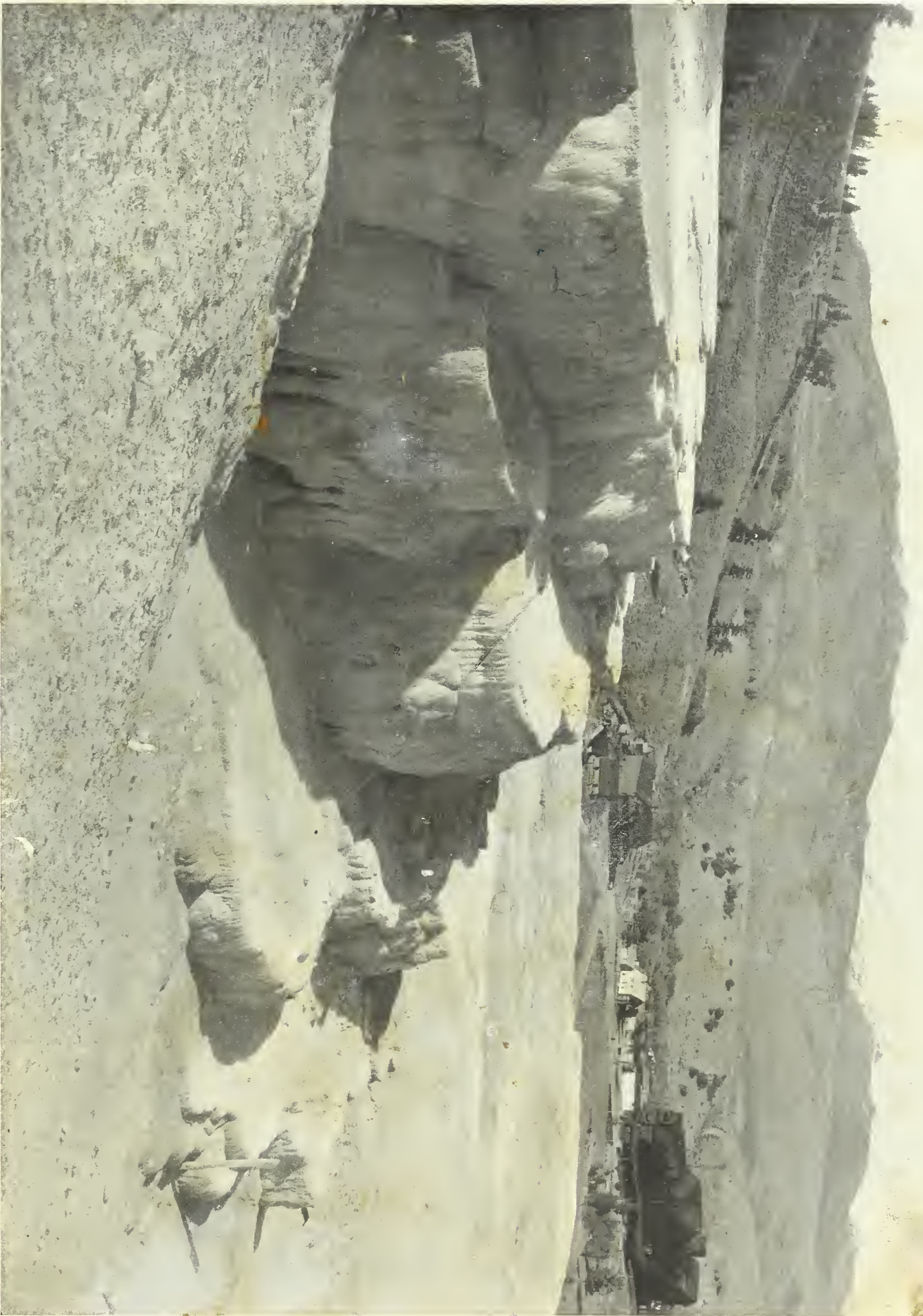
to be reserved, cared for and maintained as a national public park or pleasure ground. This was done by an act of Congress in the year 1872. Later on, a timber reserve was added on the east and south sides. The park, at present, is sixty-two miles long, fifty-four miles wide and contains not far from three thousand three hundred and twelve square miles.

It is managed and controlled by the United States Government, under whose auspices roads have been constructed, and trails maintained which make nearly all desirable parts of this wonderland accessible. These roads and trails are kept in perfect condition, the Government having expended nearly one million dollars in the construction of road beds, concrete and steel bridges and houses of entertainment. All park improvements are in charge of a competent and experienced engineer, who has his headquarters at Fort Yellowstone, near Mammoth Hot Springs. The Park consists chiefly of a vast elevated plateau surrounded by lofty mountains. Its altitude is not far from seven thousand feet above sea level. It is unquestionably of volcanic formation. Streams of lava are visible almost everywhere, while vast rocks fused and seamed by tremendous heat give unmistakable evidence of some tremendous subterranean upheaval. The geysers of to-day are but what remains of almost extinct volcanoes, and there is a possibility that, at some future time, they may come into eruptive activity again.

To view the wonders of the great Yellowstone Park one should spend a month there, for there are numerous and interesting side trips that can be made from the stage route usually traveled. A great deal however, can be seen by the tourist



YELLOW-
STONE
PARK
COACH



MINERVA TERRACE—YELLOWSTONE PARK



CLEOPATRA TERRACE

in from eight to ten days. This region was first discovered by John Coulter, a member of the famous Lewis and Clark exploring expedition. He was the first known white man to behold its grandeur and to observe its wonderful phenomena. This event occurred in the year 1807. Later, Coulter made a trip to the head waters of the Missouri River and incorporated the information he obtained in the official report to the government in 1854.

In 1859 an unsuccessful attempt was made to explore the park by Captain Reynolds of the United States Army, who was conducted by a guide named Bridger, but it was not until ten years later that an exploring party led by three men named Fulson, Cook and Peterson penetrated the mountains and spent thirty-six days in viewing the wonders of the place. A more thorough exploration was made in 1870 by Washburn and Langford; and in 1871 and 1872 Dr. Hayden, of the United States Geological survey, explored the park and compiled extensive reports. Much was written and told of its wonders, but few visited it on account of its inaccessibility. In 1883 the Northern Pacific Railway reached it, enabling any one to get there who had the enterprise and inclination to behold its wonders.

Now its most attractive points can be reached by tourists without hardships or fatigue. On leaving the luxurious train at Gardiner they can travel by easy stages leisurely from place to place, stop at first class hotels where all the comforts of home may be enjoyed at a moderate price.



JUPITER TERRACE—YELLOWSTONE PARK



THE GRAND CANYON AND YELLOWSTONE RIVER

One enters the Yellowstone Park through a massive stone archway. The driver cracks his whip over his spirited six horse team and the Concord coach rolls smoothly along over the well kept government road. The view from the top of the coach is enchanting. Near at hand are towering serrated mountains, rent and torn into fantastic forms by some prehistoric volcanic eruption. The country for the most part is wild, rugged and sterile. The land is strewn with broken and splintered rocks and it offers but few attractions to the agriculturist. The picturesque log and boulder station, at Gardiner, is soon left behind. A ride of about two miles and a half through a wild and picturesque region takes the traveler to Mammoth Hot Springs, where the Government Park headquarters are located and where is found a spacious and comfortable hotel.

One might spend several days in viewing the scenic attractions of this locality and there are many points well worth the visitor's attention—Yancey's camp, where the fishing is said to be good—Jupiter Terrace and Reservoir Lake, Bensen's Peak—a ride over Mount Evarts—the cañon and falls of the Middle Gardiner River. Here one who is possessed with a passion for mountain climbing can indulge in that exhilarating pastime to his heart's content. The air is cool and refreshing even in the mid-summer months, and the dry atmosphere and high altitude make it a healthful resort for people in pursuit of health.



LIBERTY CAP AND MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS—YELLOWSTONE PARK

From Mammoth Hot Springs the great stage road through the park runs to Norris where the next stop is made. On the way to Norris the stage runs through wild mountain ravines, towering precipices, among the most noted of them Obsidian Cliff, twelve miles from Mammoth Hot Springs an immense craig of natural glass, which at one time supplied the Indians with material for their arrow heads. The writer has in his collection some beautiful examples of this kind of work which were given to him by an old guide and explorer at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Obsidian is undoubtedly of volcanic origin, having been created by the fusion of the rocks subjected to extreme heat. It is an extremely hard, dark colored flinty substance. The Indians fashioned their arrows by heating the stone and then dropping cold water on it, which caused splinters to scale off. The process was simple, though slow and laborious. At Norris, lunch is eaten and time given to tourists to view the famous Norris Geyser Basin. Then the Concord coach resumes its way and a drive of about four hours is required to reach the Fountain Hotel where the night is spent.

There are several great geysers in this vicinity, some of which erupt every five or ten minutes. Excelsior Geyser, in the Lower Geyser Basin, is the largest known geyser in the world. It vomits



OLD FAITHFUL INN—UPPER GEYSER BASIN

forth an immense volume of scalding water, sometimes to a height of two hundred and fifty feet. The Great Fountain Geyser and the Twin Buttes are also in this vicinity.

It is but a short trip from the Lower to the Upper Geyser Basin, where some of the greatest wonders of the park are located. Here one finds Old Faithful, the most accommodating and reliable geyser of them all. Its eruptions come at intervals of from sixty to seventy minutes, and from its mouth or crater the superheated steam and water plays with beautiful effect to a height of from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty feet.

One should spend several days at this point if he desires to view all of its wonders. There are various interesting trips that can be made into the adjacent country. The Old Faithful Inn, located here, is one of the most picturesque places in America, being built of logs and with an interior finished in rustic fashion. Its office is seventy-five feet high to the peak of the roof, with balconies around three sides. It has a massive chimney eighteen feet square, extending to and through the roof, with great fire-places which give the atmosphere of the place a feeling of warmth and hospitality. It is artistically furnished, steam heated, electric lighted and over two hundred thousand dollars were expended in its construction.



OBSIDIAN CLIFF—YELLOWSTONE PARK



GIBBON FALLS

There are other wonderful attractions in the Upper Geyser Basin. Lone Star Basin throws up jets of steam and boiling water to a great altitude and it often presents an appearance of great beauty. Near at hand are Kepper's Cascades, Black-sand Basin, Millard Lake, The Bee-hive and other scenic features much admired by tourists.

The next stage of the route takes the visitor from the Upper Geyser Basin along the Borders of Spring Creek through the pass to West Arm or Thumb Lunch station on the west shore of the west or thumb of the great Yellowstone Lake. The lake having the form of a vast human hand. This great body of water is over twenty miles in length with a very extensive shore line owing to its irregular form. Near the Thumb Lunch Station are Lake Geyser, Duck Lake and Lost Lake. A trail leads to the Shoshone Lake and Shoshone Geyser Basin through Norris Pass also to Lewis Lake, Heart Lake and Heart Lake Geyser Basin.

To attempt to describe these wonderful Geysers with all of their various eccentricities would require a volume. Some of them give the tourist a creepy feeling and convey the impression that he is walking over Dante's Inferno. There are places where fish can be caught from a clear mountain stream or lake and where the angler can by turning about dip them in a boiling spring and cook them without removing them from the hook. Some of the freak formations of these sulphur springs are of



OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER—YELLOWSTONE PARK



UPPER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

great beauty and are of brilliant colors. Some are called paint pots from their strong resemblance to receptacles of that character. In various ravines, where these hot springs are, terraces are formed by the sediment deposited on the rocks and some of these formations are of great extent as well as being of a very curious character.

If one, in visiting the park, desires a trip on the great Yellowstone Lake he can take the steamer at the West Arm Station and land, late in the afternoon, at the Yellowstone Lake Hotel where he can spend the night. This house of entertainment is situated near the outlet of the lake which flows into the Yellowstone River forming a stream of great magnitude. Near this point are many scenic attractions. The most conspicuous being Elephant back, The Natural Bridge, Dryad Lake and Stevenson Island.

From Yellowstone Lake to the Grand Cañon the highway follows the course of the river for a distance of about fifteen miles, passing Elephant Back, The Mud Volcano and Sulphur Mountain. The scenery along the west shore of the Yellowstone River is exceptionally attractive and it culminates at the Grand Cañon, one of the greatest and most sublime sights of this wonderland.

The Cañon Hotel, which is located on an elevated plateau, affords an extensive view of the surrounding country and its attractions. From its windows Hayden Valley, Crater Hills and glimpses of the Upper Fall of the Yellowstone may be obtained. Near this point a magnificent new concrete arch bridge has been constructed across the Yellowstone River by which the tourist is enabled to view the scenery on the opposite side of the Grand Cañon; a privilege not previously enjoyed without being attended with great danger and difficulty. A fine road runs along the northwest rim of the Cañon to Inspiration Point, from which many of the most desirable views of the cañon may be obtained. Many declare that the outlooks from Point Lookout and Inspiration Point alone are worth all the time and money required for the trip.

If one has leisure he can take the trip from the Grand Cañon to Tower Falls, Junction Butte, Garnet Hill, Crescent Hill and Yancey's, where splendid fishing privileges may be enjoyed. From Yancey's he may return over an available road, by way of Undine and Wraith Falls, to Mammoth Hot Springs or go back to the Grand Cañon, whichever he pleases. From Grand Cañon the stage road runs directly to Norris Geyser Basin, past Solatara, Virginia Cascades, Gibson Hill and Paint Pot Hill with its marvelous formations. From Norris the route already traveled takes the tourist back to Gardiner, the starting point of this interesting tour.

Wild animals of various kinds are plentiful and, owing to the protection given them by the



LONE STAR GEYSER—YELLOWSTONE PARK



EXCELSIOR GEYSER.

Government, are rapidly increasing and in some instances becoming very tame. Elk and deer are numerous and may be seen almost any day grazing by the highway and paying but little attention to the passers by. Brown, black and grizzly bears also abound but they rarely attack any one unless hunted or molested. Visitors may often see them on the garbage heaps, near hotels, where they paw over the refuse that is thrown away. In the winter season these animals are very plentiful in the valleys, and mountain sheep, antelopes, deer and elk may be seen in large flocks and herds. There are two herds of American Bison or Buffalo, which under the watchful care of government officials are rapidly increasing in number and it is hoped that

this species of animal now becoming so rare may be replenished from this promising herd. No one is allowed to molest or hunt the wild animals in The Yellowstone Park, but fishing is allowed under reasonable restrictions. Many varieties of fish have been placed in the mountain streams and lakes by the United States Fish Commission, which have greatly increased and multiplied. The finest trout in the world may be caught without difficulty and the angler rarely goes out for a day's sport and returns home empty handed.

One in visiting the park should always provide himself with warm clothing as owing to the high altitude of the park and its far Northern latitude the weather is changeable and the nights are often chilly. Thick solid shoes should be worn to protect the feet from the hot water of the geysers.

Many unique entertainments are furnished to visitors to the Yellowstone Park. At the Old Faithful Inn a great searchlight is operated from the roof and from the balcony there the geysers can be seen playing by night, forming a splendid spectacle. Bears and other wild animals are also shown feeding near the edge of the adjacent woods, and other features like the Giantess, Bee-Hive, Lion, Lioness and Cubs may be seen, and the Castle down the little valley.

At Yellowstone Lake the Old Hotel has recently been thoroughly remodeled, doubled in size and made one of the most attractive resorts in the park. It affords a view up the lake of more than twenty miles, showing, beyond the shimmering waters, the Absaroka Range of mountains and Mount Sheridan. The fishing in the Yellowstone Lake is exceptionally good.

There are many side trips that can be made if one has time and can afford to leave the beaten track traveled by tourists. A trip to the Cañon and Fall of the Middle Gardiner River is interesting, so are fishing excursions to the Gibbon and Firehole Rivers. One can enjoy visiting Nez Perces Creek, Biscuit Basin, and camping out along the shores of Yellowstone Lake.



MORNING
GLORY
SPRING



RIVERSIDE GEYSER—YELLOWSTONE PARK

The tourist should never be in a hurry, for in all probability he will never again be able to view so many wonders in one place.

This wonderland in the heart of the Rocky Mountains is constantly growing in popularity and the tide of visitors is annually increasing. All are made welcome—no special accommodations are provided for the privileged few. There is no extortion practiced—the tourist meets with courtesy and hospitality wherever he goes and rarely returns home disappointed with the sights he has seen.

The Government has the entire control as well as ownership of the park and here in these mountain wilds of the far west a pleasure ground has been provided for the American People that promises to be maintained as long as the nation endures. In it one finds the culmination of the scenic splendors—the grandeur and beauty of the Western World.







America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

THE
CATSKILL MOUNTAINS
AND
CENTRAL NEW YORK



UNION BOOK & PUBLISHING COMPANY
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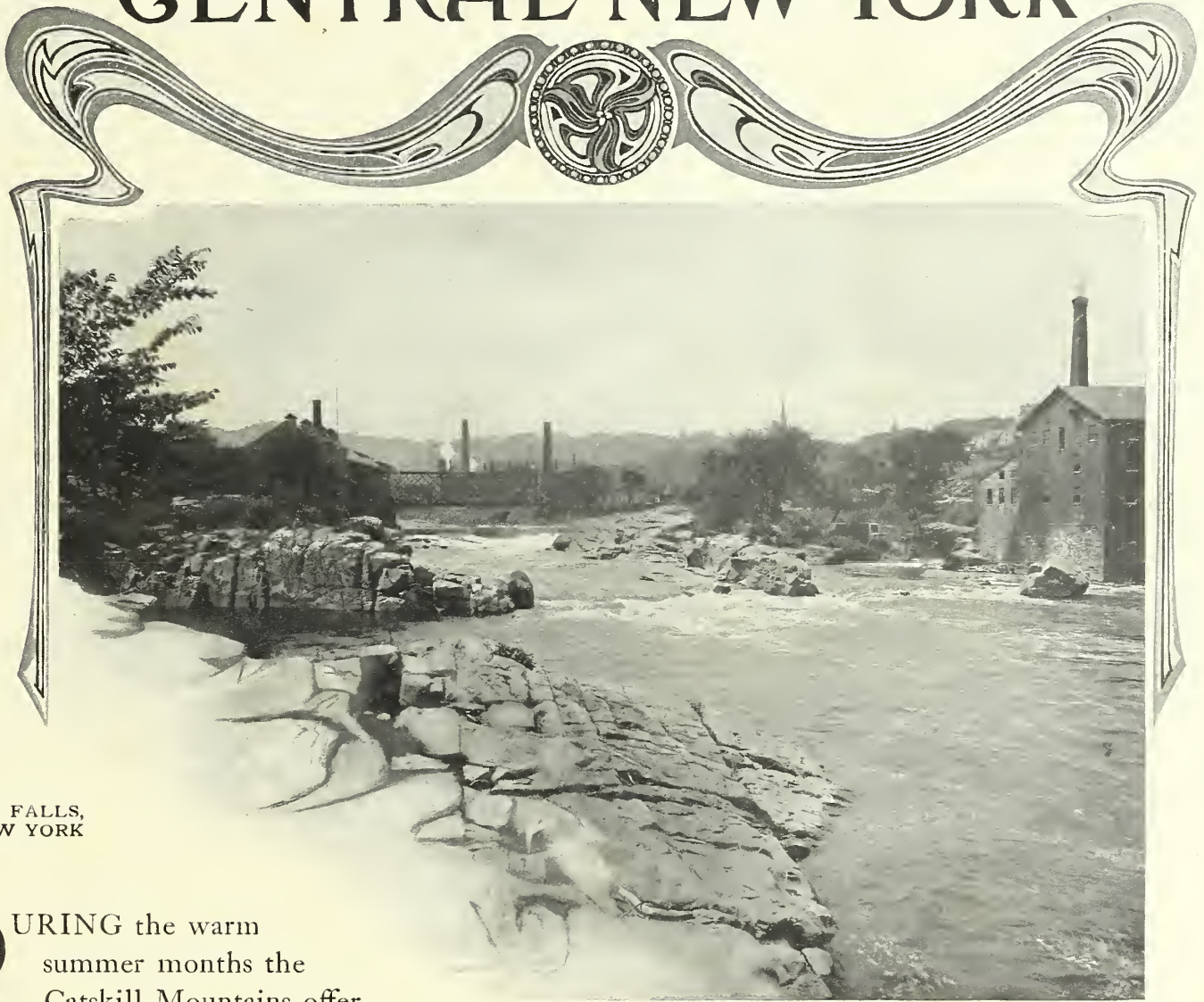
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THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS *and* CENTRAL NEW YORK



LITTLE FALLS,
NEW YORK

DURING the warm summer months the Catskill Mountains offer many attractions to those who desire to escape the heat and discomforts of a great city, and thousands go there every year for rest and recreation. Their accessibility to New York and the other great cities of the Hudson makes them desirable as a place of resort. Catskill, on the Hudson, can be reached quickly by rail or steamer, and a ride of half an hour takes one by rail through a beautiful and picturesque country to the foot of the mountains. Here an incline railway takes him to the summit. The trip is a short and easy one, and, while lacking in the romantic features of the old-time stage coach, once in vogue, is far less fatiguing.

As the car rapidly ascends the mountain it does not seem to move forward—the earth below seems to recede from the car. The delusion is so complete as to be perplexing.

Those who prefer a different route, or are timid about riding up the steep incline, can go to the terminus of the road at Palenville, and from there by carriage along the winding, well kept roadway that follows the course of the Kaaterskill Creek, upward through the great “clove” that lies between

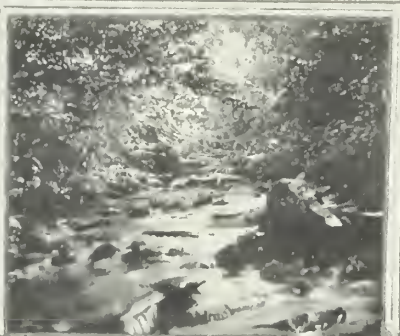
KAATERSKILL
LAKE



THE GREAT
CLOVE



KAATERSKILL
CREEK



ALBANY



SUNSET VIEW



Round Top and South Mountain. This way, or drive, is one of the most beautiful and picturesque country roads of America.

There are several large hotels on the summit of the mountain, and many boarding houses and cottages. Conspicuous among them are the

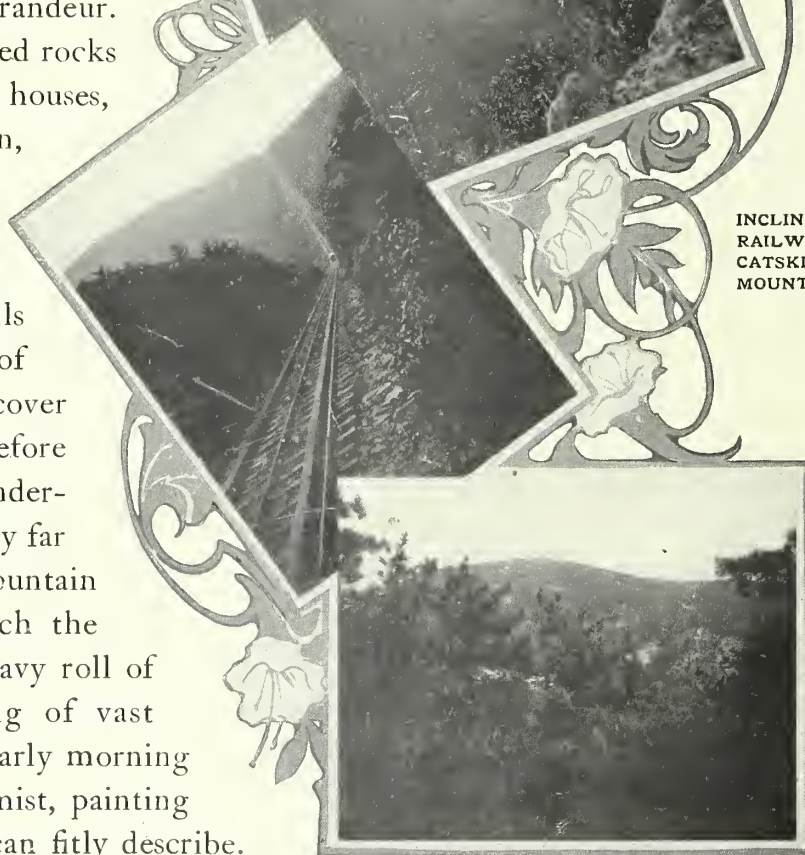
famous old Mountain House, with its Corinthian colonnade, and the Kaaterskill Hotel, one of the largest houses of entertainment in the country. Both afford a stupendous view of the rich and fertile country far below. Perched on the brink of a mighty precipice the Mountain House has been a familiar landmark to those who navigate the Hudson River, for many years its glittering white front standing out conspicuously amid its environment of cedars and pines. Its site is one of surpassing grandeur.

Below are ragged rocks

HIGH PEAK



INCLINE
RAILWAY
CATSKILL
MOUNTAINS



and pine forests, fertile fields, farm houses, villages, cities, and far away the Hudson, winding like a silvery thread through the great vale until lost from sight amid the heights of the Highlands. Beyond, more than forty miles away, are the blue outlines of the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts. One can sit upon the brink of the mighty precipice and with a powerful glass discover a thousand objects of interest in the vast vista before him. Sometimes the splendor of a mighty thunderstorm can be observed from this point in the valley far below, while the sun is brightly shining on the mountain tops. Above the clouds, the observer can watch the wild play of the lightning and listen to the heavy roll of the thunder, which sounds like the breaking of vast billows on a rock-bound coast. Again, in the early morning hours, he can see the sun rise above billows of mist, painting the world with a splendor no human language can fitly describe.

ROUND TOP





KAATERSKILL FALLS, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS



CATARACT
KAATERSKILL
CREEK

A short distance northward from the Mountain House are two charming sylvan lakes fed by springs from the adjacent peaks. These lakes are several hundred acres in extent, and are the wonder of all tourists, who are surprised at finding such large bodies of water almost on the very mountain top. These lakes are the sources of Kaaterskill Creek, a crystal stream that flows through the leafy forest and plunges into the stupendous glen, forming what is widely known as the Kaaterskill Falls. The Kaaterskill Falls consist of a series of silvery cataracts, some of which closely resemble the texture of a bridal veil. They are surrounded by a luxuriant forest, and the glen below them is filled with a vast growth of vegetation. Ferns, flowers and green mosses cling to the moist rocks and give the place an appearance of great beauty. Few places have been written about more in song and story than the great clove below. Here Washington Irving is said to have received the inspiration that enabled him to write his admirable story of Rip Van Winkle.

Old residents of the Catskill region assert that Rip Van Winkle was not wholly a myth, and they point out a dilapidated old shanty that stands beside the mountain road as his former place of residence.

Near the Kaaterskill Falls stands the Laurel House, one of the oldest houses of entertainment in the mountain region. On a spur

of the great Kaaterskill Mountain near by stands the Kaaterskill Hotel, which overlooks the great clove. A mountain railway runs from the terminus of the incline to the heart of the Catskills, where are located several hotels and boarding houses. At Sunset View and Twilight Park are many fine houses, some of them mansions of great splendor.

The great scenic attraction of this locality are Haines' Falls, which equal in splendor the world-famous Kaaterskill, though not so well known to tourists. They are, including their many cataracts, of greater height, and they present a greater volume of water.

The cloud effects from Sunset Rock and Twilight Park are particularly brilliant at the close of day. Thousands have watched the sun go down beyond the distant mountain peaks, and have admired the afterglow that lingered for a while in the western sky and faded from sight as the twilight came on.

The mountain paths and roads in the heart of the Catskills are romantic and picturesque; in following them one constantly finds outlooks that are interesting and new. The paths around the rim of Kaaterskill and South Mountain afford views of the great clove and of the vast vale of the Hudson of wonderful extent and grandeur, and the air of the mountain's top is so pure, cool and refreshing that one can tramp all day without a feeling of great weariness. And when night comes on the atmosphere is so clear



OLD COLONIAL CHURCH
CATSKILL, N. Y.



HAINES' FALLS. CATSKILL MOUNTAINS



IN THE CATSKILLS
TWILIGHT PARK

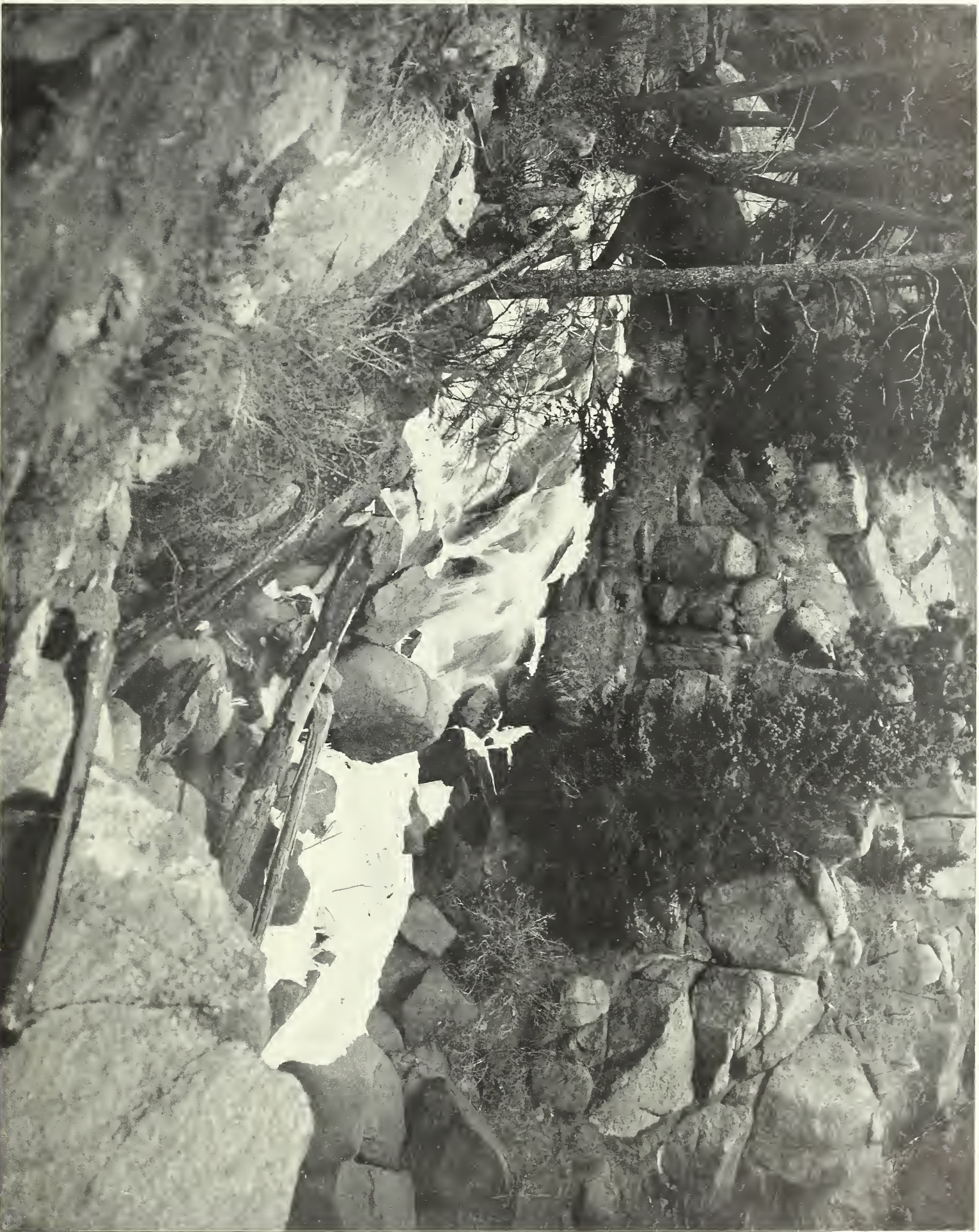
that one seems very near to the stars as he gazes heavenward. As the full moon bathes the forest leaves with silvery light and you hear the crystal streams leaping from rock to rock down the mountainsides, you feel as if you were in fairyland, where sylphs and gnomes go flitting through the arcades of the vast wildwood.

The route from Albany to Buffalo is one of the most attractive and interesting in America. It takes the traveler through the finest farming country in the world, displaying to him fertile fields, luxuriant orchards and vineyards, wooded hills, green valleys, silvery streams, limpid lakes, glorious waterfalls, and populous cities teeming with business life and activity—features that please the sight and which, once seen, are never forgotten.

Albany, the capital city, like ancient Rome, is built on many hills, its chief elevation being crowned with its splendid new State Capitol, its most conspicuous architectural achievement. Here the lawmakers of the Empire State annually meet, and here its chief executive has his office; this splendid building, just completed, is one of the costliest structures in America, as well as the most artistic in its interior decorations and furnishings.

There are many substantial public and private buildings in Albany, but few, however, are of an historic character. Its splendid old Manor House, one of the finest examples of colonial architecture in this country, was recently removed to give place to a more modern structure, to suit the demands of the present time.

Schenectady is one of the oldest and most historically prominent places in the country. It was attacked and burned by the savages during the French and Indian War, and its inhabitants massacred. For many years it was a drowsy old town, possessing but little business activity; but during the past ten years its commercial growth has been something phenomenal, owing principally to the establishment of the vast works of the General Electric Company and the extension of the Locomotive Works, both of



SCENE IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS



AQUEDUCT, MOHAWK RIVER, AT REXFORD FLATS, N. Y.



PROFILE ROCK ON ERIE CANAL NEAR LITTLE FALLS



LOCK IN ERIE CANAL NEAR SCHENECTADY

which great industries give profitable employment to thousands of men. The quaint old structures of past generations are fast giving place to more modern edifices, and public improvements of an extensive and substantial character are giving the venerable city a better appearance.

On a commanding elevation overlooking a broad extent of country, Union College is located. Here in past years some of the greatest educators of the country have helped to mould public opinion, and from its studious retreats have gone forth to battle with the world many of the brightest minds that have helped to shape the destinies of our nation. Its buildings are now old, and most of them much in need of repair. It needs some generous benefactor to afford it the means of rejuvenating itself and extending its field of usefulness. It is approached by magnificent colonnades of elms, and its great green campus is one of the finest in the land. No institution of learning could be more charmingly located. A railway line runs from Troy to Schenectady following the picturesque gorge of the Mohawk River, and along this line the scenery is remarkably wild and of a most attractive character to the tourist. The most prominent feature is the great aqueduct at Rexford Flats, where the Erie Canal crosses the Mohawk on a massive stone arch bridge, a stupendous feat of engineering accomplished in De Witt Clinton's time. The Cohoes Falls, the vast cotton and woolen mills, and the complex system of canal locks at Cohoes are also features of interest worthy of the traveler's attention.





"THE VALLEY," NEAR SYRACUSE. N. Y.

West of Schenectady the scenery of the Mohawk Valley is more of a pastoral character. Amsterdam, Fonda, Palatine Bridge and St. Johnsville are old and prosperous places. At Little Falls the scenery is rugged and wild, and the Mohawk rushes through a rocky gorge surmounted by towering cliffs and wooded hills. Little Falls is a city of great manufacturing importance, having a large population and many prosperous cotton and woolen mills. The upper residence portion of the town is very attractive, and some of its palatial homes are charmingly located on the heights, from which broad views of the valley below are obtained.

The construction of the Erie Canal through this great gorge and the subsequent building of the four-track railroad are stupendous feats of engineering well worth careful study and observation. Vast excavations were made through the solid rock that will stand for all time as perpetual monuments to their respective projectors. The cataracts at Little Falls have been so harnessed for industrial purposes



CITY OF LITTLE FALLS

ELECTRIC WORKS, SCHENECTADY

that they have in late years lost much of their former scenic beauty; but the foaming torrent still pours over the ragged rocks, and the roaring river can be heard as it thunders through the great gorge below the city, a fine view of which is obtained as the train rolls by.

Herkimer and Ilion are attractively located towns, the latter the seat of large manufacturing interests. Utica is a large and prosperous city of great business importance and considerable scenic interest. From this point a branch railroad takes the tourist to the delightful resorts of the Adirondack region that lie in the vicinity of Racquette Lake, Long Lake, Tupper's Lake, Saranac Lake and Lake Placid.

All along the Mohawk Valley the scenery is of an attractive pastoral character. The land is undulating, often hilly and sometimes thickly wooded, with here and there bits of landscape that would charm the eye and inspire the genius of a Turner or a Claude Lorraine. Snowy flocks, groups of browsing cattle and herds of handsome horses give an appearance of animation to many a rustic scene, while the homely old farmhouses, many of which have withstood the storms of a century, impart a picturesque aspect to the country that is always agreeable to the artist or sentimental traveler.

The only jarring features of this magnificent country are the hideous advertising signboards with which the farmers have permitted vandal agents of nostrums and alleged health foods to deface their fences and outbuildings. Never in any country has the abuse been allowed to be carried to such excess.



GENESEE FALLS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



CLINTON SQUARE, SYRACUSE

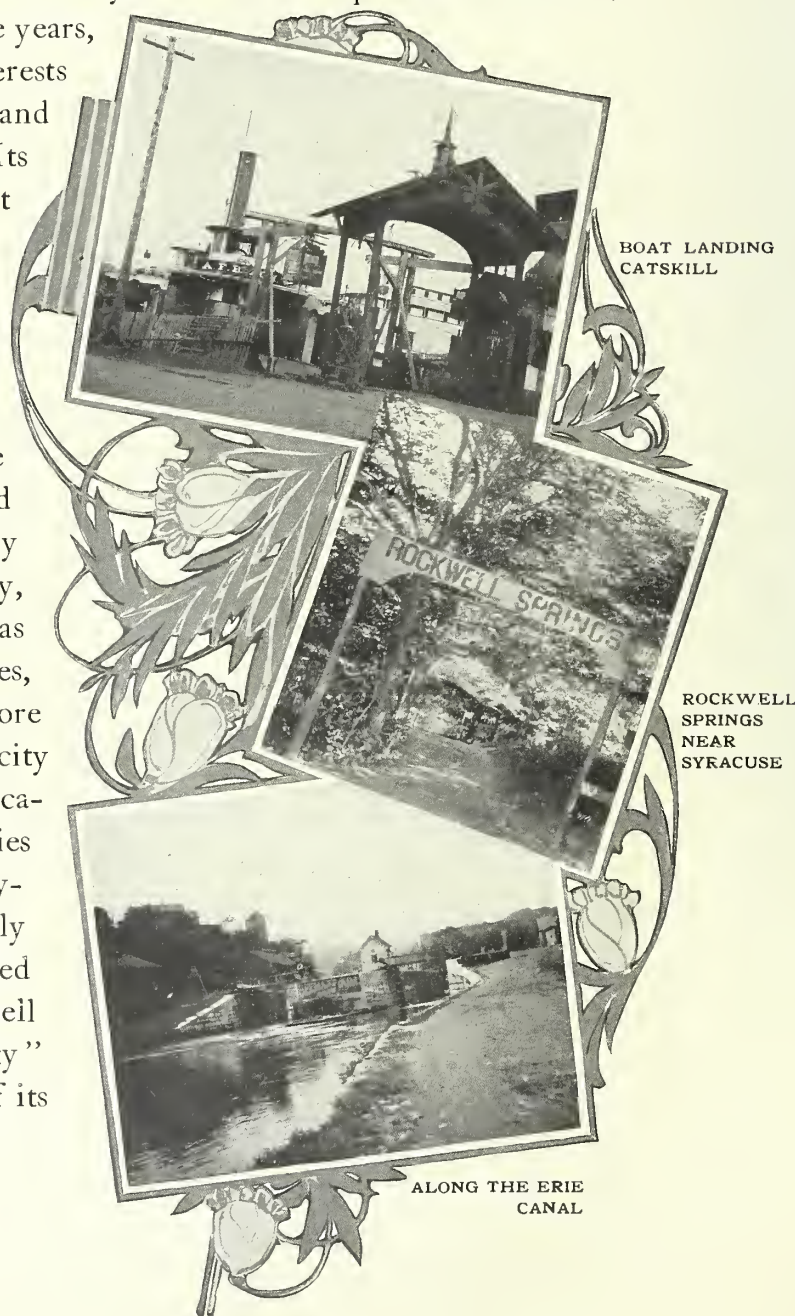
important cities in the Empire State, and has been in past years chiefly famous for its production of salt, from which industry great fortunes have been derived. In late years, however, the industry has declined, and other large business interests have supplanted it. Syracuse contains many imposing public and private buildings, splendid churches and palatial homes. Its streets are broad, well paved and beautifully shaded by a luxuriant growth of elms and maples. Clinton Square, centrally located, is its most prominent public place, and is famous for the architectural beauty of the buildings surrounding it. A splendid system of trolley cars runs from the center of the city to outlying points, and in the suburbs are several attractive resorts, chief of which are the lake, to the north, and the valley about five miles south of the city, in which are located the Casino and Rockwell Springs. Rochester, romantically situated on the Genesee River, is another large and wealthy city, surrounded by a rich and fertile agricultural country. It has been made famous the world over by its great seed warehouses, its furniture factories, and its optical instruments; probably more cameras and lenses are manufactured here than in any other city in the world. Rochester contains a number of handsome educational buildings, costly church edifices, mammoth manufactories and business blocks, conspicuous among them being several skyscrapers of great altitude. Its hotels are spacious and thoroughly modern in their appointments. Its residence district is beautified by fine shade and ornamental trees, flowering shrubs and well kept lawns. It might appropriately be called the "Floral City" from the magnificent bowers of bloom in which the homes of its

From Boston to Albany and from Albany to Buffalo, with the exception of a few places where local ordinances have prevented this outrage, the country is placarded with these offensive monstrosities. To the artist or photographer they are a perpetual nightmare.

Oriskany and Rome are places of great historic importance, at the first point was fought one of the greatest battles of the French and Indian War, and an imposing monument marks the famous ground.

Several interesting cities and towns lie between Utica and Syracuse, the most conspicuous of which are Oneida and Canastota. North of Oneida is a great lake of the same name, much frequented as a summer resort.

Syracuse is one of the largest and most





MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

people are situated. The chief attractions of Rochester are the upper and lower Falls of the Genesee River, which, though much defaced by industrial enterprise, still possess much of their former beauty. Of these two great cataracts the lower falls are the more interesting, a fine view of which is obtained from the lofty bridge that spans the great gorge of the Genesee River. From the high bank above the roaring cataract Sam Patch jumped into eternity and immortality. Old residents still point out to the curious and observant stranger the high bank on which the platform was erected and from which he made his last leap.

The route from Rochester to Buffalo and Niagara Falls takes the traveler through a splendid farming country, rich, fertile and prosperous, yet presenting little of a romantic or scenic character. Buffalo is a large manufacturing and commercial city rapidly growing in political power and business importance. Its immense warehouses, elevators, docks crowded with lake steamers and sailing craft, and business streets thronged with hurrying people remind one very much of its larger sister city, Chicago, from which it draws the principal part of its traffic. Famous throughout the world from its recent great Pan-American Exposition, and possessing through Niagara Falls the greatest water power in the world, it promises to rival in commercial importance the Empire City on Manhattan Island.





PART SIXTEEN







America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

THE
DELLS OF WISCONSIN



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The Dells of WISCONSIN



THE DELLS AT KILBOURN CITY

AMONG the picturesque features of the great Northwest the Dells of Wisconsin should be included. There is nothing exactly like them in the country, and few places in the West are more frequented during the warm months by those who seek rest and recreation from business cares. They are located near Kilbourn City. Here the river has cut a deep, narrow channel through the soft sandstone rock, and the waters have carved the shores into weird and fantastic forms, strange grottoes and subterranean caves. The waters go rushing through this gorge with great velocity, forming eddies and whirlpools difficult and dangerous to navigate, and one should not trust himself in a boat there unless it is managed by an experienced oarsman.

For those who can spend but a day at the Dells, the little steamer "Dell Queen," which leaves its landing place at Kilbourn City every morning, affords an easy way to see the wonders of the place. This boat makes a daily trip through the upper Dells, stopping at important places and giving the tourist ample time to explore them.

To see all of the wonders of the Dells one should secure the services of an experienced guide and boatman, and make the trip through the gorge in an ordinary skiff, for only in this way can many of the curious and attractive features of the place be reached and explored. There is plenty of excitement

in gliding through the rapid and dangerous whirlpools of the river and the black, overhanging rocks of this wonderful ravine. An expert oarsman experiences but little difficulty in navigating his boat through swirling eddies and channels filled with ragged rocks. The guides of Kilbourn know every whirlpool and dangerous turn of the pent-up and raging stream. They make these very features assist them in their work of rowing up the river.

The boat landing at Kilbourn City is but a short distance from the railway station. There are several good hotels and summer boarding houses near at hand where good accommodations may be obtained at moderate prices.

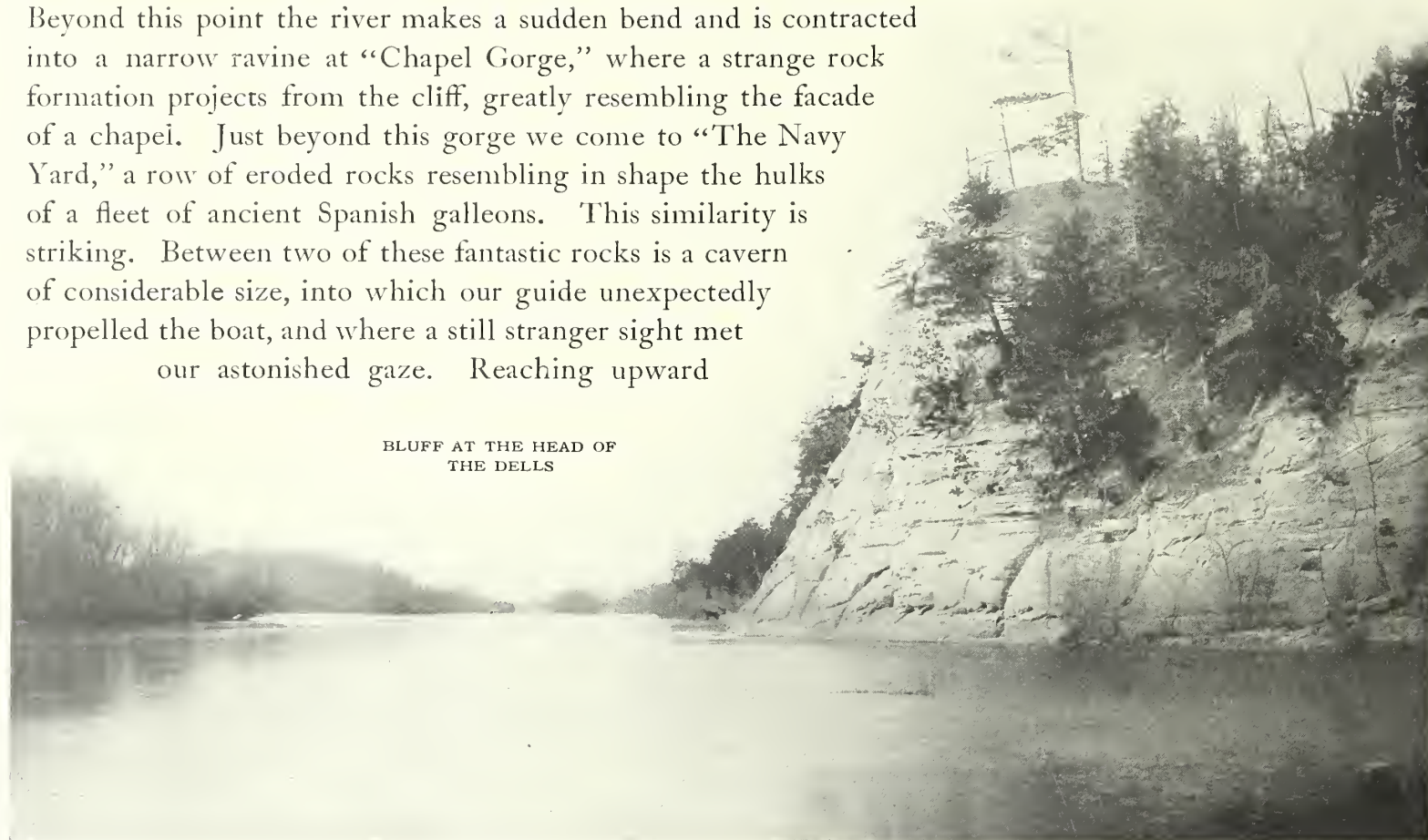
Our trip through the Dells was made in an ordinary skiff or rowboat. Having secured the services of an old and experienced guide, we made our start at an early morning hour from the landing at Kilbourn City. For the first mile the river was smooth, and our progress was easy and rapid. The surrounding sides of the river were brilliant with their autumnal coloring. Vast flocks of blackbirds and crows were fluttering about and cawing in the adjacent woods. The sun was shining brightly. The day upon which we made our voyage was an ideal one.

The first place through which we passed was "The Jaws." At this point two towering rocks form a massive gateway, through which the river majestically flows. The taller of these rocks is called "Romance Cliff," and is associated with several Indian traditions of a romantic character, the most important, of course, being the story of the conventional Indian maiden who threw herself from the frowning height and perished in the flood below by reason of unrequited love. After passing "The Jaws" we reach a place where the river widens, forming a sort of harbor, where in pioneer days the loggers used to tie up their rafts for the night as they came down from the pine forests above and stopped over night at the historic old log hotel whose site is now marked by massive stone foundations, the main structure having been destroyed by fire several years ago.

Beyond this point the river makes a sudden bend and is contracted into a narrow ravine at "Chapel Gorge," where a strange rock formation projects from the cliff, greatly resembling the facade of a chapel. Just beyond this gorge we come to "The Navy Yard," a row of eroded rocks resembling in shape the hulks of a fleet of ancient Spanish galleons. This similarity is striking. Between two of these fantastic rocks is a cavern of considerable size, into which our guide unexpectedly propelled the boat, and where a still stranger sight met

our astonished gaze. Reaching upward

BLUFF AT THE HEAD OF
THE DELLS





THE JAWS

from the dark water was a gigantic hand of white stone that seemed to be striving to drag the hulk of the old ship into the black abyss below. With this freak of nature another Indian legend is, of course, associated. The red men of the forest declared it to be the hand of the "Great Spirit" dragging the Spanish Ships to destruction on account of the cruelties practiced upon their race.

At the upper end of the Navy Yard the river makes another turn at "The Narrows," a gorge through which the current flows with great rapidity, and where vigorous work was required to row up the stream. The rocks all have the appearance of being undermined. There must be subterranean passages for the great volume of water that comes down from above, as it seems impossible for such a majestic stream as the Wisconsin River to flow through such a narrow ravine. When, at the breaking up of winter, the ice comes down, it sometimes becomes clogged in the narrow passage, and tremendous

cataracts and rapids are formed, the noise of which may be heard for miles. The shores along the narrow way are carved into strange shapes, and one with a fertile imagination can see the form or likeness of almost anything, animate or inanimate.

High on a crowning ledge stands a statue of Napoleon at St. Helena. From below a rock projects, resembling the slipper of a fashionable lady. A little farther on a great sea serpent wriggles and twists its slimy form along the ragged rocks. Man, woman, beast, bird and reptile are represented here. One could spend an entire day here in tracing out similarities in these grotesque formations.

The next place of interest, and one of the most beautiful of the Dells, is Cold Water Cañon, a dark, thickly shaded ravine, abutting the river, and through which flows a small stream of clear, cool water, from which the place obtains its name. Some of the passages in this deep, narrow gorge are barely wide enough to permit the passage of an ordinary sized man. At places it widens out, and in its cool, moist recesses are produced delicate ferns and beautiful mosses. It is a favorite haunt for naturalists who take pleasure in collecting new plant growths. Only at the high noon hour does the sunshine penetrate the dark depths, and then the scene presented is one of exceptional beauty and splendor. This marvelous ravine ends

ENTRANCE TO
COLD WATER CAÑON

rather abruptly in a great round chamber with an opening at the top called "The Jug."

"Steamboat Rock," beyond "Cold Water Cañon," is another natural curiosity. It is an island forty or more feet in height, the water having cut a channel about it. From several points of view it is alleged to bear a resemblance to one of the clumsy river steamers of pioneer days. Its top is thickly wooded with stunted pines and cedars. But it is in the "Witches' Gulch" that one finds the culmination of the





THE NAVY YARD



THE BILLIARD TABLE



STAND ROCK



IN THE WITCHES' GULCH



CHAPEL GORGE



ROCK FORMATION IN THE DELLS

the stream ran over golden gravel, and where the walls were green with mosses and ferns and bright with blossoming flowers. Overhead, through the evergreen tree tops, a flood of light came pouring down. No human hand could have fashioned such a wonderful place as this.

Beyond this opening or channel we next came to a zigzag passageway which led to an open place in the ravine, where we found a small cottage used as a refectory. A little farther on the gulch ended, and we saw an open country dotted with neat farm houses and outbuildings. Retracing our way backward through glen and cavern, we re-embarked and crossed the river, where we found a well trodden path, which led us to "Stand Rock," a detached column of eroded sandstone, forty or fifty feet in height, with a great flat rock upon its top, which gave to it the appearance of

grotesque and fantastic forms that face the stream. This is a larger and deeper ravine, in some places completely arched and like a cavern, through which a torrent of water comes rushing.

Disembarking from our boat, we follow the course of the stream for a short distance and come to the "Diamond Grotto," a picturesque cavern in the face of the cliff. Across the way, from a high point in the projecting rocks, one can see the "Billiard Table," and, farther up the glen, the head of a hideous old woman, from which the place derived its uncanny name. Iconoclastic sportsmen, however, have sadly defaced this curiosity by shooting at it with rifles and revolvers. Some people have a mania for destroying interesting things.

As we proceeded up the glen, the passageway became more narrow and closed overhead. We entered a cavern in which there is a silvery waterfall, dimly illuminated by the faint light that came from a narrow aperture above, and which produced an almost spiritual effect.

We ascended a damp and slimy stairway and emerged into a great hall, through which

WITCHES' GULCH FROM VISOR CLIFF





THE NARROWS



FARM SCENE NEAR THE DELLS



BIG ROCK

1958

a stand or table. This is one of the most curious and interesting rock formations in the country, and is probably the result of centuries of erosion.

Passing around the face of the great sandstone ledge, we found the "Hornets' Nest," the "Devil's Dining Table" and other odd freaks of nature. Many things in the locality are attributed to the devil which he probably had no hand in creating.

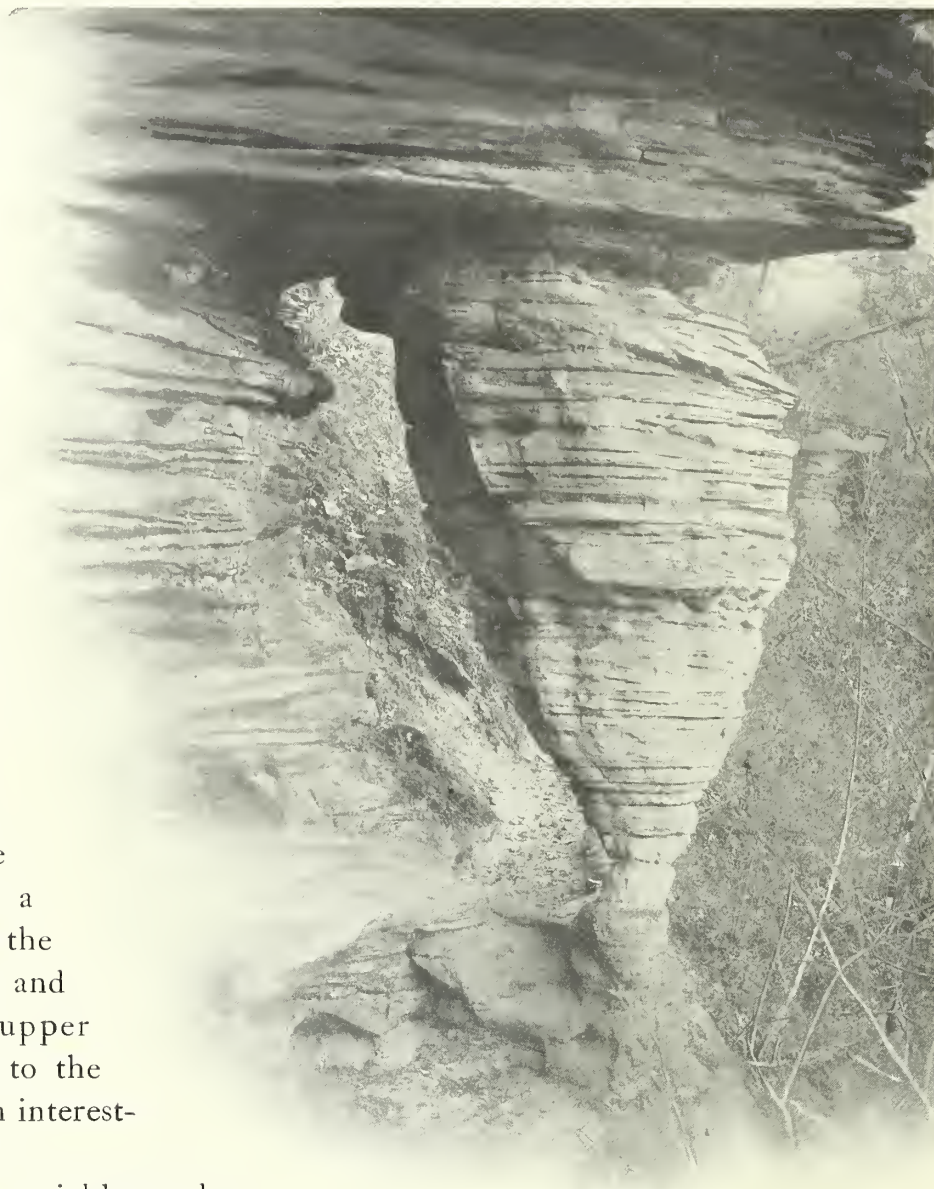
The "Devil's Dining Table" is a favorite resort for picnickers, and many sumptuous feasts have been served there.

Passing under the table, through an opening commonly called "The Devil's Doorway," we came to "Visor Cliff," a flat rock projecting over an awful abyss, and from which a beautiful view of the Wisconsin River is obtained. The outlook to the north from this point is a wide and pleasing one, while opposite are the frowning walls of the "Witches' Gulch" and the towering eroded rocks of the upper "Dells." To the geologist, as well as to the artist, these formations must always be an interesting study.

The return voyage to Kilbourn was quickly made, the current being swift, and our course down stream. We shot the rapids, dodged dangerous rocks, skirted whirlpools, and finally found ourselves back at the starting point of our interesting voyage.



IN THE LOWER DELLS



THE HORNETS' NEST

While curious and interesting, in their way, the lower "Dells of the Wisconsin River" lack the picturesque character and grotesqueness of the upper "Dells." The river broadens out below Kilbourn City, and is full of sand bars and other obstructions, and is not navigable by steamer. The shores are steep and precipitous, the great gorge



WINTER SCENE NEAR THE DELLS

having been entirely created by the constant wearing of the waters, like that of Niagara or of the upper Mississippi River. A short distance below Kilbourn City are several gigantic rocks, strangely undermined, but they are seldom visited, as they are difficult of access.

There is nothing anywhere so near to civilized lines that exceeds in beauty the Dells of the Wisconsin River. Here for a distance of nine miles the largest river in the state flows through a gorge so narrow in many places that there is just room for boats to pass. At the foot of the "Narrows" its course seems to be at an end. Great walls of rock rise on either side and directly in front, seeming to have closed in on all sides. In time of flood, when the river breaks up in the spring, great masses of ice come crashing through this vast ravine. The sight is said to be one of great sublimity and grandeur.

The ground trembles from the force of the mighty torrent, the roar of which may be heard from a long distance. The action of the frost softens the sandstone and it wears away, and the abyss grows broader, deeper and more picturesque with each succeeding year.



GREAT SAND BARS BELOW THE DELLS





PART SEVENTEEN



America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

DELAWARE WATER GAP
AND HARPER'S FERRY



UNION BOOK & PUBLISHING COMPANY
PUBLISHERS.

CHICAGO ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ NEW YORK



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THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATED WORK EVER PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY

America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty

THE publication of this remarkable work marks a new era in the art of presenting the beauty and grandeur of nature in America to the view of man. This superb work has been in active preparation for several years, and the artist has traveled thousands of miles and expended thousands of dollars, but the publishers have their reward in the assurance that the scenes are depicted with unerring fidelity to nature as she really is.

An idea of the scope of the work is gained when it is mentioned that Yellowstone Park, the Hudson River, Southern California, the Grand Canon, Niagara Falls, Lake George, On the Banks of the Wabash, Picturesque Wisconsin, Great Smoky Mountain, The Upper Mississippi and Michigan's Lakes and Rivers are only a few of the treasure troves of scenery that have been made to yield their opulence to the on-looker.

The enterprise is a large one. FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS would not cover the cost of this work, but the publishers are convinced of the truth of the claim made for it, that no publication of the kind has ever been attempted before in this country by the process employed, on a scale so large and a design so liberal, with results so magnificent.

It is safe to assert that "America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty" is a monument worthy of the genius and reputation of the American people, and that it forms a permanent contribution to the treasures of mankind.

CONDITIONS OF PUBLICATION

This work will be published in semi-monthly parts, at Fifty Cents each, payable on delivery, the carrier not being allowed to receive money in advance or give credit.

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DELAWARE WATER GAP and HARPER'S FERRY



THE KITTATINNY AND GAP HOUSE, DELAWARE GAP

THERE are two scenic wonders in this country, so much alike in their formation and so similar in their various characteristics that it seems fitting to describe them under one heading—Delaware Water Gap and Harper's Ferry. Through an eastern spur of the Blue Mountains, the Delaware River seems to have carved out a mighty gorge or chasm over a thousand feet in depth and through which it now sluggishly flows on its way to the sea. The sides of this great gap are nearly perpendicular. Precipices tower above the river hundreds of feet in height, crowned here and there with clusters of pines and cedars. Silvery cascades come leaping down the mountainsides, through cool and shady glens green with ferns, mosses and rank vegetation.

Its nearness to New York and Philadelphia makes it much frequented in the warm summer months by those who seek rest and quiet recreation in a healthful and beautiful locality. The railroad runs directly through the gap and all trains stop at the station, there to leave or receive passengers. There are several good hotels in this vicinity and many comfortable boarding houses, not only for the accommodation of summer resorters, but for tourists and transient guests. Three of them are spacious, well kept houses of public entertainment, with accommodations for several hundred patrons, and are respectively known as the "Kittatinny," "Gap House," and "Yarrick's."

In front of "Yarricks" a park extends for some distance along the shore of the river, which commands fine views of both the water and the gap.

A short distance below "Yarrick's" is the boat landing, where, for a small consideration, safe and substantial row-boats can be secured. As the river approaches the Gap, the ripples, rapids and eddies



DELAWARE RIVER BELOW THE GAP

disappear, and the water becomes tranquil when the channel deepens in the great gorge. Great rafts of logs and lumber are moored along the shore awaiting high water to carry them safely down the stream. In many places the rocks rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge. On the one side are the heights of New Jersey, on the other the towering Pennsylvania Cliffs; the river forming the boundary line between the two states.

Securing a boat at the landing, the writer, with a companion, rowed down the river through the gap until he reached the dangerous rapids which lie below the big bend. The shores on both sides of the majestic stream are luxuriantly wooded, with here and there a small opening or clearing where some unsophisticated tiller of the soil struggles hard for a scanty livelihood.

In its course through the gap, the river has something of the shape of the letter S. Just below the first curve is the "bathing beach," or "swimming hole," as some people facetiously call it—a stretch of sandy shore with a smooth, firm bottom where bathers disport themselves during the summer months. Convenient bath-houses are located near by, where they can change their wearing apparel.

From this point the view of the gap is particularly grand, and one is impressed more by the overpowering height of the towering precipice than he is in looking down from above upon the rocks below.

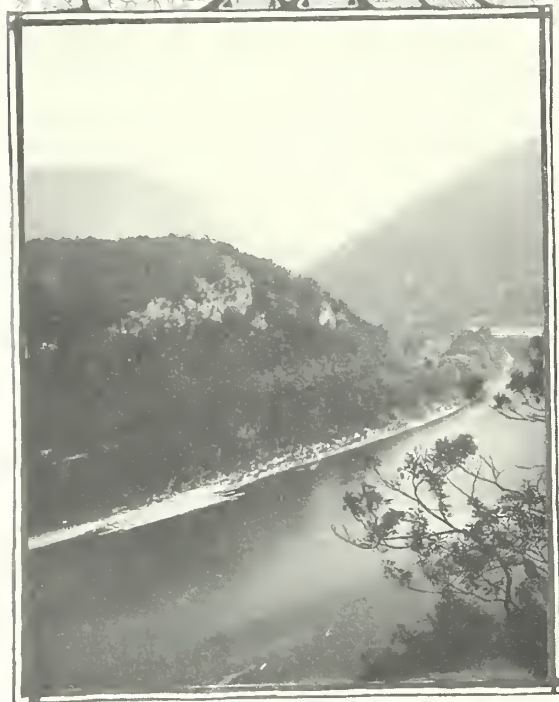


DELAWARE WATER GAP AND INDIAN HEAD



High up in the center of a vast ledge, on the New Jersey shore, is a gigantic rock formation almost startling in its resemblance to the feather bedecked head of an Indian Chief. Some

SCENES
AROUND
THE GAP



say that the red men of the forest once held it in great reverence, fancying that they could see in it something like the strong features of the Great Spirit whom they worshiped in prehistoric days. One gifted with a fertile fancy can trace in these rocks the forms and outlines of many strange and fantastic things, just as he can in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. On rounding the second curve in the gap the voyager is brought face to face with the stupendous Pennsylvania Cliffs. Here the view up the gorge from the New Jersey shore is one of wild and rugged beauty, and, in the opinion of many who have visited it, is the most attractive picture the place presents. Artists of international renown have painted it, and poets of world wide fame have sung of its splendor. It lacks the awful desolation of the great canons of the Wild West, but it is none the less impressive and grand, with its lofty heights crowned with ever-green pines and cedars, and it is far more beautiful.

Below this point, a series of rapids makes boating and canoeing perilous. A great bar of sand and gravel almost spans the river, beyond which the current is very swift, and the boat in which the writer made his voyage came very near being drawn into it and being overturned. At the base of the great ledge, on the Pennsylvania side, a spring of clear, pure water

gushes forth from the rocks, which, having once refreshed a thirsty man, is held by him forever afterward in grateful remembrance. The return trip to the boat landing below "Yarrick's" requires the expenditure of some effort, as rowing up stream is not an easy task. Perched on a towering cliff on the Pennsylvania shore above a sparkling waterfall is the "Kittatinny Hotel," and some distance back of it on the crest of the mountain one can see the roof of the "Gap House," and "Yarrick's" at the foot of a thickly wooded hill. At the rear of "Yarrick's" a well kept road up an easy incline leads to the big hotels above, where cool, shady porches are frequented by crowds of tourists and boarders during the summer season. Many are so charmed by the beauty and healthfulness of the locality that they remain until the



DELAWARE RIVER FROM THE KITATINNY MOUNTAINS



"YARRICK'S"

first frosts of autumn paint the forests with tints of crimson and gold. Some who prefer the privacy of a home own and maintain cottages in this vicinity. There are many pretty places of this character on the New Jersey shore which are occupied during the summer and early autumn months.

Along the rim of the chasm, on the Pennsylvania side of the river, a mountain path winds through the leafy forest, from which, through occasional openings, or view points, splendid vistas of scenery appear. Far up the river are pretty green islands and thickly wooded hills, beyond which the Blue Mountains show their purple crests through the hazy atmosphere.

But the view down the river is the most sublime of the outlooks from the dizzy heights, and at the sunset hour, when the vast chasm is flooded with rosy light, the scene presented is one that holds spell-bound every admiring beholder. Below lies the river, reflecting upon its placid surface the beauty of the everlasting rocks and the glory of the overhanging sky.

Then comes the roar and the shrill whistle of an approaching railway train, with thunderous echoes that reverberate from shore to shore like the sonorous sounds that float through the dark recesses of Resonator Hall in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

There are romantic glens in the vicinity of Delaware Water Gap abounding with glittering cascades, mossy rocks and ferns. There are silvery lakes, embowered in forests of pines and cedars. There are



A MISTY MORNING, DELAWARE WATER GAP



HARPER'S FERRY, MARYLAND MOUNTAINS

vistas of forests filled with the fragrance of blossoming mountain laurel, wild flowers of rare beauty, orchids, and plants of many kinds grow rank and luxuriant along the mountain paths, and flourish in the moist atmosphere of the shady ravines. Crystal springs gush from the ragged rocks, forming brooks and waterfalls whose music mingles with the joyful notes of song birds and grasshoppers. The place is a paradise to the man who wishes to get close to nature and find from this contact inspiration for thought and physical rest. One cannot see all of these splendors in a day or a week: there is enough to please and interest the explorer for an entire

summer. There are many attractive drives through the surrounding country. The roads are good and are much frequented. When one contemplates all of the attractions of this locality, he can but wonder why he has lived so long without discovering them before.

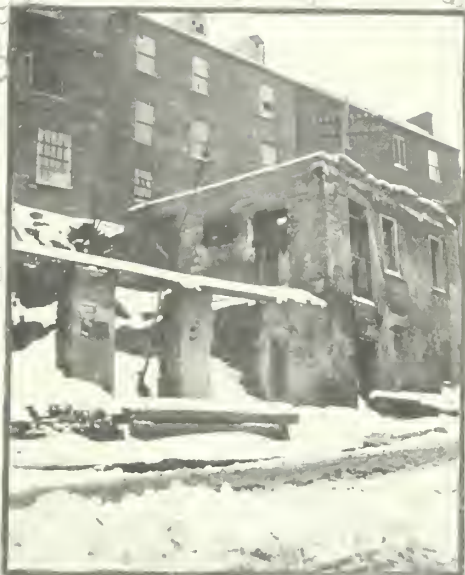
HARPER'S FERRY is not famous as a resort, but is a beautiful spot. It lies at the foot of a steep elevation on a tongue of land at the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers. Both rivers are filled with rapids and cataracts, the roar of which can be constantly heard. Three states meet at this picturesque point—Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia. The town is located in the latter. Here the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad emerges from a tunnel under Maryland Heights, crosses the Potomac on a massive steel bridge, and continues on its western way under the cliffs of the West Virginia shore. Across the river, opposite the town, the heights of Maryland rise to a great altitude and are still crowned with the fortifications constructed during the civil war. To the south and southeast the hazy outlines of the Blue Ridge appear, thickly wooded to their very summits, while at the top of the hill, back of the village, a glorious picture is presented of the Shenandoah Valley, with its blue, silvery river, fields and forests. The place indeed has many attractions, both for the artist and the historian.



OLD ENTRENCHMENTS, MARYLAND HEIGHTS



HARPER'S FERRY FROM OLD CEMETERY



The old town has never recovered from the disasters of the civil war. It appears today very much in the same condition as when the contending armies left it. The old houses that were destroyed have never been rebuilt, and their walls and great chimneys are still standing as gloomy reminders of those darksome days.

Here and there are marks of Minie balls and an occasional hole in a wall shows where a shell or solid shot plowed its way. The very earth is sown with bullets, and little children dig them up and offer them to tourists for a small consideration.

The old church on the hill used as a stable during the war has been repaired and is in a fair state of preservation, and the cemetery above it is kept in respectable order. A short distance south of the old graveyard stands Jefferson's Rock, a monolith propped up on four strong pillars. It commands a magnificent view of the Shenandoah Valley and the Blue Ridge near by. There is a tradition among the old settlers that while seated on this rock Thomas Jefferson was inspired to write the Declaration of Independence. It is well known that he often visited the place and admired the beauty of its location. Monticello, his former home, is not very far away.

Descending the hill from the old cemetery a fine view of Maryland Heights and the great gorge of the Potomac is obtained. The old houses, once the aristocratic homes of some of the first families of Virginia, are still standing in a state of hopeless decay.

Most venerable of all is the Harper House, which is still inhabited. Here the original Harper the ferryman once resided. We bought a Minie bullet from a sunny faced little girl, which she had dug from the ground on Bolivar Heights. She said she was the great-great-granddaughter of the Harper after whom the place was named.

Looking at the great gorge below where the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers meet, the view is one of great sublimity, and the scene presented is well befitting the great national drama that was enacted there.

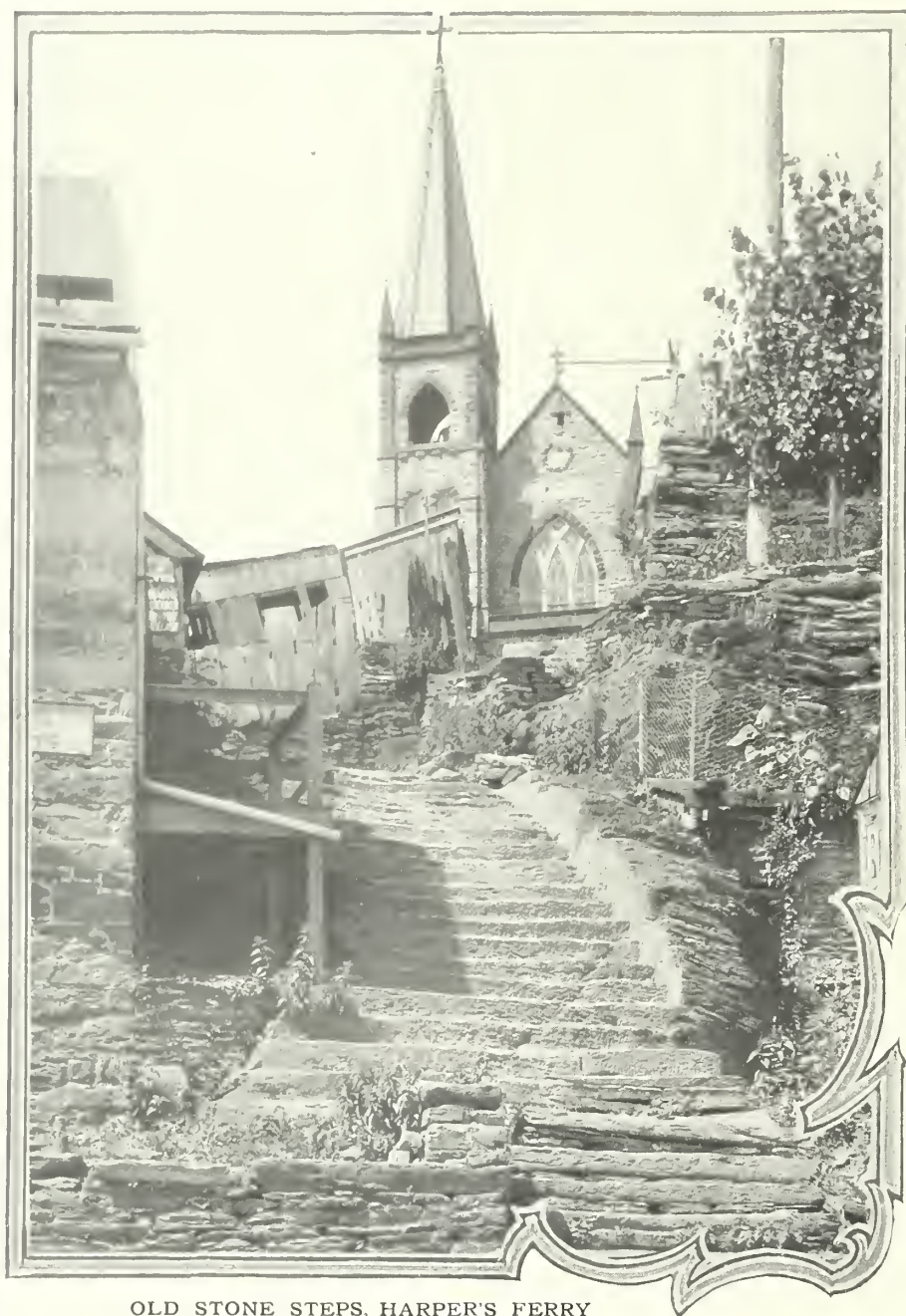
Harper's Ferry is inseparably connected with the name of Old John Brown. The armory that he and his followers attacked has been obliterated from the face of the earth. The engine house, formerly called his fort, has been removed for exhibition purposes to a western city, and the railway tracks now occupy the former site of these historic edifices.

John Brown, or, as he is more commonly called, "Ossawatimie Brown," was born at a place called Tarrington, in the State of Connecticut. He was, therefore, in the fullest sense of the word, a Connecticut Yankee. In the year 1805 he removed with his parents to the State of Ohio, where he is said to have worked in a tannery. During the political excitement

SCENES
IN
HARPER'S FERRY



CANAL AND LOCK NEAR HARPER'S FERRY



OLD STONE STEPS, HARPER'S FERRY

incident to the admission of Kansas as a state he became strongly imbued with abolition principles and conceived the idea of becoming the leader in a movement for liberating the slaves in the Southern States. He went from Ohio to Kansas, where he took an active part against the pro-slavery element, led a force against them and was victorious at a place called Ossawatimie—hence the name which he subsequently bore. This excitement in Kansas happened in August, 1856. Shortly afterwards he removed to Harper's Ferry, where, in a quiet, secretive way, he formed an organization for the purpose of surprising and capturing the United States Arsenal and distributing among the negroes of the South the arms and ammunition that were stored there by the government. No one but his immediate followers suspected his purpose, when, on the night of October 16, 1859, at the head of a strong band of determined men, he seized the arsenal and endeavored to incite the negroes of the surrounding country to insurrection. They failed, however, to respond to his call, and his attempt to liberate the slaves of the South proved a fiasco.

The event threw the country into a state of intense excitement. Bodies of armed men came pouring into Harper's

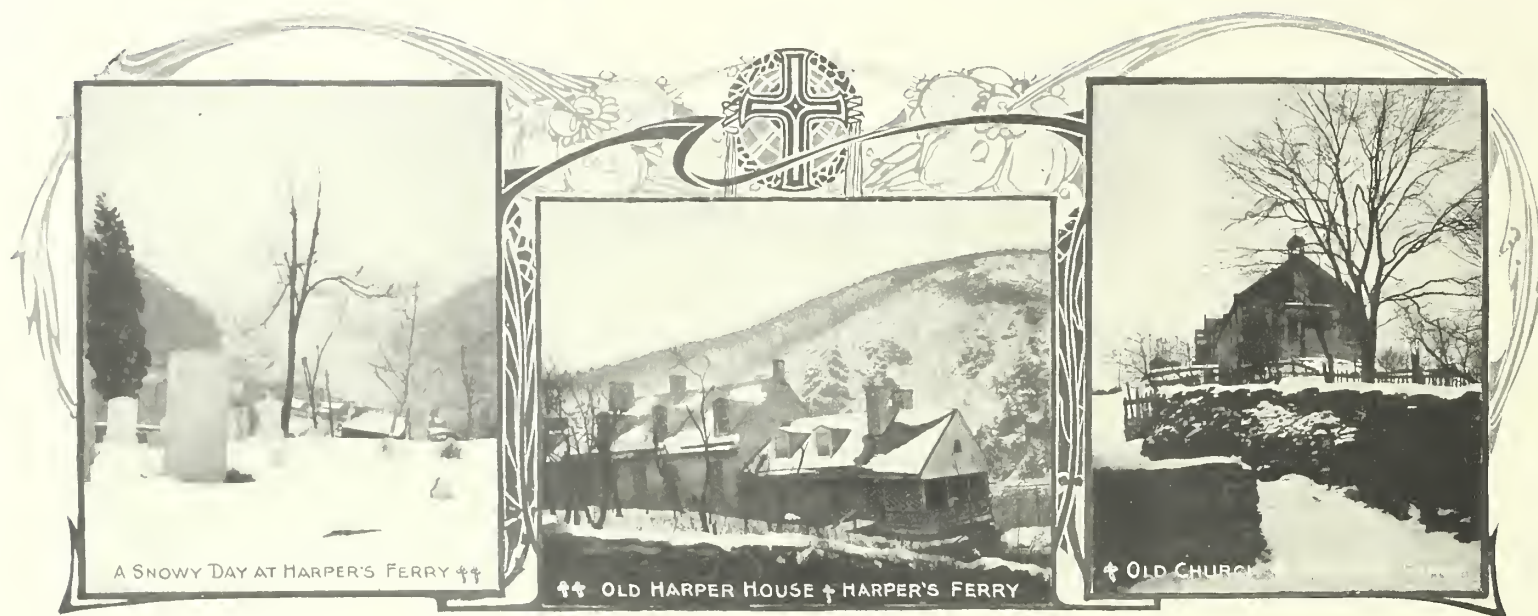
Ferry from all directions. Shots were exchanged and several men were killed and many wounded. Brown finally retreated into the engine house of the United States Arsenal, where he made a determined and heroic fight. A company of United States Marines finally stormed the "Fort," battered down its wooden doors and captured the old man, whom they found wounded and bleeding among his fallen comrades. He was subsequently tried for treason and murder and executed at Charlestown, Virginia, on the 25th day of December of the same year. This event did much to precipitate the disastrous war which followed it. Whether to regard John Brown in the light of a fanatic or a martyr has always been a disputable question.

John Greenleaf Whittier's sentiments are as follows:

John Brown of Ossawatimie spake on his dying day:
"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay.
But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,
With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me!"



JEFFERSON'S ROCK. HARPER'S FERRY

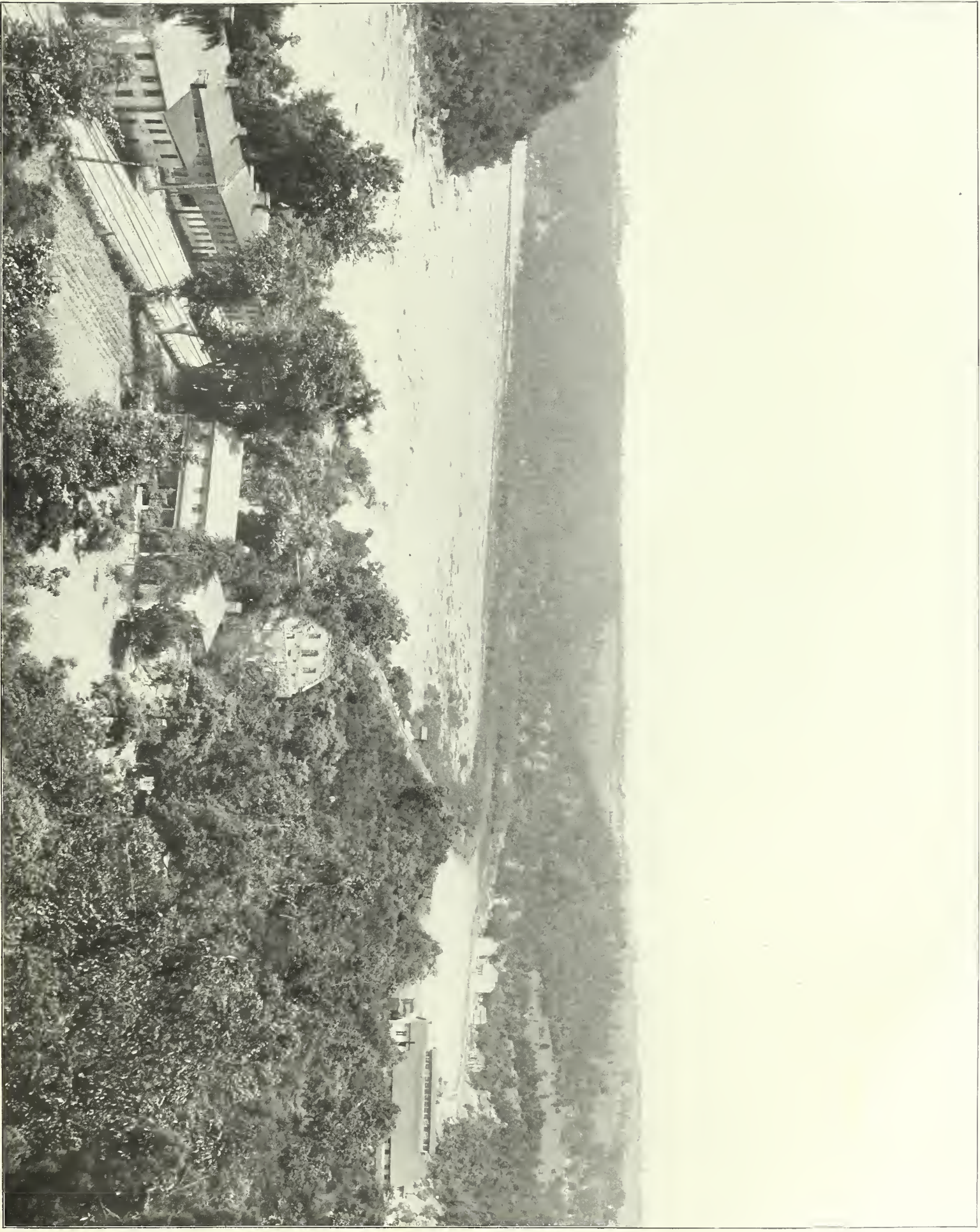


John Brown of Ossawatimie, they led him out to die;
And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.
Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child!
The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart.
That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent!
Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good!
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies;
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice.
Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro's spear.
But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might, and justice more than mail!
So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow with clay.
She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not harm the dove;
And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to Love!

The bullet marks made during his raid upon Harper's Ferry are still shown to strangers by the old residents. We met a man bowed with years who said that he was born in Harper's Ferry and was an eye-witness of the exciting events that have made Harper's Ferry famous. He graphically described in a laconic way the raid, the sending into town of men on horseback armed with pitchforks, scythes and other farm implements. He pointed out the particular place where men were killed or wounded, and described the raid, as well as tragic features of the exciting affray. He told of the trial and execution, both of which he personally witnessed.

A modest monument marks the site of the "Old Fort" where John Brown made his heroic defense, and metallic placards give the dates and briefly describe the events of his raid.

Passengers can see these memorials from the car windows as they go by and can catch a glimpse of the locality in which was enacted one of the greatest dramas in American history.



SHENANDOAH VALLEY FROM JEFFERSON'S ROCK

Across the river, along the Maryland shore, the old canal still winds its way, and an occasional boat may be seen moving slowly onward under the impulse of a team of worn out horses. This old canal was built long before the war, and its quaint locks and mechanical devices are a curiosity to the modern observer. There is but little in Harper's Ferry to attract the visitor except its wild and romantic scenery. Attempts have been made to make it a place of popular summer resort, but they have proved unprofitable, and the large hotel on the summit of the hill back of the town was vacant when we were there. The Maryland Club has a handsome home on a high point about a mile down the Potomac from Harper's Ferry for the comfort and convenience of its members, and a few cottagers have pretty places nestling among the rocks in this vicinity.

One would not care to linger long in Harper's Ferry, but he would find during a brief sojourn much to interest him, and he would leave the place with pleasant memories to recall through many future years.



GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER
OF OLD MAN HARPER





PART NINETEEN



America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



**UNION BOOK & PUBLISHING COMPANY
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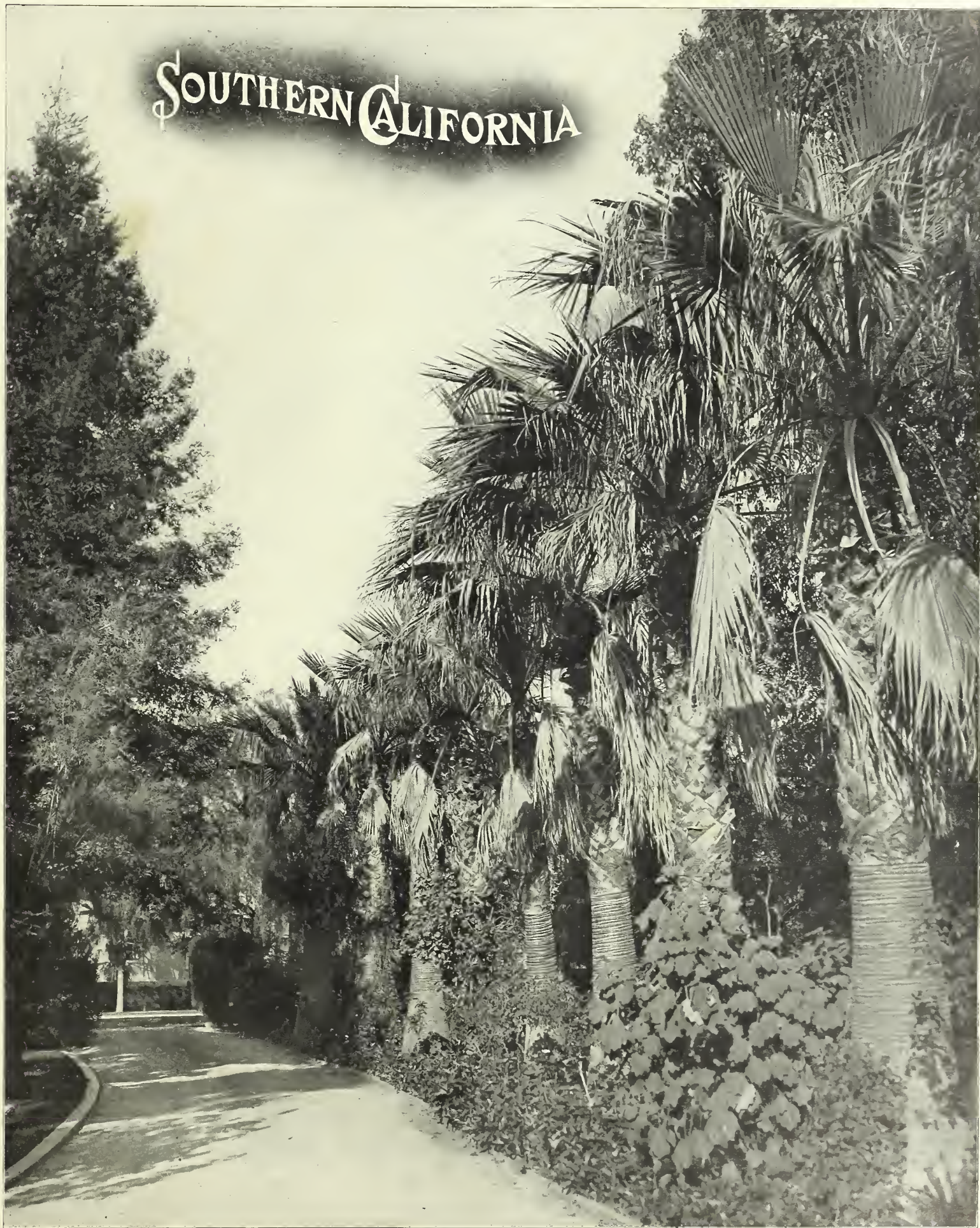
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PALM DRIVE—LOS ANGELES

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AT THE EDGE OF THE DESERT—BUZZARD ROOST—MOJAVE RIVER

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, regarded by the majority of those who have visited it as the choicest section of this great country, is a little world of itself. It embraces within its limits a great variety of scenery and climate. It is a tropical paradise during the winter months. During the months of April, May and June, and before the dry season begins, there is a splendor and luxuriousness of tropical growth and foliage that is rarely, if ever, seen in any other part of the country.

One of the most noteworthy features of the development and increased beauty of Southern California, during the past few years, has been the utilization of an abundant subterranean water supply, which was not previously known to exist. Southern California can no longer, with justice, be referred to as a semi-arid section.



WESTLAKE PARK—LOS ANGELES

That part of California, usually referred to as Southern California, is an area of about forty-five thousand square miles, and includes the seven southern counties of the state—namely, Los Angeles, Orange, San Bernardino, Riverside, San Diego, Ventura, and Santa Barbara. The area is equal to that of the state of Pennsylvania and nearly as large as England. It lies along the coast of, and is bathed by the waters of the Pacific for a distance of two hundred and seventy-five miles.

Ranging from warm sea level to peaks of frigid inclemency, this varied state offers many climatic gradations, whose contrasts are nearly always in view. In winter you may sit upon any veranda, lift your eyes from the brilliant green of trees and shrubs, from orchards, where the fruit is ripening in heavy



OIL WELLS NEAR LOS ANGELES

clusters and from the bloom of gardens to ragged horizon lines, buried deep in whitest snow. Above, there is a frozen waste, below, summer shorn of summer languor.

Entering California from the east you are borne across the most sterile portion of hopeless waste in America, whose monotony intercepts every approach to California except that by way of the Pacific, a desert unmarked by a single human habitation, outside the path of the locomotive, not even the cry of a wolf breaks the silence—grim silence—of desolation.

Through this American desert of alkali the train speeds to a more elevated country, semi-arid, but relieved by rugged rocks and occasional growths of vegetation. Ascending the Sierra Nevadas we reach at the summit an altitude of three thousand eight hundred and nineteen feet, from which a rapid descent is made into the loveliest imaginable scene, San Gabriel Valleys of Southern California. Entirely wanting in the austerity that characterizes the grander mountains of loftier heights, it takes you from the keeping of plateau and desert, and by seductive windings leads you down to orchards of peach, apricot, prune,



GREEN'S HOTEL—PASADENA

America

HER GRANDEUR
AND
HER BEAUTY



olive, fig, almond, walnut, and that most eagerly anticipated one of the orange. In many places along the route you may almost pluck oranges by reaching from the car window in passing.

Hurrying through these magnificent horticultural communities, flanked by the Sierra Madre, the way leads quickly from San Bernardino to Pasadena and Los Angeles. Here the sun habitually shines. Near the coast flows the broad equable Japanese ocean current, from which a tempered breeze sweeps overland every morning, every night to return from the cool mountain tops.

Between the first days of May and the last days of October, rain but seldom, if ever, falls. By the first of July the earth has evaporated most of its surface moisture, and vegetation, if not sustained by artificial watering would begin to languish. The mid-day temperature now rises, but the land and sea breezes swing like a pendulum, between ocean and mountain, and night and early morning are no less invigorating. This is summer, the joyous and active season generally misconceived by the tourist, who not unreasonably visits California in the winter time to escape northern snow, and infers an unendurable summer from a winter of mildness and luxuriance.

The first showers generally begin in November, followed by an occasional downpour, while northern pastures are whitening under falling snow hardly faster than do these hills turn beryl-green.

The winter or "rainy season" is called so, not because it is characterized by continuous rainfall, but to distinguish it from that portion of the year in which rain is very seldom, if ever, seen.

Los Angeles, the chief city of Southern California, the commercial metropolis of the southwestern corner of the United States, in beauty and climate is surpassed by none and equaled by few cities of the world.

The world may never know a sublimer indifference to suffering and death than that which characterized the Spanish-invaders of America for more than two centuries. The story of his subjugation of the southwestern portion of the New World is the most brilliant in modern history. He has left his mark upon every mountain and valley in names that will endure, but himself has been supplanted. The



RUBIO CAÑON—CALIFORNIA

westward-flowing wave of Saxon conquest has set him, too, aside. In 1871 he named the present city of Los Angeles "Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles" (Town of the Queen of the Angels). The Saxon has only retained the last two words of that high-sounding name, and little greater proportion remains of the atmosphere of the old Spanish town.

Geographically, Los Angeles covers a large area, embracing more than 27,000 acres within its city limits. Outside the immediate avenues of trade, its streets are bordered by magnificent homes, fronted

by grounds set with palm and orange and cypress and blooming with flowers throughout the year. It is backed by the mountains that are always present in a California landscape, and fifteen miles away lies a vista of the sea, dotted with island-peaks.

Anyone who visited Los Angeles in early days, and who has not seen it for fifteen years, would never recognize it today. Los Angeles is an up-to-date American city. It is brilliantly lighted by electricity, and seen from the surrounding hills it is a striking sight as the lights are turned on in the evening, twinkling like stars against the dark firmament.

To find any evidences of the old Spanish life we must hunt it out in obscure corners. Los Angeles is the least Californian of all the cities in the state. Less than five per cent of its inhabitants are native Californians. Its inhabitants have come from every state in the nation and from every country in the civilized world.

There are more than a dozen parks within the city limits of Los Angeles. Elysian park, a romantic hilly tract of more than five hundred acres in the northern part of the city, is the largest and most beautiful of all the Los Angeles parks. It is a remnant of the thousands of acres of land formerly owned by the municipality, while under the dominion of the Spanish, and either given away or sold at ridiculous prices.

The principal cause for the steady growth of

Los Angeles is found in the fact that people of wealth, who have visited Los Angeles, have been so charmed with its glories and beauties, with its climate and surroundings, that they have become permanent residents, and after short intervals of idleness have invested their wealth in enterprises of all kinds.

About Los Angeles there are many picturesque places of resort, as well as spots of historic interest. Off of the coast, in the waters of the temperate Pacific, is Santa Catalina Island. This island is reached by steamers which make daily trips. It is possessed of many picturesque features, and, as a resort, is very popular. Relics of the old Spanish and Mexican days are numerous in the vicinity of Los Angeles. There are many old missions with their quaint buildings and fortifications. The best known and most



RAILWAY TO ECHO MOUNTAIN



WATERFALL—RUBIO CAÑON



SUMMIT OF MOUNT LOWE

visited of these old missions is that of Santa Barbara. This was the largest mission established on the coast and is one of the oldest. In this old mission the furniture and fixtures are, today, as they were scores of years ago. Few visitors to California fail to visit these spots.

Just outside the limits of Los Angeles, connected by railway and street cars, is the beautiful city of Pasadena. Pasadena is a beautiful city, situated at the head of San Gabriel Valley on the hills of the Sierra Madre Mountains. It was founded by a committee of citizens from Indiana about twenty-five years ago. The site of the present city was known as early as 1541, when Spanish explorers saw beautiful flowers on the foothills, and called it "Terra del Fuego," the Land of Fire—the fire being the blaze of the poppies whose wonderful color had been observed miles away. From the hills of Pasadena views of the blue Pacific, twenty-seven miles away, and the entire San Gabriel

Valley can be obtained. Pasadena is essentially a city of homes and magnificent hotels and health resorts. Most of its homes are surrounded by extended lawns and gardens of beautiful flowers and tropical growths. Many of the homes, mansions in extent and architecture, of the wealthier residents, are surrounded by orchards of fruits and orange groves covering many acres.

Mount Lowe, near Pasadena, California, is one of the wonders of the Pacific Slope, and thousands of tourists make the trip to its summit by the ingeniously constructed incline railway to enjoy the spectacle presented there.

At the foot of this magnificent mountain, which is a conspicuous spur of the Sierra Madres, lies beautiful Pasadena. There are few examples in the world of more sensational and daring engineering than in the construction and operation of this scenic railway. It winds through lovely vales, fragrant with orange blossoms and dashes into gloomy and terrific cañons overhung with ragged rocks and lofty precipices. It climbs the precipitous mountain sides, crosses deep chasms on massive trestles, skirts awful abysses and runs along narrow ledges blasted out of the mountain side. It winds about towering cliffs in loop and curve, reaching at last its terminus at the picturesque hostelry near the summit known as "Ye Alpine Tavern," five thousand feet above the level of the sea. No words can adequately describe the splendor of a trip over this scenic line; the wide extent of the view, the thrilling sensation of being whirled about the brinks of terrific chasms; the grandeur and sublimity of the cañons, the fairy-like beauty of the cascades, and above all the glory of the sunrise or the splendor of the sunset—all must be seen and felt to be fairly enjoyed.

A trip to the mountain top takes one from the land of tropical plants and flowers to the region of the rugged pine, ice and snow—a new experience to enjoy within the limit of a day. The road first traverses the charming San Gabriel Valley, passes over the "Arroyo Seco," from which elevation a view of the Sierra Madre Mountains bursts upon the vision like a glimpse of the "Delectable Mountains."

The road next passes through Pasadena, affording a view of many handsome homes, gardens and orchards. At Altadena, a suburb of Pasadena, a change is made to the Mount Lowe car, which climbs the heavily wooded foothills, winds along the banks of a crystal stream to Rubio Cañon, about two



GRAND CAÑON—CALIFORNIA

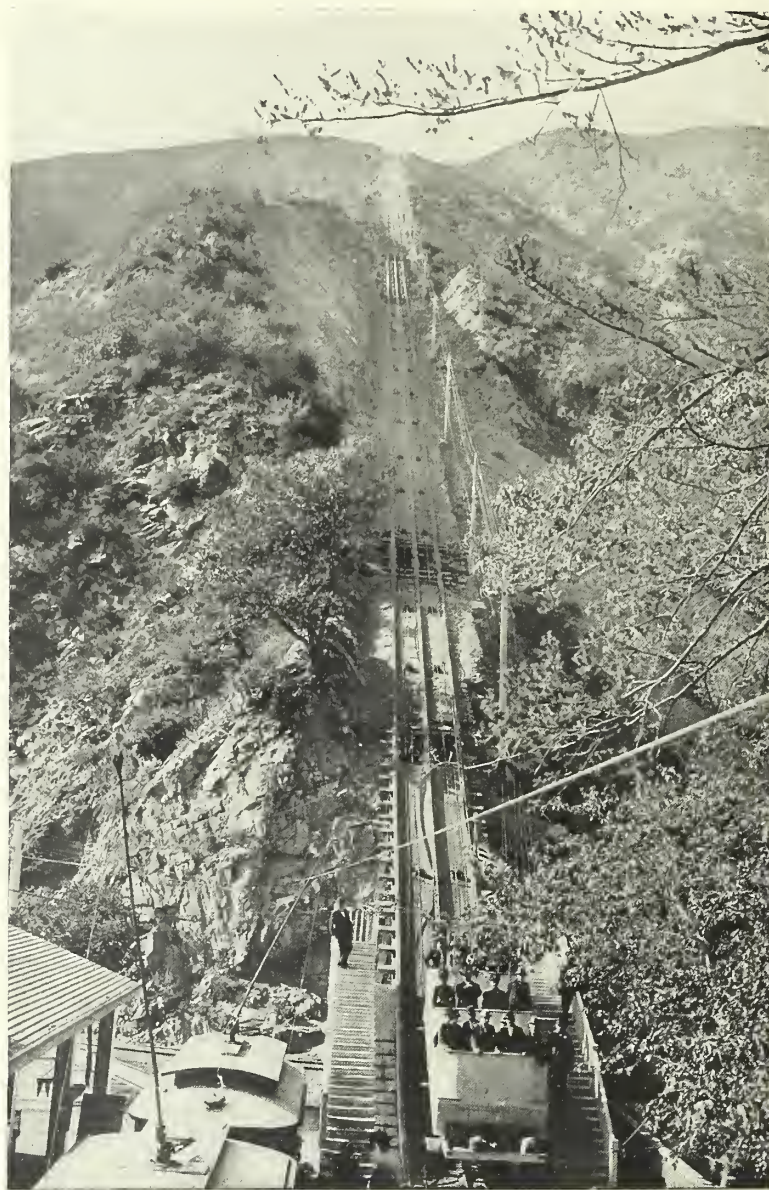
thousand feet above the level of Los Angeles. Ample time is afforded the traveler to explore Rubio Cañon, which is one of the most interesting features of the trip. Through a great cleft in the mountains a silvery stream comes leaping down, and following a substantial plank walk connected by innumerable stairways, admirable views of this enchanting glen are obtained. The place is thickly wooded and green with luxuriant moss and vegetation. Crystal cascades, some of great altitude, come pouring down over the towering ledges like streams of molten silver, at other points frowning precipices almost shut out the light of day and from which, occasionally, great masses of rock come tumbling down, crushing and destroying everything in their course. There are but few great gorges in all the world more awe-inspiring than this.

From Rubio Cañon the ascent is made to the summit of Echo Mountain by an almost perpendicular incline, one thousand three hundred feet in height, and one seems to leave the earth and for a time to hang suspended in the air. A wonderful view of the valley below is afforded here while making the ascent that so engages the attention that one forgets the danger of the situation. Although the traveler is assured by a courteous conductor that an accident has never occurred, he always breathes freer when he steps from the car at the end of the incline.

On the summit of Echo Mountain once stood a fine hotel, which was destroyed by an unfortunate conflagration. The "Chalet," once an annex to this hotel, is still standing and furnishes refreshments and accommodations to those who have the time and inclination to tarry there. Among other objects of interest on Echo Mountain are the power house, the celebrated Mount Lowe Observatory with its big telescope and other astronomical apparatus, the great World's Fair search-light, whose far-reaching rays can be made to brilliantly illuminate many remote points in the valley below, and the Casino, which is one of the most commodious and popular dancing halls in Southern California, and at which many brilliant entertainments have been given.

The view from Echo mountain is so entrancing that many do not care to continue the trip to the summit of Mount Lowe, which is really the most exciting and sensational part of the journey. On a clear day the San Gabriel, La Canada and the San Fernando valleys are revealed with their innumerable orchards, vineyards and palm gardens, while far away to the westward are those beautiful islands of the Pacific ocean—Santa Catalina, Santa Clemente, Santa Barbara and the St. Nicholas—glistening gems in the distant horizon in the sunset hour.

There is no more wonderful work in railway engineering than the road from the summit of Echo



ASCENT TO MOUNT LOWE



INSPIRATION POINT—MOUNT LOWE

REDLANDS
FROM SMILEY
HEIGHTS



Mountain to "Ye Alpine Tavern." It winds about magnificent cañons, crosses stupendous chasms, gracefully ascending higher and higher, and from the rapidly rising trolley car one can look down on lofty pine tree tops and towering crags hundreds of feet below. One clings instinctively to his seat, fearing he may be thrown from the car as it whisks around some sharp curve, making loop after loop as it rises to a higher altitude. The great circular bridge is passed, Los Flores Cañon, Cape of Good Hope, Millard Cañon, Alpine Park and Mount Lowe Springs, all famous and attractive points of interest, that the tourist can ill afford to miss.

"Ye Alpine Tavern" is nestled in a romantic mountain glen, five thousand feet above the sea level. Here it is sheltered by tall pines and lofty crags from the fierce storms that sometimes break over the mountain top. Here one should rest and recuperate over night in order to see the sunset in the neighboring cañons and the marvelous effects of light and shade as the night creeps over the charming San Gabriel valley and the distant Pacific ocean.

A short walk up a carefully constructed mountain trail affords the traveler a splendid view of Grand Cañon—from one point five distinct ranges of mountains may be seen; a short distance farther on, Rubio Cañon is revealed, through which, far below, fleecy clouds are drifting; higher up on a towering crag commanding a magnificent view of the world below, is "Inspiration Point," an object of great interest to every visitor.

Another trail leads by a circuitous route to the summit of Mount Lowe. The ascent is generally made on the backs of well-trained ponies and sure-footed burros. The final view from the summit is the crowning surprise and pleasure of the trip as it reveals, far away to the north, the snow-clad peaks of the Sierras, innumerable cañons and valleys, a panorama that never fades from the memory.

The sunrise from the summit of Mount Lowe, six thousand one hundred feet above the sea level, is a splendid spectacle, but one seldom enjoyed as it requires much early climbing; still the sight amply repays one for the toil and trouble that it costs. Below, the mountain tops look like islands as they lift their tall crags through the mist that envelops the lower lands and the dazzling sunshine, illuminating the scene, gives it an effect of indescribable splendor. It is like a glimpse into fairyland, and one can almost fancy troops of elves robed in silver and gold glistening with diamonds fleeting through the spray. One could not experience a more eventful or delightful day than he spends in making this romantic journey to the mountain top, and no one should fail to make this trip.

Nothing is more astonishing and delightful to the tourist in Southern California than the wonderful wealth of flowers that is seen at every hand. Winter is the best time in the year to see this exposition of natural beauty. This season is, in fact, the one when the greatest variety of wild



THE
BURRAGE HOME
REDLANDS



THE REDLANDS

flowers are seen in this country. The most rare and tender plants, which in the East are found only in hothouses, grow rampant in the gardens here. The size attained by the flowers of California is sometimes astonishing. Of all the beautiful flowers in this flower-covered country, the most beautiful is the California violet, which has acquired a world-wide reputation for its deep color, size and fragrance. The heliotrope and geranium, in Southern California, grow to such proportions that the sides of houses are often entirely covered, smothered in blossoms, from a single bush.

At regular intervals during the year flower carnivals are held in every city and town of Southern



ORANGE GROVES—REDLANDS

California. During these carnivals the streets are literally strewn with flowers of every kind, and every vehicle, from the bicycle to the steam coach, is bedecked with blossoms.

This enormous flower culture has its commercial side. Besides supplying the inhabitants and the local markets, florists make daily shipments of cut flowers to the East.

In this beautiful country, surpassed by no other in the world, if equaled by any, forty years ago the grizzly bear was exceedingly common; today California is foremost in improvements of every kind. Its educational institutions are numbered among those of the leading institutions in this country, while no community in America has a better and more thoroughly equipped public school system.





America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

UPPER MISSISSIPPI
EAST SIDE



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THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATED WORK EVER PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY

America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty

THE publication of this remarkable work marks a new era in the art of presenting the beauty and grandeur of nature in America to the view of man. This superb work has been in active preparation for several years, and the artist has traveled thousands of miles and expended thousands of dollars, but the publishers have their reward in the assurance that the scenes are depicted with unerring fidelity to nature as she really is.

An idea of the scope of the work is gained when it is mentioned that Yellowstone Park, the Hudson River, Southern California, the Grand Canon, Niagara Falls, Lake George, On the Banks of the Wabash, Picturesque Wisconsin, Great Smoky Mountain, The Upper Mississippi and Michigan's Lakes and Rivers are only a few of the treasure troves of scenery that have been made to yield their opulence to the on-looker.

The enterprise is a large one. FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS would not cover the cost of this work, but the publishers are convinced of the truth of the claim made for it, that no publication of the kind has ever been attempted before in this country by the process employed, on a scale so large and a design so liberal, with results so magnificent.

It is safe to assert that "America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty" is a monument worthy of the genius and reputation of the American people, and that it forms a permanent contribution to the treasures of mankind.

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This work will be published in semi-monthly parts, at Fifty Cents each, payable on delivery, the carrier not being allowed to receive money in advance or give credit.

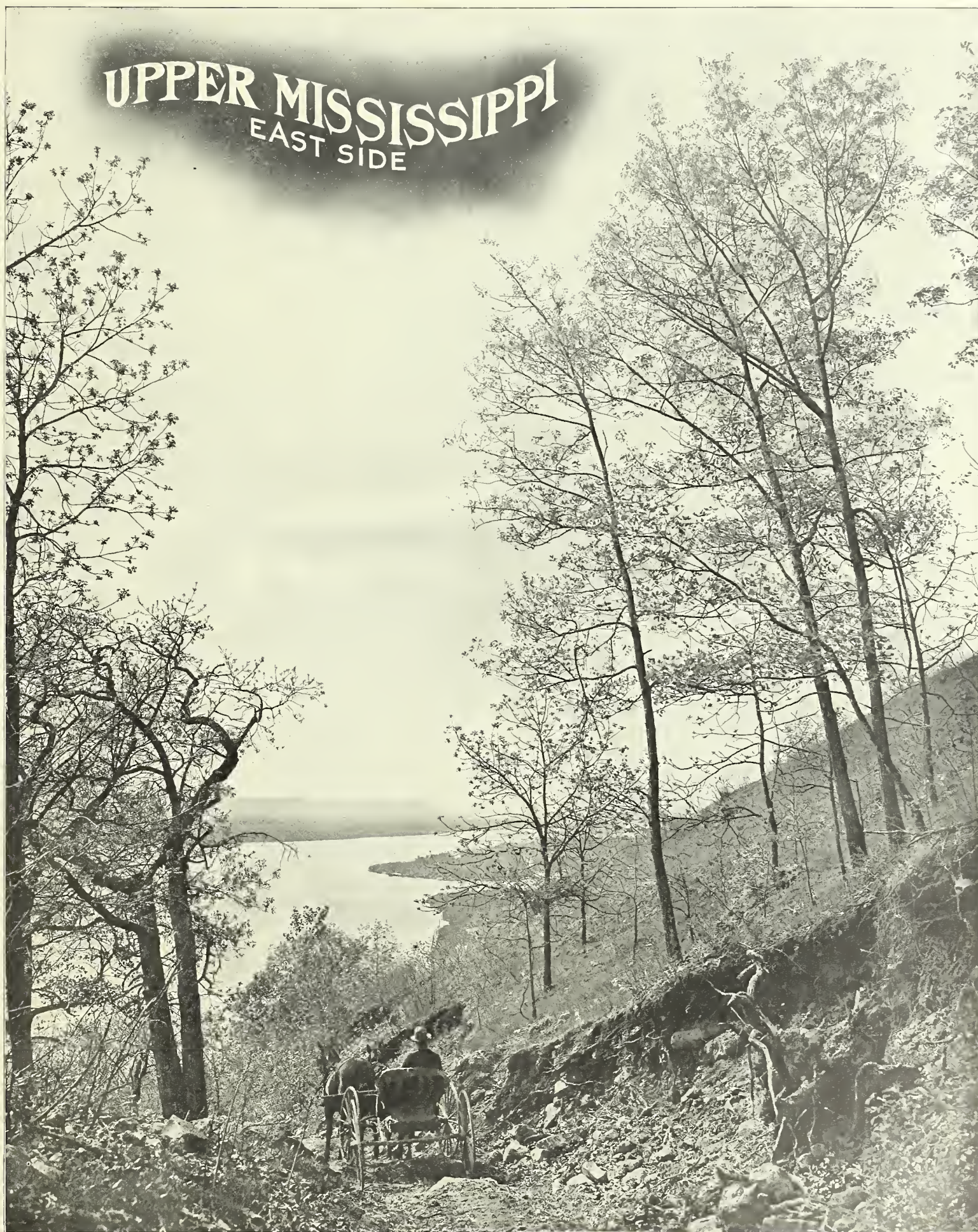
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UPPER MISSISSIPPI

EAST SIDE

VIEW NEAR STOCKHOLM



DISTANT VIEW
OF
MAIDEN ROCK

NO river in the United States offers more scenic splendor to the tourist than the east shore of the Upper Mississippi from Maiden Rock to Lynxville. For the greater part of the distance between these points the great stream flows through a gigantic gorge from three to five miles in width, with precipitous sides and bluffs of eroded sandstone hundreds of feet in height, which have been carved by the constant wearing of the elements into thousands of strange and fantastic forms. The cliffs are broken by occasional ravines cut through the sandstone by streams from the adjacent country and through

which vast quantities of fertile soil from the farms above are continually washed into the river and which in part goes to form the innumerable islands clothed in luxuriant green that dot this mighty father of waters.

The history of the Mississippi is very interesting. The expedition of De Soto, by whom it was discovered and for whom one of its bordering cities has been named, was one of the most unfortunate of the many that were started in search for riches in the wilds of America, and the subsequent struggle for the right to navigate the river fills a most interesting page in the history of America. Although De Soto was the first white man who gazed upon the Mississippi, the credit of exploring it rightly belongs to Marquette, a Catholic priest, and to Joliet, a Canadian traveler. These men descended the Wisconsin River to the Mississippi and then paddled down the Mississippi in canoes a distance of about eleven hundred miles. By virtue of their discoveries France claimed possession of the entire Mississippi Valley, and that region was subsequently called Louisiana, after the monarch who then reigned in France. This territory remained a French province until 1762, when it was ceded to Spain. It remained the property of and under the jurisdiction of Spain until 1800, when it was ceded back to France.

During the time that Louisiana was under the dominion of Spain disputes arose between the United States and the Spanish authorities regarding the right to navigate the Mississippi, which at that period was our western boundary. These disputes on two occasions nearly provoked a war, while at another time the trouble assumed such proportions and had taken such a form that Kentucky, having obtained a promise of recognition from Spain and the permission to use the Mississippi for commercial purposes, was on the point of seceding from the Union and declaring itself a separate sovereignty. When France regained possession of the territory our government instructed its minister at Paris, Mr. Livingston, to begin negotiations for the purchase of New Orleans. The ambitious Napoleon, who was at that time First Consul of France, to counterbalance the influence of the English Colonies on the eastern coast of America, favored a project to colonize Louisiana. Mr. Livingston, having failed in previous negotiations, saw his opportunity and again pressed his offer for the purchase of New Orleans; calling attention to a proposition in the English papers, to send fifty thousand



WATERFALL
NEAR
MAIDEN ROCK



GREAT SPIRIT ROCK NEAR ALMA



men to take that Fort. Napoleon, fearing that such a step might be taken and its consequences, sold our government, in 1803, all the territory between New Orleans and Oregon for \$15,000,000. The source of the Mississippi is in Minnesota, 3,160 miles from the Gulf of Mexico and about 1,700 feet above the level of the ocean. A little pool, fed by neighboring hills around, dispenses a little rivulet scarcely a span in breadth, and meandering over sand and pebbles, blending with it here and there a kindred rivulet, it ripples on until it subsides into Itaska Lake. Issuing from the lake, it flows northward through several small lakes, finally directing its course southward it shows, as it broadens and the water becomes deeper and deeper, promise of becoming the mighty river that, at its maturity, commands the admiration of mankind.

The Mississippi and its affluents were noted the world over for their steam-boats. These boats, which were sometimes more than 300 feet long and had from two to four decks, are famed in story and song. The lower deck was used for freight; the middle for passengers and light freight; while the top or "hurricane deck" contained the wheel house and sleeping accommodations. The river is navigable from the Gulf of Mexico almost to its source, 200 miles beyond St. Paul. Hundreds of boats are used in carrying on a long established trade between New Orleans, St. Paul and all intermediate points.

A notable feature of the Mississippi is the raft. Rafts are composed of floating timber (logs) chained together and are used as boats, usually by tourists or lumbermen who drift on them from point to point. A ready sale for these rafts when they reach the vicinity of New Orleans is found at the numerous saw-mills.

There is no more beautiful way of seeing the beauties of this locality than in drifting down the stream in an open boat or raft exploring the picturesque places along the shores and camping by night



TREMPEALEAU BLUFF—UPPER MISSISSIPPI

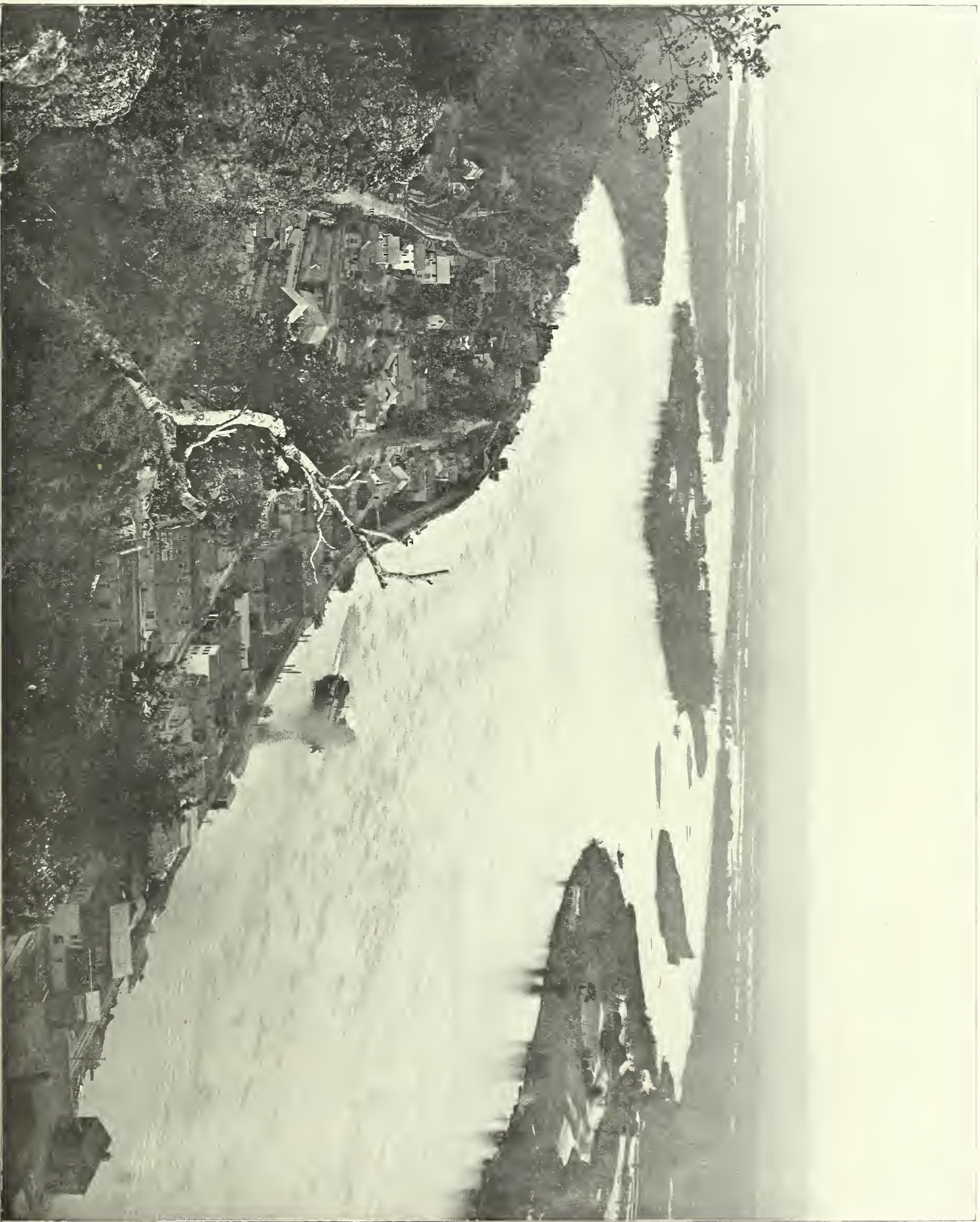
in various romantic places. Many people live in house-boats which are propelled from place to place during the summer months. The fishing is good and a family can subsist for a season on a very small allowance. The people are hospitable to strangers, and supplies or hotel accommodations can be obtained almost everywhere along the river at reasonable prices. The river presents at almost every crook and turn pictures that rival, if not surpass, many of the picturesque features of the castellated Rhine. Many Germans have settled in various towns along the river, who have brought with them to this country various characteristics of the Fatherland. Vineyards adorn the steep sides or bluffs and quaint



AMONG THE BLUFFS—UPPER MISSISSIPPI

cottages are perched on the crags that much resemble the habitations of the old country. One never tires of the infinite variety of attractions and scenes he finds in this charming locality. North of Maiden Rock the country, for the most part, is flat and uninteresting. The Chippewa River at its confluence with the Mississippi presents some scenic features, though the land is low and marshy and a fairly good place for duck shooting. Prescott is a prosperous town but without special attractions. Lake Pepin is a body of water about thirty miles long and from four to five miles wide, with precipitous sides or bluffs of great altitude. It is really a broadening out of the Mississippi River, which flows into it from the north and out of it on the southern extremity.

The principal picturesque feature on the east shore of Lake Pepin is Maiden Rock, famed in Indian legends and romance, and importantly associated with aboriginal history. It is a precipitous promontory, covered with evergreens, pines and cedars, with numerous Indian mounds on the crest; the graves probably of a prehistoric people. A long drive through a forest road and a short walk through farming



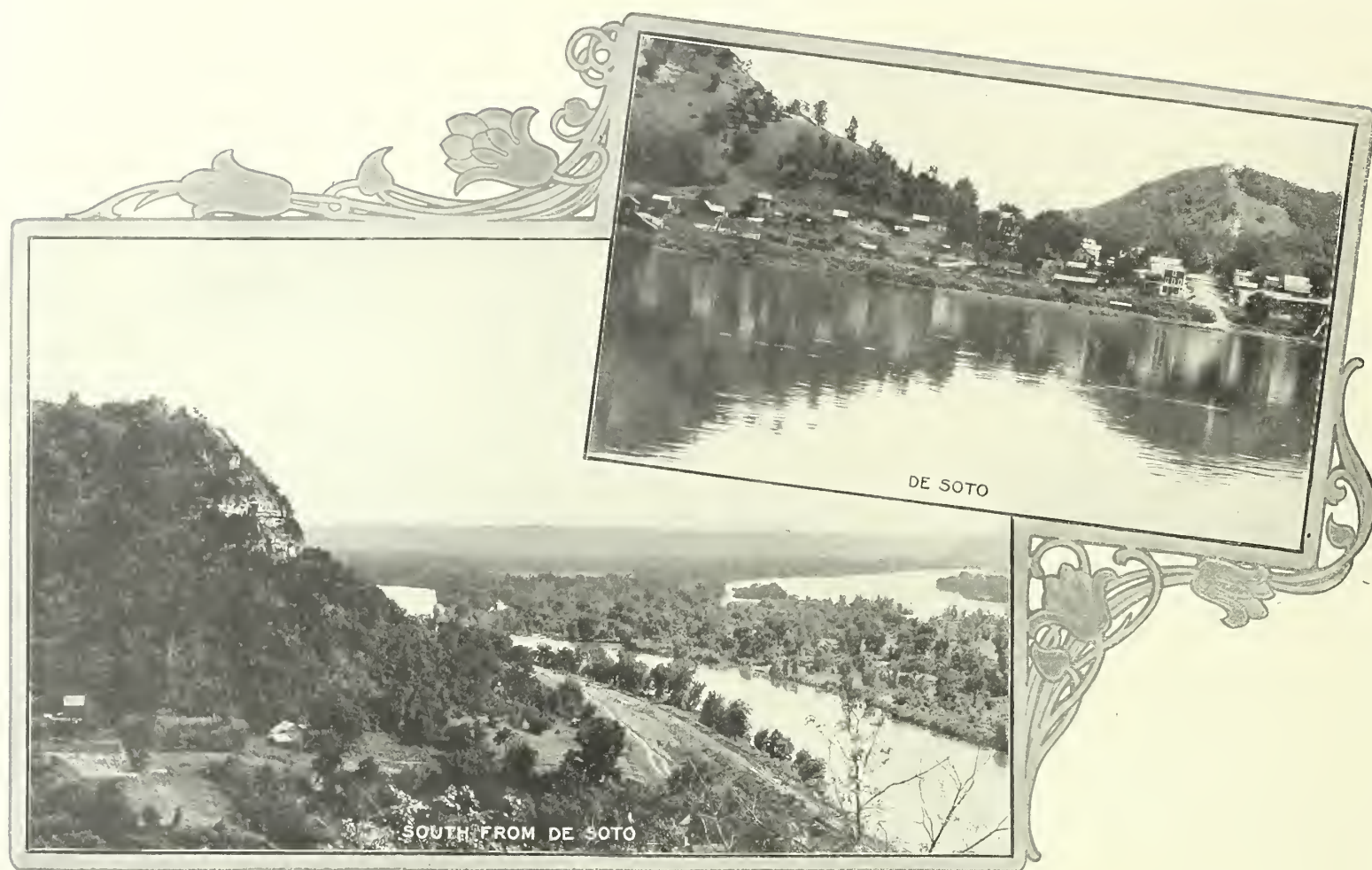
ISLANDS IN THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI



FOUNTAIN CITY



"THE RHINE CITY OF THE MISSISSIPPI"

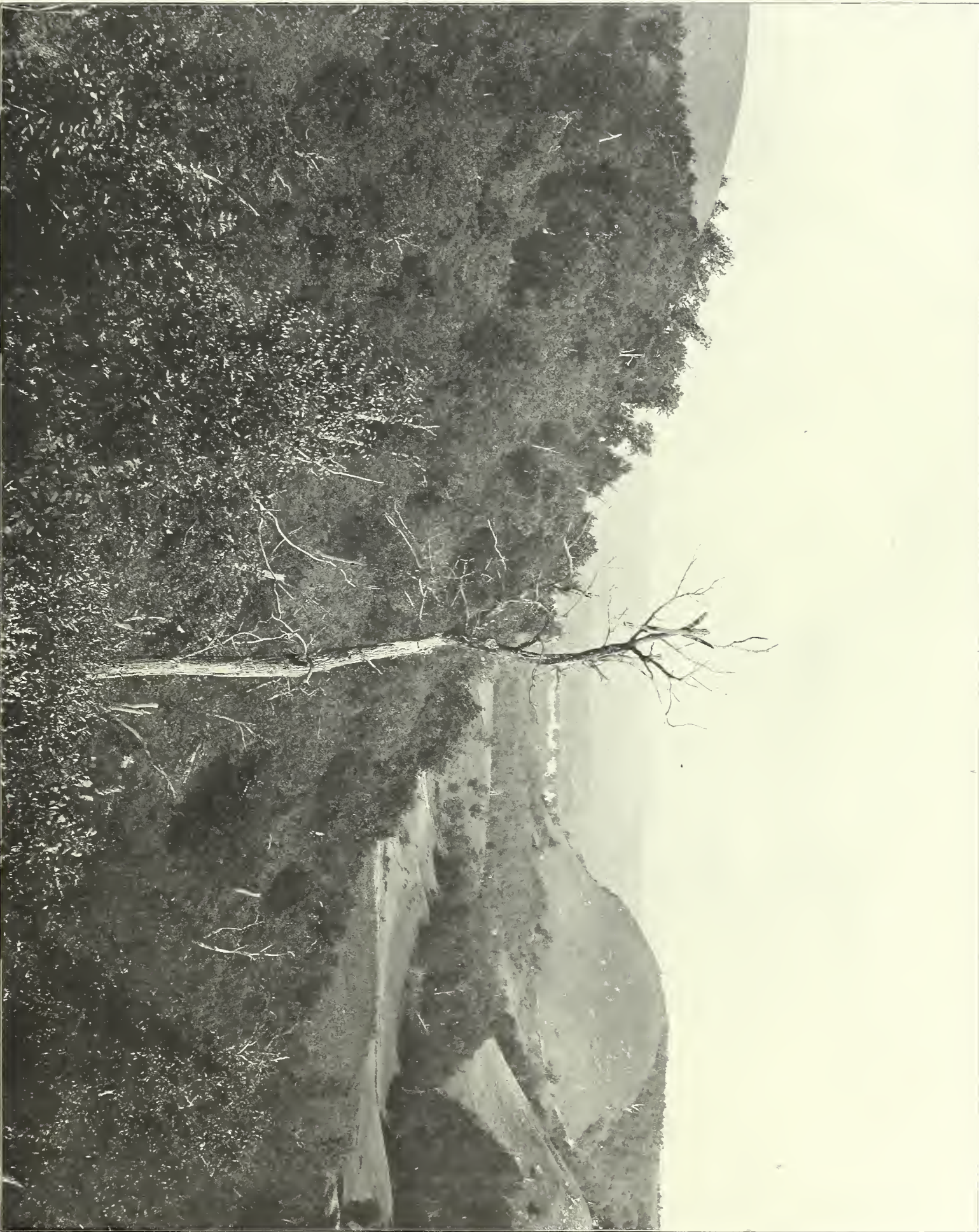


fields brings the traveler to the top of this noble elevation from which a grand panoramic view of Lake Pepin and the adjacent country is obtained.

Maiden Rock, grand in nature, has a sad story to tell to each passer-by; and as each passer-by repeats it, we will not be an exception. Winona, a beautiful girl of Wapasha's tribe, loved a young hunter and promised to become his bride. Her parents, like too many in Christian lands, were ambitious and promised her to a distinguished young warrior, who had manfully fought the hostile Chippewas. The maiden refused the hand of the brave and clung to the fortune of the hunter, who had been driven to the wilderness by menaces of death. The indignant father declared his determination to wed her to the warrior that very day. The family were encamped upon Lake Pepin in the shadow of the great rock. Starting like a frightened fawn at the cruel announcement, she climbed quickly to the summit of the cliff, and there, with bitter words reproached her friends for their cruelty to the hunter and her heart. She then commenced singing her dirge. The parents seeing the peril of their child besought her to come down and take her hunter-lover for a husband, but the maiden too well knew the treachery that was hidden in their promises, and when her dirge was ended she leaped from the lofty pinnacle and fell among the rocks and shrubbery at its base, a martyr to true affection.

Scientists have declared Lake Pepin is a crater of a vast extended volcano. The rocks appeared torn by some violent subterranean disturbance and the calcium and half formed condition of the earth seem to substantiate the truth of this theory.

Alma is a romantically situated city of considerable commercial importance, being a shipping point for vast quantities of produce from the surrounding country. It is built on a narrow slip of land at the foot of a line of towering bluffs and is a place of great scenic beauty. It has several well kept hotels



BATTLE HOLLOW NEAR VICTORY

and creditable business blocks, and far up the ravine and out of the bluffs lies one of the finest farm regions in the state of Wisconsin. The drives about Alma, though rough and rocky in places, are much enjoyed by travelers, by reason of the splendid series of views which they afford. One vast towering bluff attracts much attention, not only for its scenic beauty but on account of its historic traditions. It closely resembles the form and face of a gigantic man. The Indians are said to have regarded it as superstitious, and tracing in its imperishable features the Great Spirit, whom they worshipped. There is further tradition that human sacrifices were once offered there. It is known that signal lights were flashed across the river in times of war and signs remain of hot fires that have scorched and cracked the rocks with their heat.

Below Alma lies Fountain City, called by many the "Rhine City of the Mississippi," on account of its great resemblance to some of the vine-clad banks that border the River Rhine in Germany. It is settled chiefly by Swiss and Germans, who have retained many of the customs and habits of the



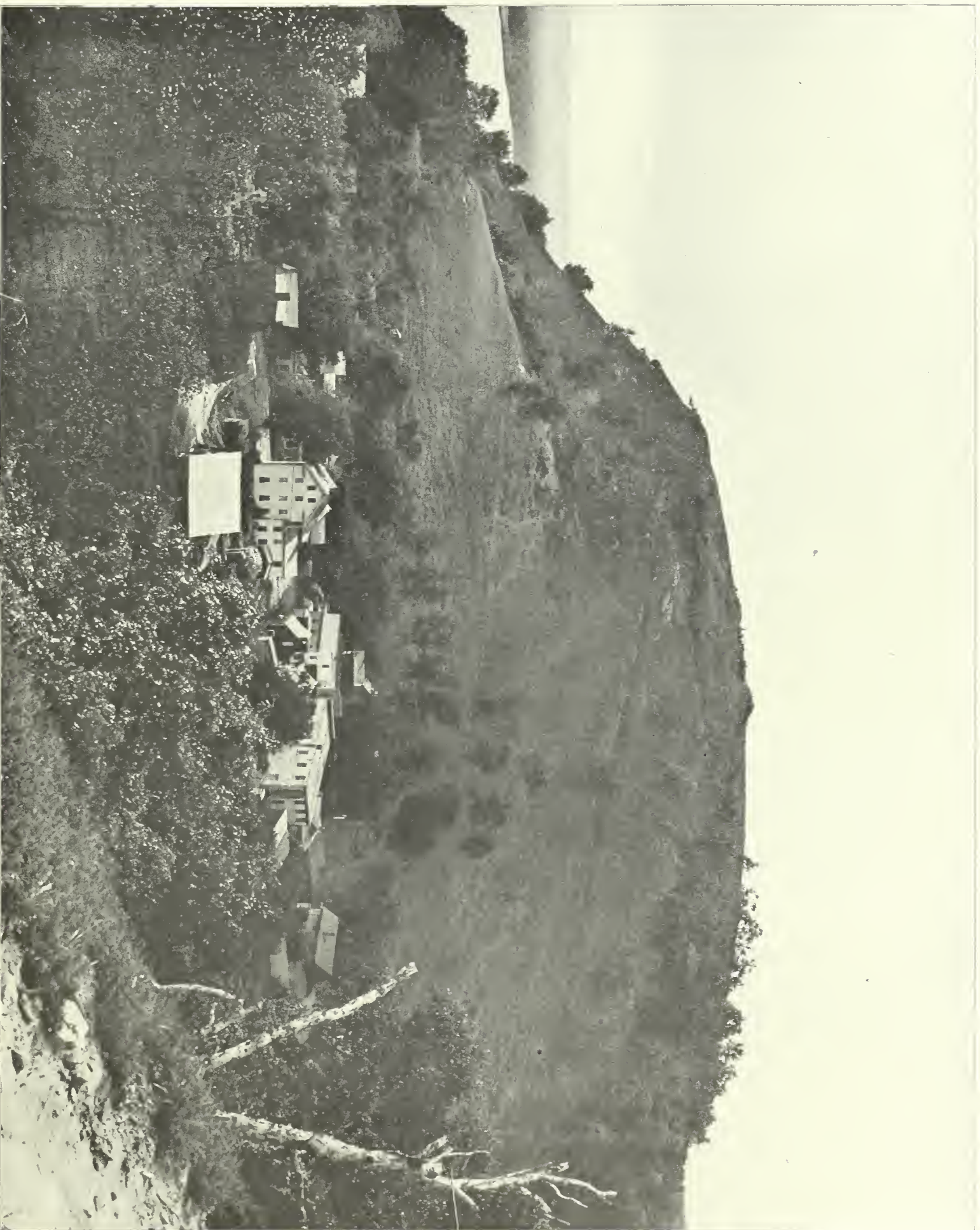
UPPER MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM DE SOTO

lands they came from. The sides of the bluffs are raised up to a great height and are planted with vineyards and fruit trees that seem admirably fitted to the soil and yield an abundance of delicious fruit.

There is but room for two narrow streets at the base of the bluff, which are closely built up with business houses and residences huddled together. People get into their homes by means of a high wooden stairway. If one has time, a drive to the summit of the tall cliffs is an enjoyable trip. A winding road leads up through a narrow ravine to a fine view point, from which an excellent view of the river and its numerous islands is obtained.

Trempealeau is a charming summer resort. It lies at the base of another towering cliff of the same name. Its people are mostly descendants from the New Englanders who came to that country in its pioneer time across the green prairies of Wisconsin. There are few places on the Mississippi more agreeable for a summer sojourn. Sportsmen find in the surrounding woods opportunities for hunting, while the clear streams in the vicinity offer inducements to the patient angler in his pursuit of the speckled trout or black bass.

Trempealeau Island, a rocky height, which rises to an altitude of nearly six hundred feet, is one of the most beautiful spots in the Mississippi Valley. The romantic beauty and picturesqueness of this



WINNIESHEIK'S GRAVE—DE SOTO, WIS.



THE UPPER
MISSISSIPPI AT
LOWER
LYNXVILLE

island amply justifies the poetic name bestowed upon it by the French, who called it "Mont qui trempe a l'eau" (mountain which dips in the water). Below this point is the busy city of La Crosse. Here the valley of the Mississippi increases in width and the hills are lost in the distance. Along the shore on each side are scattered towns, all of much interest and great picturesque beauty.

La Crosse is one of the most progressive and beautiful cities in the state of Wisconsin; situated in the most picturesque part of the great gorge of the Mississippi River, surrounded by tall and precipitous

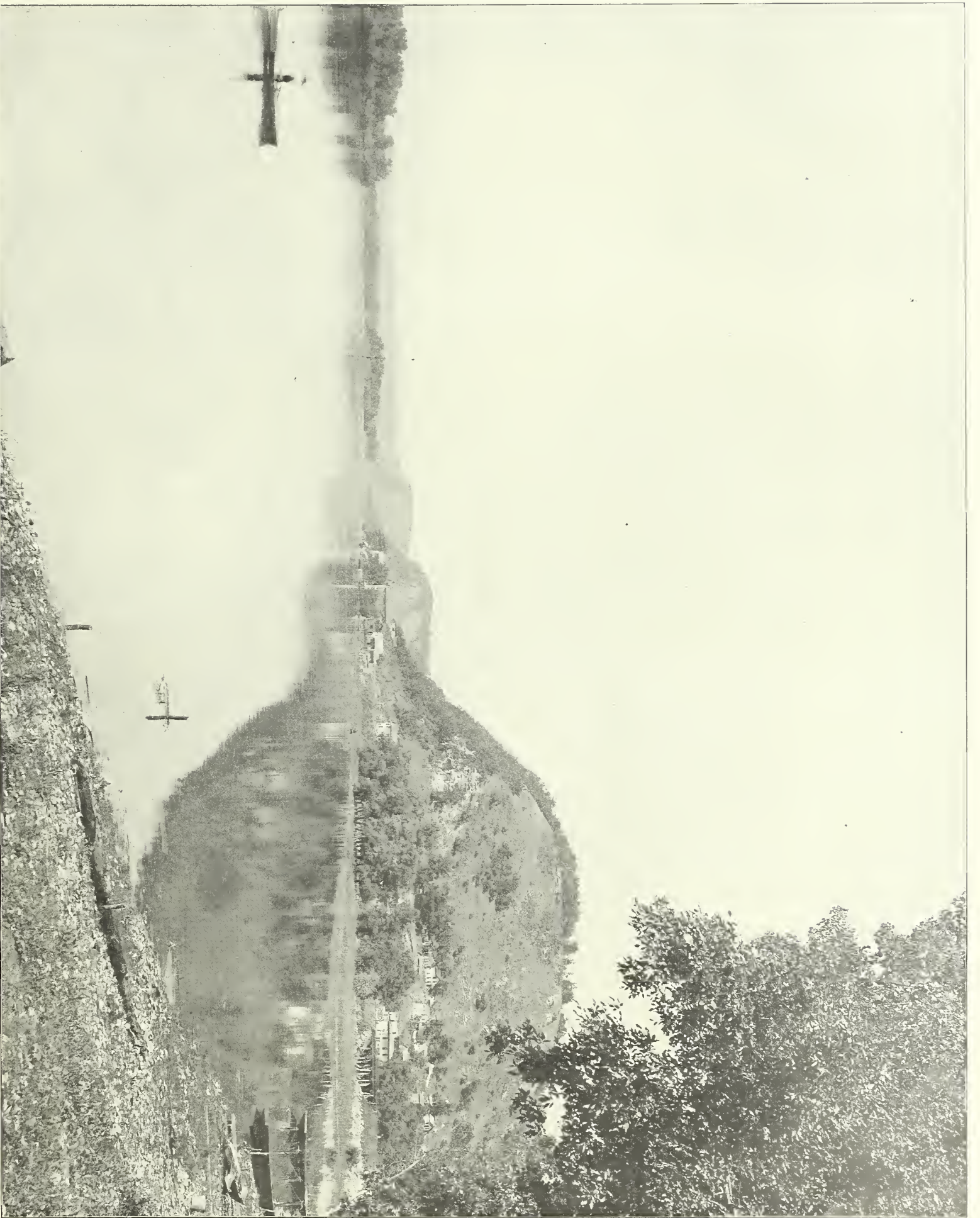
bluffs, its scenic attractions are surpassed by few cities in the United States. Its streets are broad, well laid out and are splendidly paved with vitrified brick. The public buildings of La Crosse are of a substantial and attractive character. The government building and the new city hall are handsome and imposing structures of red pressed brick with highly ornamented facades, tall towers, and are fitted throughout with modern improvements and conveniences.

A Sabbath in La Crosse reminds one very much of the Sundays in New England. There is a reason for this, as the Early settlers came from Vermont and New Hampshire, from the rugged farms of eastern New York, where Puritanical sentiments and characteristics prevailed. One meets with many old down East Yankees in this locality, who paint their barns and outbuildings red; who talk through their noses and employ the New England vernacular. They are, however, men of sterling habits, and they possess that enterprise and industry that laid the foundations of the present city of La Crosse. They are fast passing away, but their numerous progeny are not deteriorating. In later years, the German element has helped to largely swell the population.

There is much additional praise that might be bestowed upon this beautiful city of La Crosse, but we will leave it for the future visitors and admirers to discover. Suffice it to say that its citizens are as



A PEARL
FISHER



LYNXVILLE, WISCONSIN

hospitable to strangers as they are progressive, and judging from the development during the past ten years, this city has a magnificent future before it.

Victory, below La Crosse, is famous as the last battle ground of the Black Hawk War. In Battle Hollow that famous chief made his last stand and was overwhelmingly defeated by the United States forces in command of General Taylor. A strange circumstance connected with that battle is the fact that both Jeff Davis and Abraham Lincoln were in it; the former being second in command, the latter a captain of militia. The battle ground is a romantic spot, surrounded by towering hills, in some parts thickly wooded. In this great gorge the death yells of the savages, as they went down to defeat, and the roar of musketry, and the sharp crack of the unerring rifles of the frontier men vibrated through the leafy forest. In the distance Battle Island may be seen, to which Black Hawk swam and from which



he escaped into the territory of Iowa, where he was captured several days later; this ending one of the most important conflicts in our pioneer history.

At De Soto, five miles below, a great ravine runs eastward through the bluff in which a prosperous town is built. The bluffs on either side of this ravine rise to a great altitude and on the summit of one of them, north of the valley, is Chief Winniesheik's grave, the famous medicine man who induced Black Hawk to engage in the war which resulted in destroying his race.

The principal industry in the locality is pearl fishing. The river abounds with clams, the shells of which are used in great quantities for buttons. Occasionally a pearl of great value is found by the fishermen who row about the river employing a system of drag hooks, to which the clams attach themselves. Hundreds of men in this vicinity depend upon this industry for a livelihood. Much might be written of this charming eastern shore of the Mississippi River. It is a land that should be better known to tourists.







America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

CHATTANOOGA
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN
MISSIONARY RIDGE



UNION BOOK & PUBLISHING COMPANY
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CHICAGO ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ NEW YORK

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THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATED WORK EVER PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY

America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty

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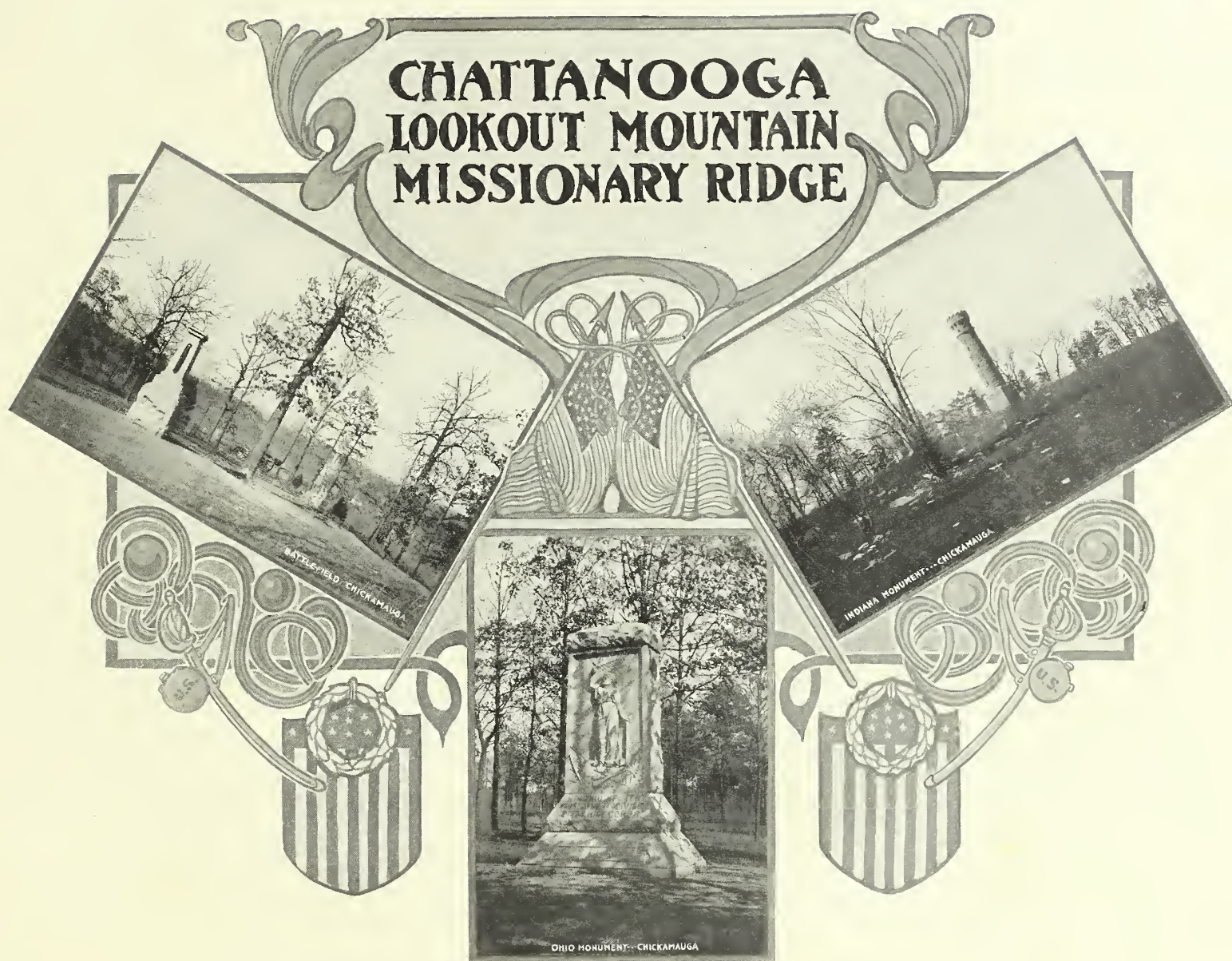
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CHATTANOOGA is one of the most interesting cities in the United States. Rich in historical associations, the scene of scores of the most daring deeds and fierce conflicts of the late war for the Union, it must always be attractive to the patriotic American citizen. Relics confront the visitor everywhere. There are placards of an historical character on the street corners, or built into the walls of the buildings. The corridors of the hotels are decorated with bullets, bayonets and rusty accoutrements of war picked up on the battlefields. Enterprising guides, drivers, and liverymen offer to take the traveler almost everywhere for a small consideration. Trolley cars run to Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and to all parts of this enterprising city, so that the stranger experiences little difficulty in going where he pleases. The hotels are commodious, comfortable and hospitable, and the service is excellent. After patiently waiting two days for the sun to appear, light at last broke through the clouds and we visited for the first time Lookout Mountain where Hooker fought his famous "Battle Above the Clouds."

A flying trolley car carried us to the great incline railway which has a lift of one thousand seven hundred feet. The car is operated by a cable system similar to the elevators in high buildings.

One has a creepy feeling in looking downward as the car shoots rapidly upward to its destination, but as the passengers are assured that there is not the slightest danger and that an accident has never

occurred, this sensation soon wears away, and almost before they are aware of it, they have reached the famous "battle ground." The United States government has set apart forever as a National Park the most interesting part of this historical spot, and stones and monuments mark the places where heroes fell, and imperishable tablets of bronze, firmly fixed to the everlasting rocks, record the brave deeds that shall live in the memory of a grateful people.

One needs but little imagination to picture the war-like scenes of years ago. The earthworks are still there, just as the Confederates left them, and the frowning cliffs are to be seen where the boys in blue climbed to imperishable glory. How they ever ascended those precipitous, ragged rocks with their



GEORGIA

MINNESOTA

ILLINOIS

scaling ladders is a mystery, for to look upon them even now it would seem a feat difficult to accomplish in broad daylight without opposing foe at the summit; but it was done in those dark days of war and bloodshed when the nation was struggling for its life.

From "Point Lookout," the famous Confederate signal station, a view is obtained of surpassing beauty. One can see into seven different states and can trace the winding course of the beautiful Tennessee River about the great Moccasin bend and until it is lost from sight like a silvery thread in the dim distance. Far away in a murky haze lies Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, and the dim outline of the Cumberland Mountains and a vast expanse of prosperous agricultural country. It has been said that the prospect from this point is the most beautiful one in all America.

Upon the summit of Lookout Mountain the rocks are torn by some tremendous convulsion of nature into strange and fantastic shapes. They are piled upon each other as if placed there by the hands of a



UMBRELLA ROCK, POINT LOOKOUT



WASHINGTON HEAD, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

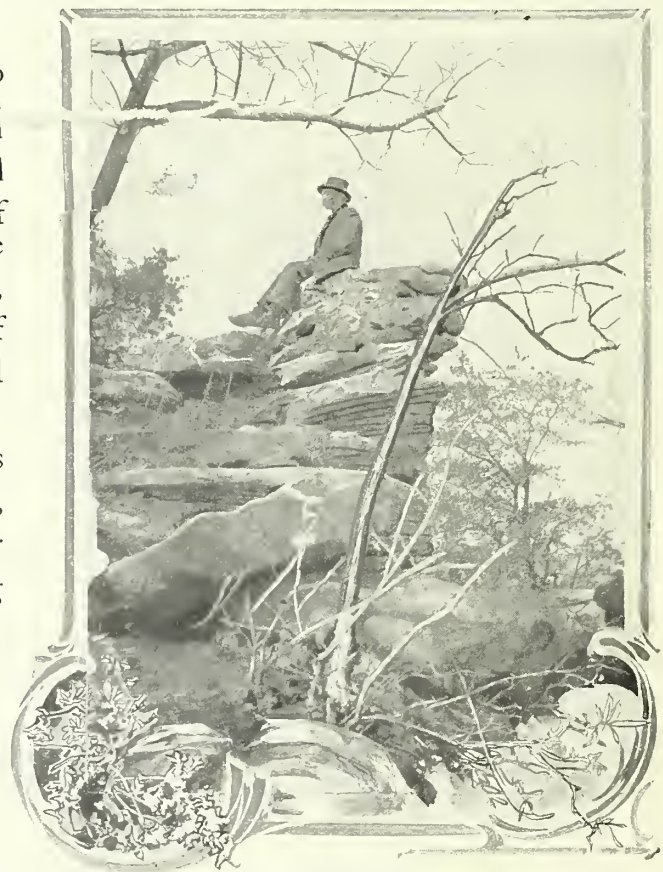
Titanic race. Umbrella Rock, Pulpit Rock, the Natural Bridge, the Old Man of the Mountain, and "Rock City" are the most noted of these freaks of nature. The Natural Bridge has a vast span of more than a hundred feet in length and forms almost a perfect arch of massive proportions. It is not as high as its celebrated namesake in Virginia, but in its way is quite as wonderful. Under it is a cavern from which gushes forth a stream of ice cold, pure spring water. Beneath the bridge is a silvery cataract from which a crystal stream flows swiftly and dashes onward down the mountain side. The scene with its setting is one of remarkable beauty.

We drove over the state line several miles into Georgia. The roads are rocky and rough to travel, but we were more than compensated for the jolting we received by the splendor of the scenery. We passed the seething cataracts of Georgia Glen, and after a ride of nearly nine miles, reached the beautiful Lulu Falls, a great cataract higher than Niagara, and with its wild accessories is very beautiful. Here the mountain is rent, forming a terrific chasm more than a thousand feet in depth with almost precipitous sides. We have visited the gorges of the Catskills and

have stood on many mountain heights, but, with the exception of the Grand Cañon in Arizona, we have never in all our experience witnessed anything more appalling.

Our return trip had many features to commend it to our memory. We stopped at "Sunset Rock" to see "Old Sol" go down in a blaze of glory. The sun gleamed as it fell on "Point Lookout," a mile or more away, with a scene of splendor that will be long remembered. We reached the head of the incline just in time to catch the descending car, and as it emerged from the power house the thousands of brilliant electric lights of Chattanooga in the distance looked like floating stars upon a vast sea.

We shall never forget this eventful day. Its scenes, its associations, will long live in our memory. Its battle ground, its silvery cataracts and towering crags will form in our minds a series of unfading pictures. Robins were flitting about and thousands of song birds were singing where once the rattle of musketry, the crash of cannon and the shrieks of the dying were heard. Thank God that the cruel war is over now and that peace and prosperity reign in our beloved land. One never fully realizes what war is until he visits the famous battlefields of Missionary Ridge and Chickamauga. To visit the various scenes where the conflict



SUMMIT, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN



UPPER LULU FALLS AND LAKE, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN



GEORGIA FALLS, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

raged makes one feel proud of his country and of the brave men who fought to save it. No man possessed of any patriotism or sensibility can view these scenes of bloodshed without a quickening of the pulse and a feeling of honest pride in his heart.

Nature never devised a more magnificent scene than is presented today by the battlefield of Missionary Ridge. It lies like a vast amphitheatre just east of the city of Chattanooga. At the base of the ridge is a level plain, which, as well as the sloping sides, is covered with a rank second growth of oaks and other forest trees, while occasionally a tree of earlier growth, scarred and pierced by a cannon ball or fragment of shell, shows where the conflict raged and where, in the face of a withering fire, the boys in blue climbed the rugged slope and won imperishable fame.

The United States government has always had a feeling of tenderness for the old soldiers, and great liberality has been shown in raising beautiful and costly monuments to perpetuate the memory of those who fell. Land has been bought and beautified, and magnificent roads constructed to make these historical places accessible. One of the

grandest drives in all the world is the road recently constructed along the crest of Missionary Ridge and southward to the great battlefield of Chickamauga. From this magnificent driveway every part of the battlefield may be seen. Orchard Knob, with its showy monuments, the beautiful city of Chattanooga and far beyond, the frowning heights of Lookout Mountain, whose castellated crags, gleaming in the sunlight, resemble vast impregnable fortifications.

From here we can see where Sherman came from the Cumberland Mountains and crossed the Tennessee River. On the summit of the ridge near the magnificent Illinois monument are the earthworks, still visible, that were raised at Bragg's headquarters. Placards along the way locate the positions of the various divisions of both armies in this great fight, so that the visitor can in imagination see the grand spectacle all over again as he passes by. A ride of five or six miles southward brought us to the dreadful field of Chickamauga, a vast region of undulating land, thickly wooded in some places and open in others, where was fought one of the fiercest and bloodiest struggles of the late war. Here are marked by noble monuments the places where the most eventful tragedies were enacted. A vast tract has been converted into a stupendous park, which resembles the great National Cemetery, for here are



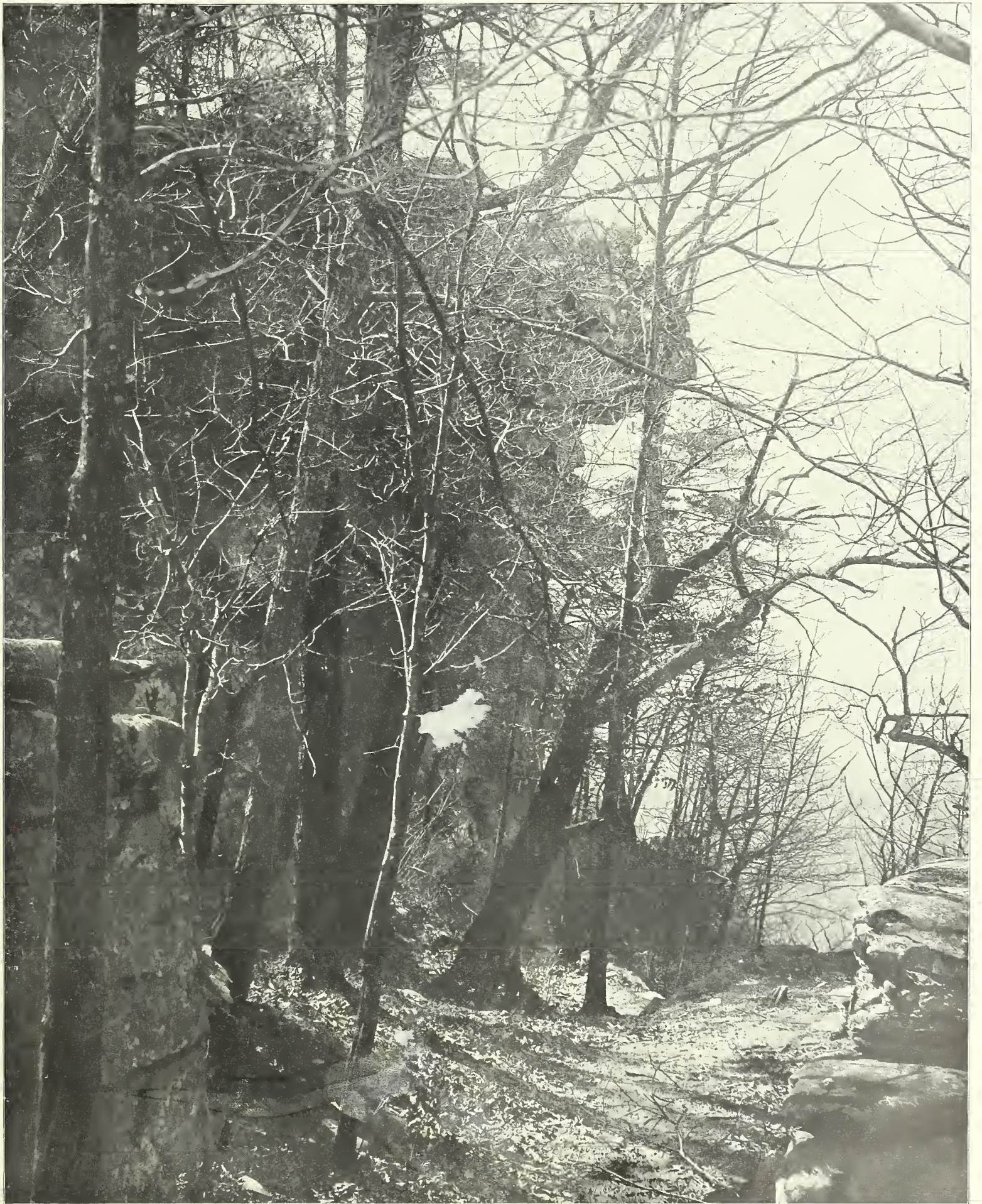
MOCCASIN BEND—TENNESSEE RIVER

came; at one, two divisions of the Fourth Corps made ready to move; at ten minutes before two, twenty-five thousand Federal troops were in line of battle. The line of skirmishers moved lightly out. You should have seen that splendid line, two miles long, as straight and unwavering as a ray of light. On they went, driving in the pickets before them. Shots of musketry, like the first great drops of summer rain upon a roof, pattered along the line. One fell here, another there, but still, like joyous heralds before a royal progress, the skirmishers passed on; bursting shell and gusts of shrapnel filled the air and yet those gallant fellows moved steadily on. It was a terrible journey they were making, these men of ours; and three-fourths of a mile in sixty minutes was splendid progress. They neared the



SNODGRASS HOUSE AND SHACK

Knob; the enemy's fire converged; the arc of batteries poured in upon them lines of fire, like the rays they call a glory about the head of the Madonna and child; but they went up the rugged altar of Orchard Knob at the double-quick with a cheer; they wrapped like a cloak around an Alabama regiment that defended it, and swept them down on our side of the mound. Prisoners had begun to come in before; they streamed across the field like files of geese. Then on for a second altar, Brush Knob, nearly a half mile to the northeast, and bristling with a battery; it was swept of foes and garnished with Federal blue in thirty minutes. Perhaps it was eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning when the rumble of artillery came in gusts from the valley to the west of Lookout. Climbing Signal Hill, I could see volumes of smoke rolling to and fro, like clouds from a boiling caldron. The mad surges of tumult lashed the hills till they cried aloud, and roared through the gorges till you might have fancied all the



CONFEDERATE ENTRENCHMENTS—LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

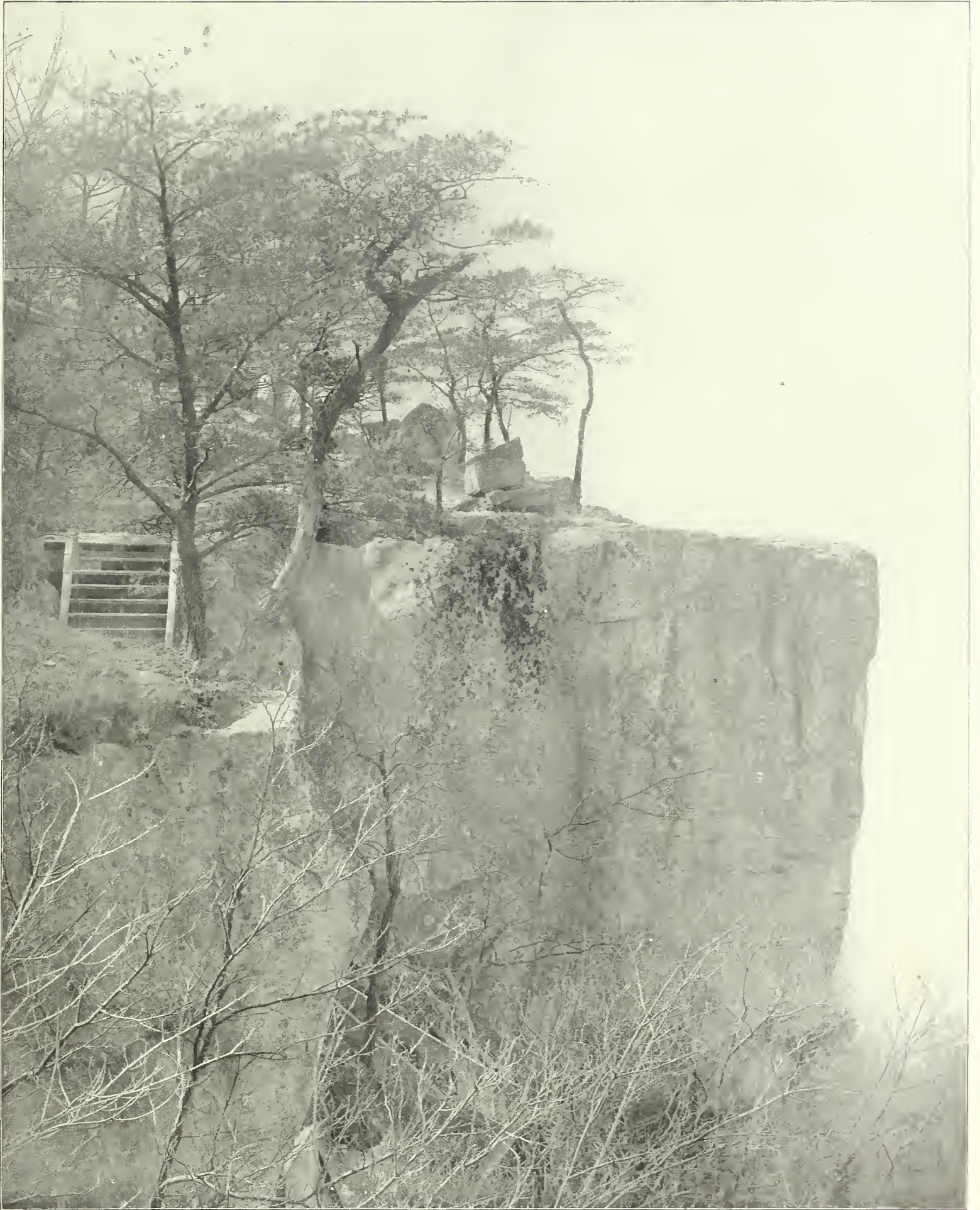


BROTHERTON HOUSE

thunders of a long summer tumbled into that valley together. And yet the battle was unseen. It was like hearing voices from the under-world. Meanwhile it began to rain; skirts of mist trailed over the woods and swept down the ravines. But our men trusted in Providence, kept their powder dry, and played on. It was the second day of the drama; it was the second act I was hearing; it was the touch on the enemy's left. The assault upon Lookout had begun! Glancing at the mighty crest my heart misgave me; it could never be taken. Hooker thundered, and the enemy came down like the Assyrian; while Whittaker on the right, and Colonel Ireland of Geary's command on the left, having moved out from Wauhatchie, some five miles from the mountain, at five in the morning, pushed up to Chattanooga Creek, threw over it a bridge, made for Lookout Point and there formed the right under the shelf of the mountain, the left resting on the creek. And then the play began; the enemy's camps were seized, his pickets surprised and captured, the strong works on the point taken, and the Federal front moved on. Charging upon him they leaped over his works, and there they stood 'twixt heaven and—Chattanooga. But above them, grand and sullen, lifted the precipice; and they were men, and not eagles. The way was strewn with natural fortifications, and from behind rocks and trees they delivered their fire, contesting inch by inch the upward way. The sound of the battle rose and fell, now fiercely renewed, and now dying away. And Hooker thundered on in the valley, and the echoes of his howitzers bounded about the mountains like volleys of musketry. Night was closing rapidly in, and the scene was growing sublime. The battery at Moccasin Point was sweeping the road to the mountain. The brave little fort at its left was playing like a heart in a fever. The cannon on the top of Lookout



BATTLEFIELD OF CHICKAMAUGA



ABOVE THE CLOUDS—LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

were pounding away at their lowest depression. The flash of the guns fairly burned through the clouds; there was an instant of silence, here, there, yonder, and the tardy thunder leaped out after the swift light. Then the storm ceased, and occasional dropping shots told off the evening till half-past nine, and then a crashing volley, and a rebel yell, and a desperate charge. It was their good-night to our boys; good-night to the mountain. They had been met on their own vantage-ground; they had been driven one and a half miles. The Federal foot touched the hill, indeed, but above still towered the precipice.

“At ten o’clock a growing line of lights glittered obliquely across the breast of Lookout. It made our eyes dim to see it. It was the Federal
were our campfires. Our wounded lay
pining and content. Our unharmed
Our dead lay there, ‘and surely they
son and fifteen men of the Eighth
rocky clefts, handing their guns one
samphire—dreadful trade!’—and
The entire regiment pushed up
out skirmishers, and advanced five
and infantry had all fled in the
I commit the story with a childlike
she gives her clear, calm record of
like Ruth among the reapers in
will declare the grandest staple

The government of the
undone to perpetuate the
by the soldiers engaged in
ing cannon, many of them
in the fight, mark the places
more than thirty-nine years
esting story of each consecrated
all is a magnificent lesson to the
a feeling of patriotism in thousands

war is over now. It all happened so long ago that we can scarcely realize that it ever occurred. North and South are now united and all are working in harmony to make this the grandest country of the civilized world. No man can read the thrilling story of these two days’ battle without feeling a profound respect and admiration for the American soldier, blue and gray.



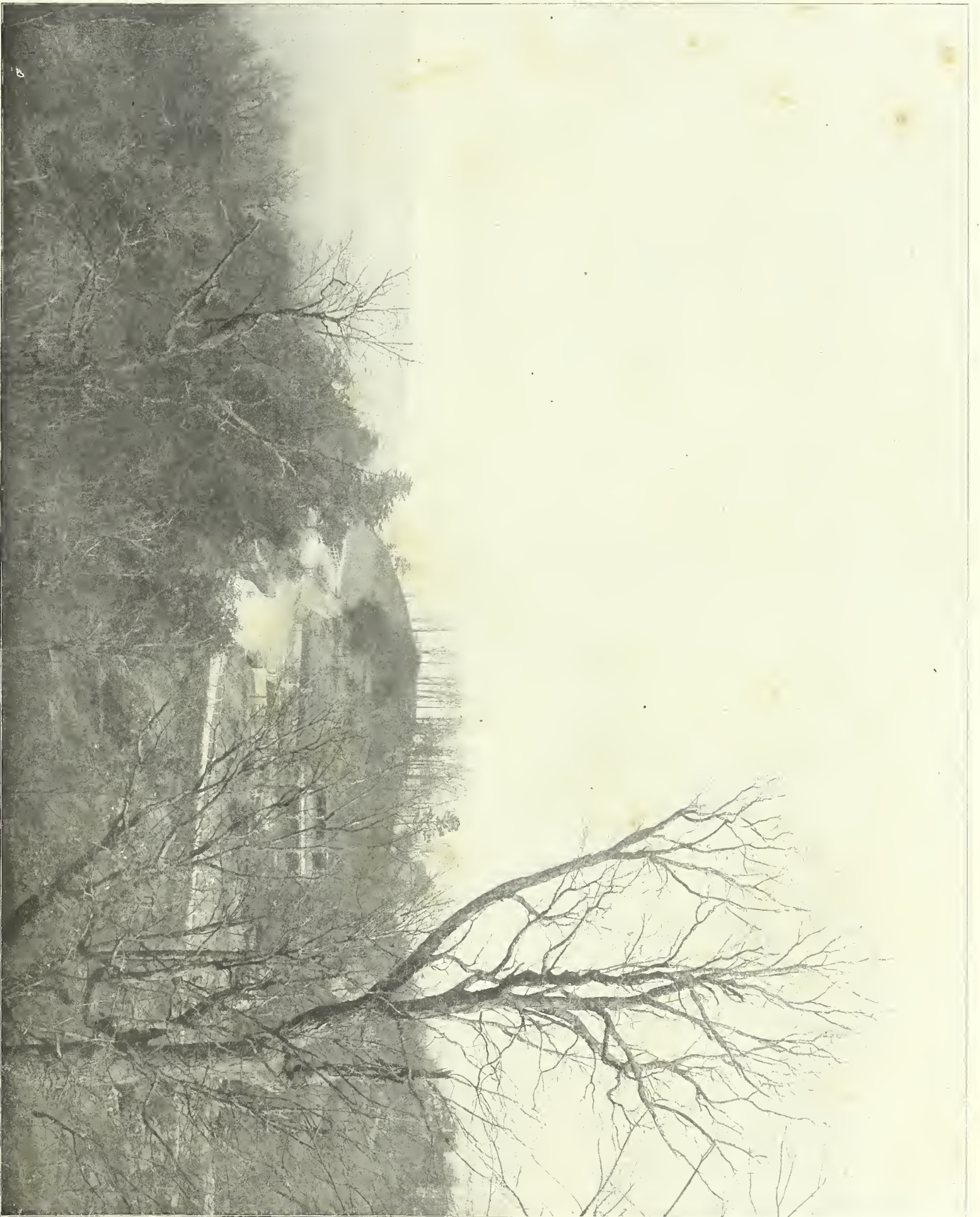
OBSERVATORY—MISSIONARY RIDGE

autograph scored along the mountain. They
there all the dreary night of rain, unre-
heroes lay there upon their arms.
slept well.’ At dawn Captain Wil-
Kentucky crept up among the
to another—‘like them that gather
stood at length upon the summit.
after them, formed in line, threw
miles to Summerton. Artillery
night, nor left a wreck behind.
faith to history, sure that when
that day’s famous work, standing
the fields that feed the world, she
of the Northwest is Man.”

United States has left nothing
heroism and valor displayed
this great struggle. Frown-
the identical field pieces used
where they were planted
ago, and tablets tell the inter-
spot of this historical ground. It
present generation that must inspire
of loyal American hearts. The

“One lies down near Appomattox, many miles away ;
Another sleeps at Chickamauga, and they both wore suits of gray.
’Mid the strains of ‘Down in Dixie’ the third was laid away;
In a trench at Santiago, The Blue and the Gray.”



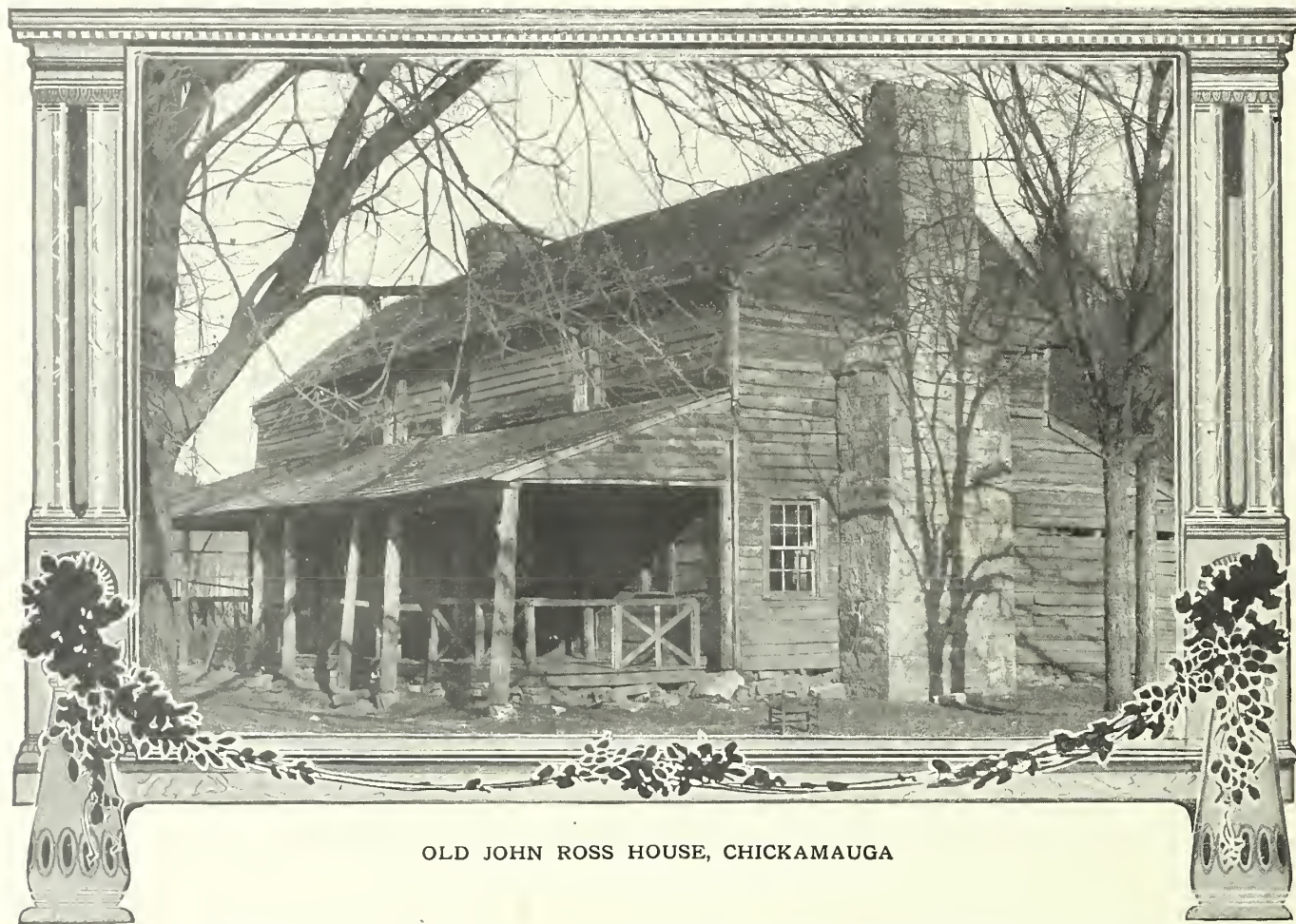


GENERAL VIEW—MISSIONARY RIDGE

represented in some memorial, men from many of the states in the Union, North and South. Some of the finest monuments here have been erected by the Confederates, notably the splendid shaft reared by the state of Kentucky.

Several of the famous old homes in this historical region are still standing—the Kelly house, the Viniard house, the Snodgrass home, once the headquarters of grand old General Thomas—all primitive log structures—which remain as pathetic mementoes of warlike times and all are still inhabited and are in a fair state of preservation.

We stood with uncovered head on Snodgrass Hill, where brave old “Pap Thomas” held the fort, a high elevation commanding the entire battlefield and so shaped by nature as to form a sort of natural

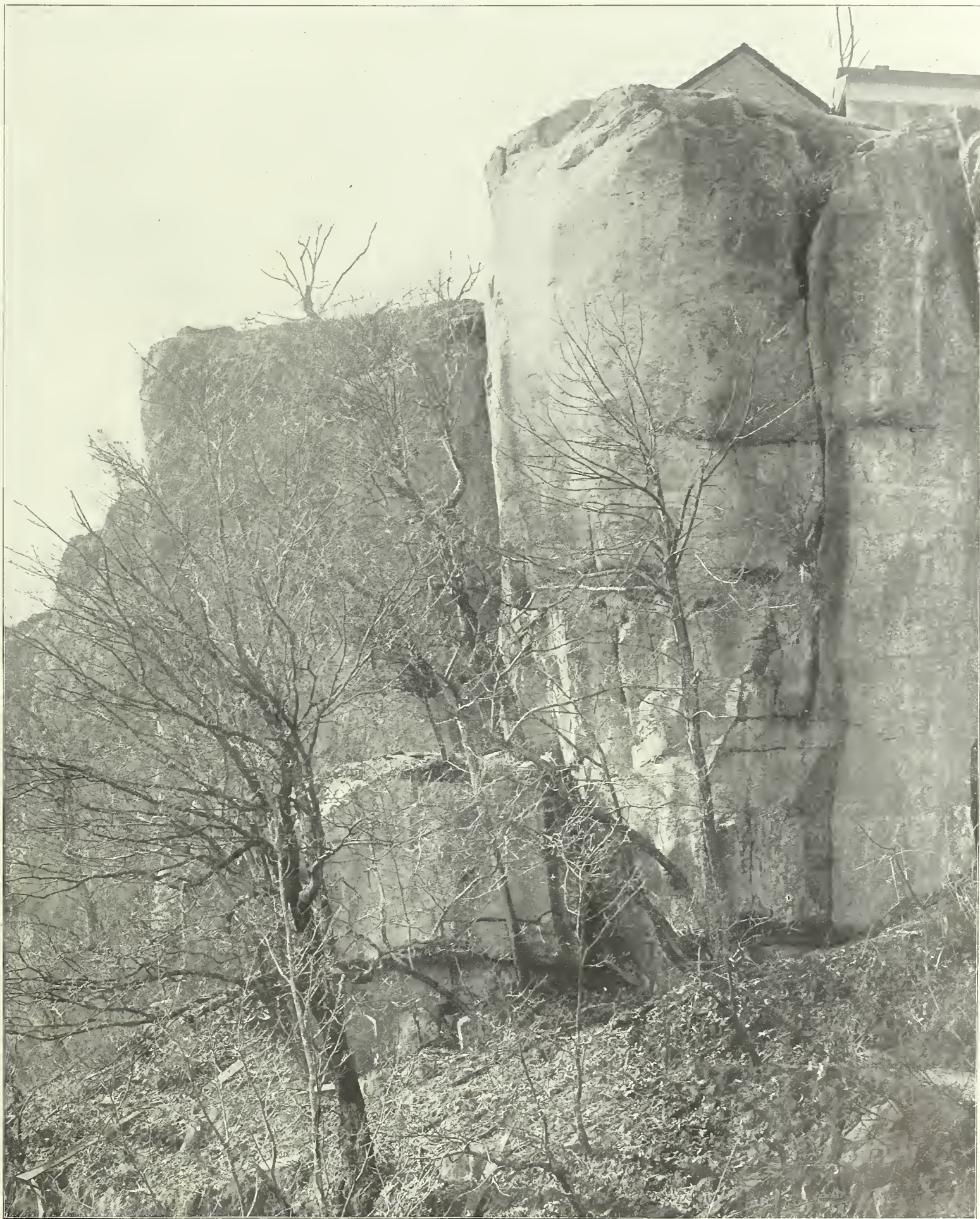


OLD JOHN ROSS HOUSE, CHICKAMAUGA

fortification. On the summit of this hill is a tall steel observatory from which a splendid view of the entire battlefield is obtained, and the beautiful monument erected by the State of Minnesota to her sons, who gave up their lives on this hallowed ground.

We were shown where Garfield fought on that fateful day and where Lytle fell. We saw sturdy old forest trees rent and gashed by shot and shell, and we were told that near them, thirty thousand men were killed or wounded in this furious contest between the blue and the gray. From the description of the Battle before Chattanooga, written by Benjamin F. Taylor, war correspondent and poet, who followed the Army of the Cumberland, we take the passages following:

“Let me show you a landscape that shall not fade out from the ‘lidless eye of time’ long after we are all dead. A half mile from the eastern border of Chattanooga is a long swell of land, sparsely sprinkled with houses, flecked thickly with tents, and checkered with two or three graveyards. On its summit stand the red earthworks of Fort Wood. Mounting the parapet and facing eastward you have



POINT LOOKOUT—LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN



VINIARD HOUSE

a singular panorama. Away to your left is a shining elbow of the Tennessee, a lowland of woods, a long drawn valley, glimpses of houses. At your right you have wooded undulations with clear intervals extending down and around to the valley at the eastern base of Lookout. From the fort the smooth ground descends rapidly to a little plain, a sort of trough in the sea, then a fringe of oak woods, until full in front of you, and three-fourths of a mile distant, rises

Orchard Knob, a conical mound, perhaps a hundred feet high, once wooded, but now bald. Then ledges of rocks, and narrow breadths of timber, and rolling sweeps of open ground for two miles more, until the whole rough and stormy landscape seems to dash against Missionary Ridge, three miles distant, that lifts like a sea-wall, eight hundred feet high, wooded, rocky, precipitous, wrinkled with ravines. The thinly fringed summit of the Ridge varies in width from twenty to fifty feet, and houses looking like cigar-boxes are dotted along it. On the top of that wall are rebels and batteries; below the first pitch, three hundred feet down, are more rebels and batteries; and still below are their camps and rifle-pits, sweeping five miles. At your right, and in the rear, is Fort Negley, the old Star fort of Confederate regime; its next neighbor is Fort King, under the frown of Lookout; yet to the right is the battery of Moccasin Point. Finish out the picture on either hand with Federal earthworks and saucy angles, fancy the embankment of the Charleston and Memphis Railroad drawn diagonally, like an awkward score, across the plain far at your feet, and I think you have the tremendous theatre. At half past twelve the order



KELLY HOUSE



America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

SAN FRANCISCO
THE GOLDEN GATE
AND
MT. TAMALPIAS



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SAN FRANCISCO THE GOLDEN GATE & MT. TAMALPIAS



MONUMENTS IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

SAN FRANCISCO is one of the most charmingly located cities in America. Built on an undulating tongue of land lying between the Pacific Ocean and its beautiful bay, it is healthful and at all seasons of the year a desirable place of residence. Few cities in the world possess more attractive or picturesque environments. Its magnificent harbor, with its piers crowded with ships from all parts of the world, presents a splendid spectacle. Its citizens are not only wealthy, but are public spirited, as is evidenced by the magnificent mansions, massive commercial structures, costly monuments, and substantial municipal buildings they have reared, and parks they have laid out, improved and maintained. The people of the Pacific Coast are characteristically generous and hospitable. They enter

America

AND
HER P UTY



TELEGRAPH HILL

ALCATRAZ ISLAND

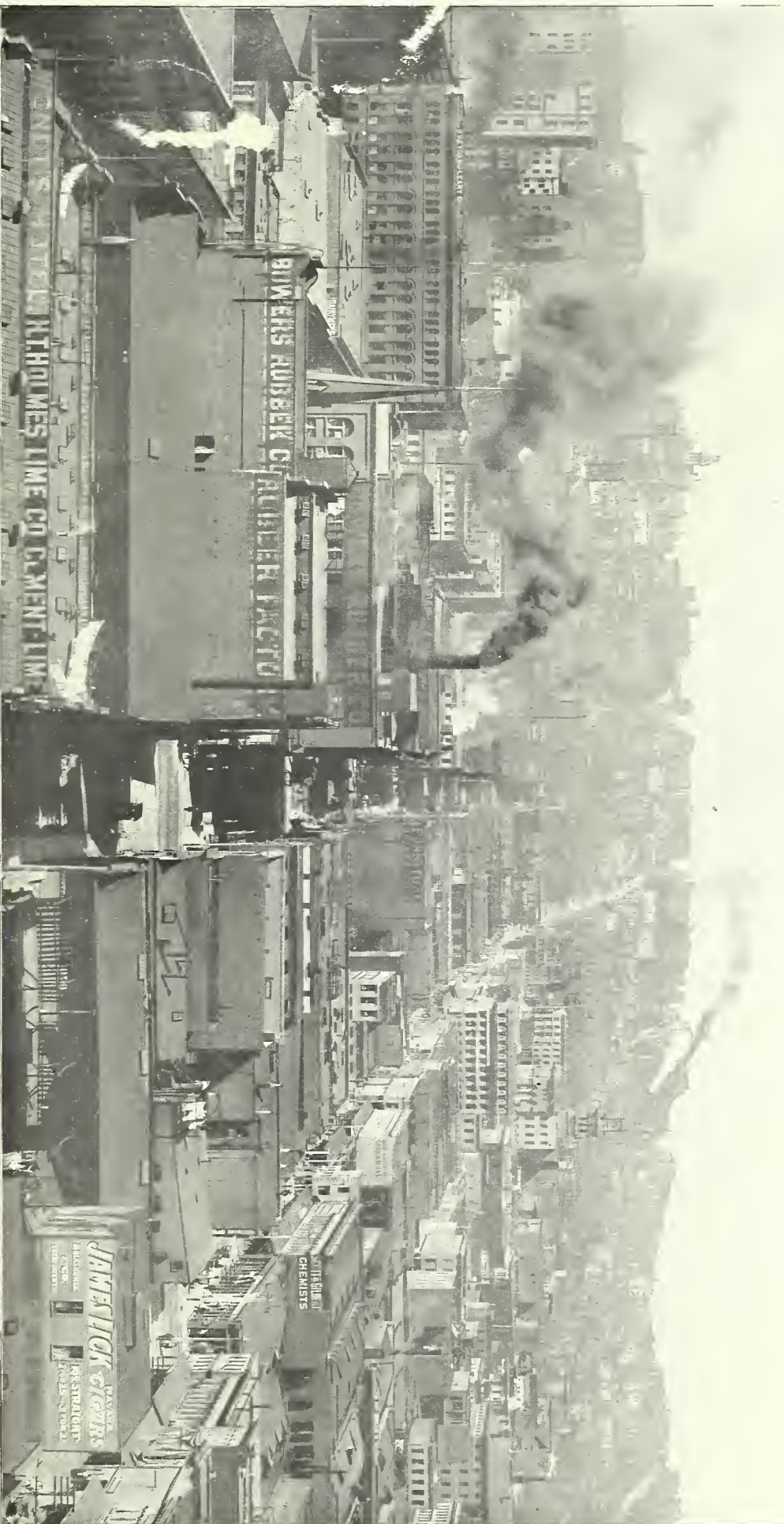
SAUCILITO

with exceptional enthusiasm into any rational plan for improving and beautifying that part of our wonderful country.

Looking across the bay, one sees a long line of towering mountains capped in the morning hours with silvery clouds. While, far away to the west, the Golden Gate itself appears, which at the sunset hour often presents to the beholder one of the most sublime spectacles in the world.

San Francisco offers many interesting and attractive features to the tourist. Not only are its broad, spacious streets, with handsome and substantial structures, something to be admired, but it possesses other points both historic and picturesque. No railway trains enter the city. Its citizens enjoy immunity from smoke, the clanging of bells, and the ear-splitting shrieks of locomotives. The various transcontinental lines have their termini at points on the bay, across which passengers and freight are transferred by ferry to the Grand Central Station, at the foot of Market Street. The bay contains several rocky islands, the most noted of which is Alcatraz, upon which the United States military penal institution is located, and which resembles in appearance, to one who passes by, some vast fortification of the Middle Ages.

Market Street is the great business thoroughfare of San Francisco. Fronting it are the loftiest and most imposing edifices of the city, the walls of which, glittering in the light of the rising sun, present a splendid spectacle to the traveler as he crosses the bay in the early morning hours. On "Nob Hill," near by, are located several of the palatial homes of the Bonanza kings, who lived their brief lives and left these "monuments of their folly" to be enjoyed by others. Here lived Stanford and Hopkins in stately grandeur, who possessed but for a brief season the vast wealth they were permitted to accumulate. This locality is fast losing its former aristocratic tone. Chinatown, which lies at the foot of the hill, is fast encroaching upon it—Chinatown, with its mingled magnificence and squalor, picturesque even in its dirt and the Oriental additions made to the crumbling structures of the old town in which it is located. Here "John Chinaman" is seen in very much the same condition, socially, as he exists in his own country. Personally he is an indolent, innocent, harmless looking fellow. It is said of him, by those who are intimately acquainted with his characteristics, that he possesses more guile than any other



SAN FRANCISCO - NOB HILL IN DISTANCE



JOSS HOUSE



READING THE NEWS



CHINESE HOUSE

class of immigrants who have been permitted to get a footing in this country. He has fits of working and loafing. When he works he sticks to his task night and day, and never seems to sleep; but he is an inveterate gambler and opium smoker, and most of that which he accumulates by spurts of industry he spends in the underground dens, where men huddle together in foul air that would soon kill a civilized American. Give him a pipe well charged, and a wooden block for a pillow, and, no matter how vile his surroundings, he is soon, according to his own notion, the happiest man in the world. Men who act as domestics in some of the finest houses in San Francisco spend their nights in these dens of dissipation.

Personally he is neat; his clothes always look as if they had just come from the laundry. Few, indeed, of other races, can emerge from an orgy showing so slight a trace of dissipation as "Honest John."

There are said to be over fifty thousand Chinese crowded together in the narrow confines of "Chinatown." There are rooms filled with tiers of bunks, reaching from floor to ceiling, into which these creatures crawl and sleep soundly in an atmosphere that is almost stifling. There are structures in which hundreds of them lodge, yet the mortality does not seem to be greater than it is in other parts of the city. Their cooking is done in an open court, in a primitive way, over glowing coals. They do not seem to be quarrelsome. If crimes are committed, they are done in such a secret way that they are rarely discovered. There is but little privacy; their shops, their houses are open to the street, and all their domestic affairs visible to the passers by. One can see barbers shaving their customers, musicians entertaining their friends with hideous noises which, no doubt, they find enjoyable, and joss houses, where religious ceremonies are being held, with their ugly dragons and grotesque idols which, we are told, are employed to drive away evil spirits.



AN OCEAN LINER



V I E W O F G O L D E N G A T E

Some of the shops in Chinatown are magnificent in their appointments and, if one is an expert and knows the value of Oriental goods, he can buy many curios at a moderate price, but otherwise the almond eyed Celestial is apt to take advantage of his simplicity. But few women and children are seen; those who are respectable do not often appear publicly.

A visit by night to the Chinese quarters, under the protection of an experienced guide, affords an interesting study of the habits and characteristics of the Yellow Race.

One can almost imagine himself wandering through the streets of Canton, as he threads the mazes of this Oriental locality. It is unquestionably one of the most picturesque places on the Pacific Coast.

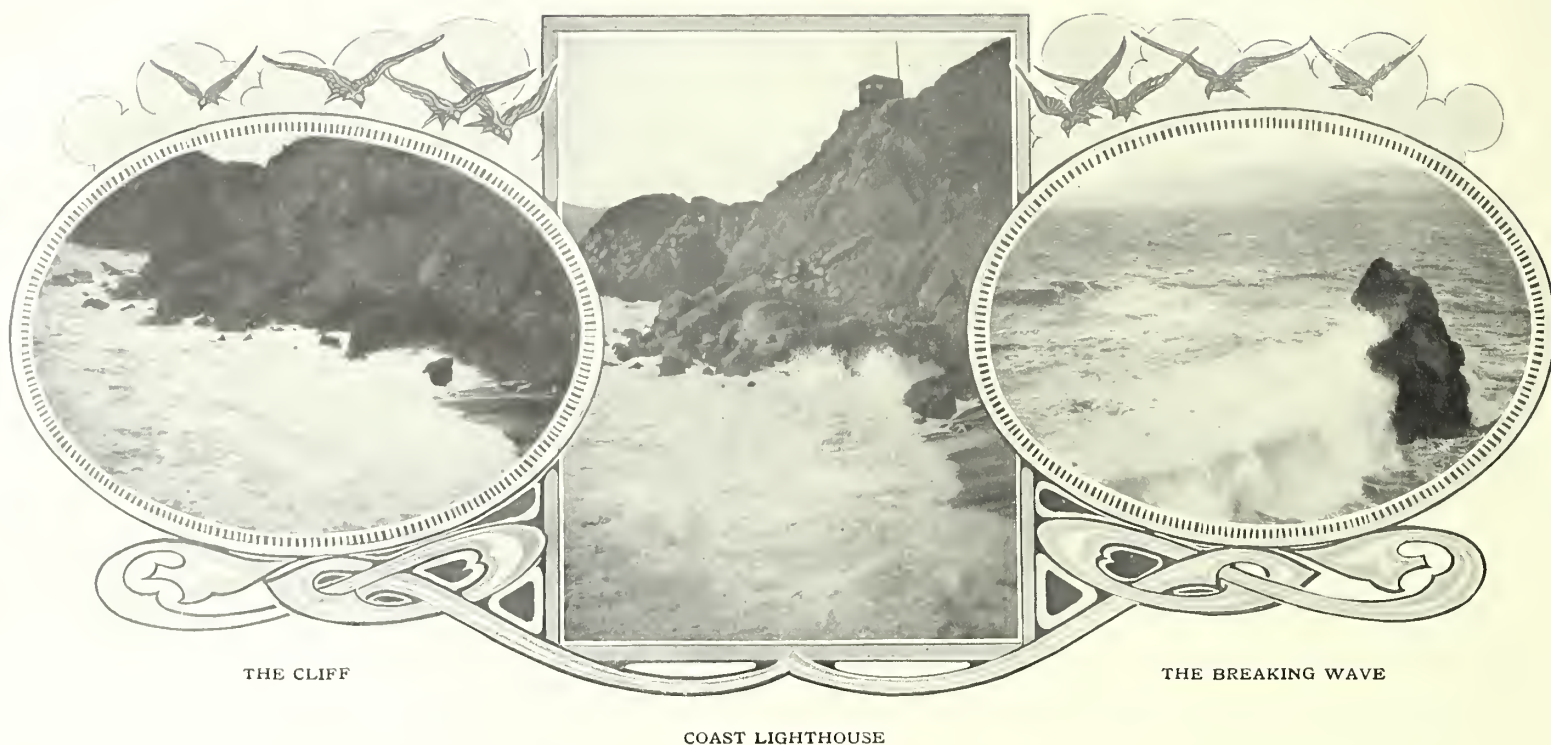
The Presidio, or government military camp, near the Golden Gate, is a charming spot in which to spend a warm summer's afternoon. The barracks, the parade ground, the officers' headquarters, and the hillsides, dotted with the white tents of the soldiers, present pleasing pictures to the eye, while from no point near San Francisco are more pleasing pictures obtained of the beautiful bay, beyond which tower Mt. Tamalpais and other peaks of high altitude. Tall, white ships go sailing by, and steamers from the Orient go ploughing past, bringing the products of the Indies, of China and of Japan to our shores.

Soldiers are returning from the Philippines and are disembarking at the pier. There is life, activity and the sound of martial music. Battalions go marching past, and the sharp, snappy orders of captains and lieutenants are heard. We are given a military escort by the commandant, which shows us courteously through the grounds. We are graciously permitted to walk through camp and field, but not to enter or photograph the fortifications. We witness the raw recruits drilling, the precise maneuvers of the regulars. The notes of the bugle reverberate along the wooded shores. Here all is peace; but men with glistening bayonets are preparing for war in distant lands, and from which all may not return.

Golden Gate Park is the pride of every public spirited citizen of San Francisco. Here Nature has done much to make this place beautiful, and the hands of the landscape architect and the florist have



SEAL ROCKS, FROM CLIFF HOUSE



many noble ships have gone down in striving to reach the safe shelter of the bay beyond, in the midst of a mighty storm. A life-saving station is established here which is furnished with numerous appliances for the rescue of shipwrecked sailors. The solid rock is connected by a strong cable to a life raft firmly anchored below, and from which, by this means, struggling mariners are rescued from the angry sea.

The Sutro Baths, the gift of one of San Francisco's most public spirited citizens, are much frequented. Here the salt sea water is maintained at an even temperature. One can take a bath without fear of the dangerous undertow, and with all the conveniences desirable at hand.

At the Cliff House many delightful entertainments are given during the summer season, and the place is much frequented by the common people, for whose enjoyment it was constructed.

A short distance from the Cliff House are the Seal Rocks, so called from the schools of sea-lions which may be seen basking in the sunshine there in pleasant weather, and whose roar can be heard above the sound of the surging tide below. From the balconies of the Cliff House one can watch them as they plunge and swim about in the salty sea, or, more beautiful still, behold the Golden Gate, through which majestic steamers and white-sailed ships are gliding.

When the sun goes down in splendor, when the glory of the heavens is reflected upon the glistening waves, the earth can offer to the admiring eyes of the traveler no picture more perfect than this glimpse of the gateway to the Western World.

Another attraction much visited by tourists to California is Mt. Tamalpias, whose purple peak rises to a great altitude on the opposite side of the bay from the Presidio. Taking one of the steamers or ferry boats that run between various points of the bay and the ferry station, the excursionist crosses the bay to Sausalito, a pretty suburban village, nestling amid trees and shrubbery on the steep hillside. Here are many pretty houses, the place being principally inhabited by people who are rich and prosperous. A train awaits the arrival of the ferry boat, which carries the traveler to Mill Valley, a small hamlet lying at the foot of Mt. Tamalpias. Here a change is made to the Mt. Tamalpias railway, which



SUMMIT MT. TAMALPIAS



LIFE-SAVING STATION



IN THE BAY

is declared by competent engineers to be the crookedest road in the world, and the ascent of the majestic mountain begins.

The road winds about rugged ravines, crosses awful chasms, runs through vast cañons, forming loop, circle and double bow-knot, as the locomotive slowly puffs its way upward and onward. Here and there a magnificent view unexpectedly greets the eyes of the observers—vast vistas appear through mountain gorges. Towns and villages, far below, become mere specks in the dim distance. San Francisco Bay lies spread out like a vast sheet of silver. We look at last through the Golden Gate upon the far-off Pacific Ocean. We see the sparkle and gleam of the great waves as they break on the rock-bound coast. The scene is one never to be forgotten by the beholder. At last the shrill whistle of the locomotive announces the approach of the train to Tamalpias Inn, the terminus of the railway, and, leaving the train, the tourist makes the weary climb to the summit of the mountain, several hundred feet higher.

The summit of Tamalpias overlooks a vast extent of territory. To the northeast are ranges of several mountains, separated by green vales whose luxuriant farms and orchards are as beautiful as an Arcadian dream. Here and there are vast reservoirs, where water is stored for irrigation purposes. To the east lies San Rafael, with its glittering spires, and far away to the south is Oakland, a mere speck in the horizon. San Francisco seems lost from sight in the purple haze, but black spots on the silvery bay are pointed out as Alcatraz and Goat Island. It makes one almost dizzy to look down from these awful heights as, perched upon the torn and jagged rocks, he views the vast panoramic scene that lies spread out before him.



PANORAMIC VIEW FROM SUMMIT MT. TAMALPIAS

Many remain over night at the inn, where the accommodations are said to be excellent, in order to see the glory of the sunset, and the purple peaks that rise above the floating clouds, looking like innumerable islands in a vast, billowy sea.

After enjoying the outlook presented to the fullest extent, and making a series of views, which are herewith presented to the reader, we descended the mountain peak to the inn, where a refreshing luncheon was prepared for us, and late in the afternoon rapidly descended the mountain by the same winding way over which the ascent had been made.

We reached Saucilito just at the sunset hour, where we found the ferry boat waiting to take us across the bay to the city. When half way over "Old Sol" sank from sight in a blaze of glory. Shafts of brilliant light streamed upward from the western horizon, illuminating the clouds above with a flood of crimson and gold that was reflected from a billowy sea below. Far away a great steamer was sailing majestically through the Golden Gate into the hazy mists of the great beyond. It seemed as if the very portals of heaven stood ajar, and the ship, like some dark spirit of the deep, were striving to enter there.

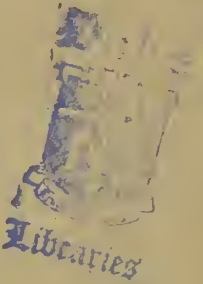


SUBURB—GOLDEN GATE





PART TWENTY-FIVE



America

HER GRANDEUR
AND HER BEAUTY

PICTURESQUE WISCONSIN



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CHICAGO ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ NEW YORK



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America: Her Grandeur and Her Beauty

THE publication of this remarkable work marks a new era in the art of presenting the beauty and grandeur of nature in America to the view of man. This superb work has been in active preparation for several years, and the artist has traveled thousands of miles and expended thousands of dollars, but the publishers have their reward in the assurance that the scenes are depicted with unerring fidelity to nature as she really is.

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PICTURESQUE WISCONSIN



MADISON FROM UNIVERSITY HILL

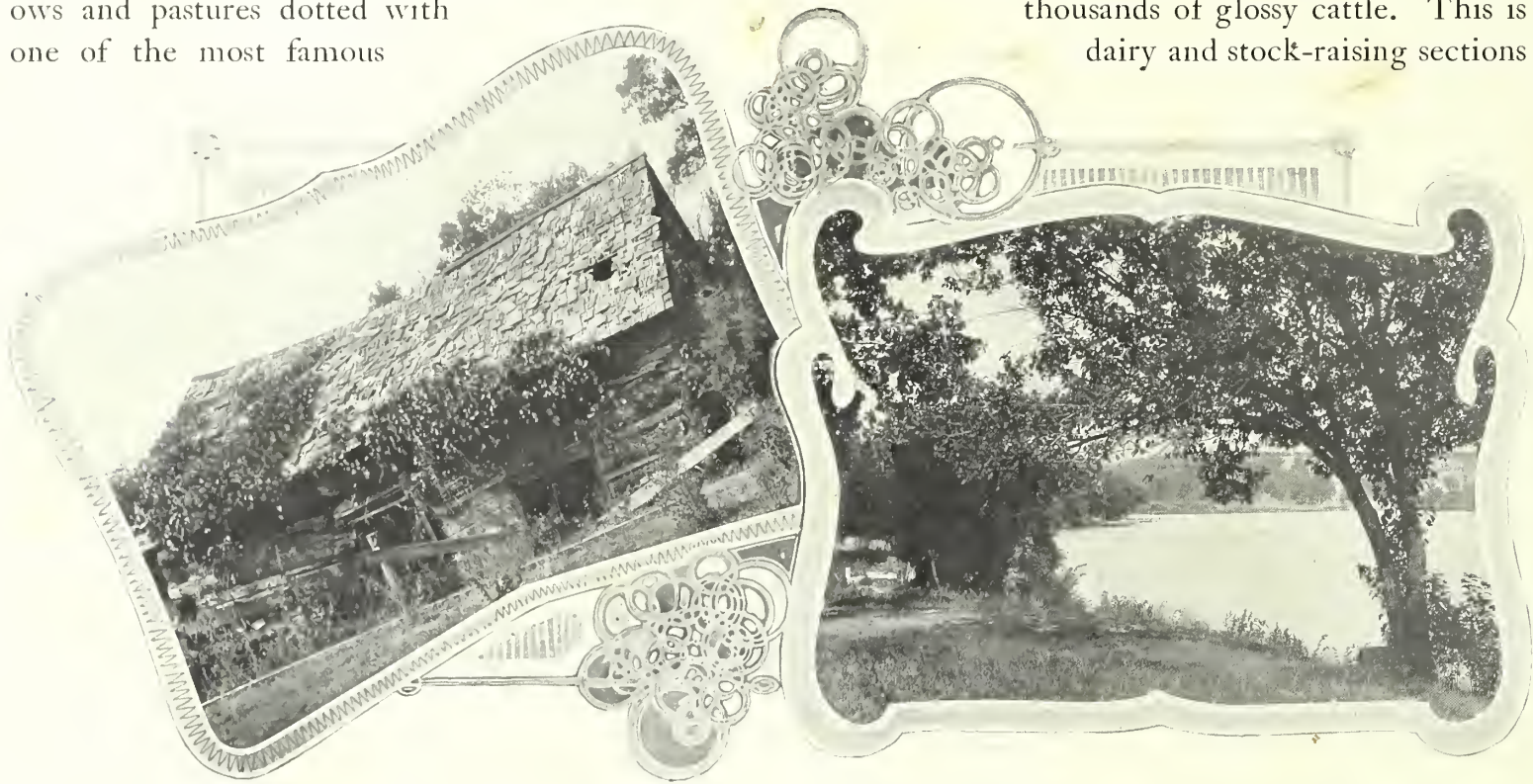
THERE is no way from Chicago northward more interesting or picturesque than the route through central Wisconsin. The ever changing scenery presented to the traveler, consisting of charming lakes, rivers, sparkling waterfalls, fertile prairies, undulating hills, frowning cliffs and ragged rocks, form a series of pictures that he never tires of beholding, no matter how many times he may make the trip. The character of the scenery is so varied that he always finds something fresh and new to admire.

In passing the vast manufacturing establishments in the vicinity of Clybourn Avenue and Deering, after leaving Chicago, the observer is attracted by the extent of the gardens or "truck farms" in that locality. These plats of carefully cultivated ground are chiefly the property of non-residents or speculators, who hold them for a rise, but who lease them for a nominal consideration to thousands of industrious people, who gain a comfortable living by raising cabbages, turnips, onions, corn and potatoes for the Chicago markets. Hundreds of thousands of acres are farmed in this way, and as the city expands these itinerants move farther out. This industry is one of the many occupations which have helped to make Chicago rich and famous. There is but little waste land in or about Chicago, for almost every plat of ground is utilized in some way.

Beyond these "truck farms" or "potato patches" lies a succession of pretty suburban villages, which are made accessible by special trains that stop at every station. Tasteful, well kept stations with handsomely laid out grounds are a noticeable feature of these villages, and they prove to the public the honest desire to make these suburban homes as attractive as the more pretentious residences of the city.

Desplaines is a quiet country village, situated on the west bank of the river of the same name, and surrounded by a rich and fertile agricultural country. The "Desplaines" most widely known to the public is the camp-meeting ground on the east side of the river, where in a shady grove of primeval oaks and elms are clusters of cottages, sheds, and in the summer time innumerable white tents, peopled principally by the worshipers who gather there. In camp-meeting time it is the favorite resort of thousands of folk who are religiously inclined, and its fame as a place of resort is not only local, but national.

Beyond the Desplaines River lie several towns of great agricultural importance. Barrington, Crystal Lake and Woodstock are most prominent as producers of milk, butter and cheese. As the train sweeps through the rich and fertile country the eye of the traveler is charmed by the vast fields of waving corn, golden oats, ripening
in the August sunlight, green meadows and pastures dotted with
thousands of glossy cattle. This is
one of the most famous
dairy and stock-raising sections



SCENES NEAR JANESVILLE

of country in the United States. As far as human eye can see it is like one great garden. Every inch of ground is rich and fertile, and there is no waste land. The substantial homes and out-buildings prove that the farmers of this section are wealthy and prosperous.

Beyond Harvard the country becomes more rolling and uneven. Lovely valleys lying between various ridges of high land give broad views to the gaze. The train passes the pretty towns of Capron and Roscoe and rolls over the massive iron bridge that crosses the Rock River into Beloit, one of the most beautiful and interesting towns in the state of Wisconsin.

Beloit is principally famous as a seat of learning. Its college has an international reputation, and among those who have graduated are people who have become famous, not only as statesmen and politicians, but as eminent business and professional men. Its faculty is renowned for its high scholarship. Its students come from families of sterling worth and substantiality. It is not an institution of mushroom growth, but its upbuilding has been the patient and persistent work of years. Its buildings and halls are substantial and unpretentious, and are charmingly located upon a hill in the midst of a park of



THE SOUTH CLIFF. DEVIL'S LAKE. WISCONSIN

thing that reminds one of a thrifty village in New England. Environed by rocky cliffs crowned with stunted oaks and pines, it presents many pretty pictures to the eye of one who loves what is rustic and picturesque. Down a long, thickly wooded valley the quaint gables of many quiet homes may be seen, while on a high eminence an old church stands like a sentinel keeping guard over the slumbering town.

Another surprise awaits the tourist at Merrimac, where the swiftly moving train slackens its speed, emerges from a cut and thunders over a massive iron bridge, a grand view of the Wisconsin River bursting upon his gaze like a glorious vision. Eastward are high banks covered with a dense growth of hardwood and a broad stretch of river reaching for miles and losing itself in the distance behind the ranges of purple hills. Westward lies another splendid scene, with innumerable islands dotting the broad surface of the stream, the mightiest and most picturesque river in the state. The vision fades almost as suddenly as it appeared, and many fail to see it and enjoy it at all, because not forewarned of its coming.



ELEPHANT ROCK

CAMP DOUGLAS

EGYPTIAN TEMPLE

Next on our course comes Devil's Lake, the greatest natural wonder in this locality. The train rounds a broad curve and dashes into a vast chasm, while on either side jagged rocks torn by some terrible convulsion of nature hang suspended in the air as if about to roll down and crush everything to atoms beneath them. Then unexpectedly a clear, blue sheet of water is seen lying calm, peaceful and cool in the very midst of this great gorge or chasm. Some scientists declare that it is the crater of an extinct volcano, and there is much to bear evidence to the truth of this assertion. The ragged rocks, rent into inconceivable forms, show by their fused and cracked condition the effect of great heat, and the towering walls at every hand show that they have either been thrown up by some tremendous explosion or left when some great rocky mountain sank from sight into the very bowels of the earth. There is nothing in the West quite like the scenery of this place, and the views that may be obtained from the summits of these mighty crags are well worth the climb. From the south cliff a grand panorama of the valley of the "Wisconse" lies spread before the eyes of the observer, and northward from the heights above the Cliff House another view of equal splendor is obtainable, reaching far beyond the beautiful city of Baraboo and its romantic environments.



— Castle Rock —
Camp Douglas



BLACK RIVER

In the summer resort season the tourist who has leisure should never fail to stop over and study this interesting feature of the country, for the probabilities are that he will never again in all his experience have an opportunity for observing any freak of nature more curious or interesting. Some of the scenes presented in this gorge are as grand in their way as the wildest passes in the Rocky Mountains or chasms in the cañons of Colorado or Arizona.

Baraboo is principally a railroad town. The outlying country is hilly, but fertile and productive. Through its center flows the Baraboo River, one of the most important feeders of the "Wisconse." This place is famous as the winter home for several well-known circus companies, and their great barns along the banks of the river are a conspicuous feature of the city. For many miles the railway follows the beautiful valley of the Baraboo River, crossing it from time to time on innumerable massive iron bridges. At almost every curve and turn an attractive landscape is presented to view—fields, forests, rocks, and the silvery bends of the serpentine stream, are an unfading and unfailing source of delight. One sighs to leave so soon one scene of splendor to find himself in another minute beholding an equally beautiful scene. He passes in succession North Freedom, Ableman's, Reedsburg, La Valle, Union Center and Wonewoc, all romantic places with picturesque surroundings.

Elroy is principally known as the junction point of the Minnesota and Dakota lines. It is a town of commercial importance and a prominent shipping place for agricultural products.



AFTERNOON ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER

America HER GRANDEUR
AND
HER BEAUTY



BURR SPRING AND ROCK RIVER NEAR JANESVILLE

stately oaks and elms which commands a broad view of the Rock River Valley. Beloit is also celebrated as a manufacturing town. Its paper mills are the most notable in southern Wisconsin. Its windmills are standing advertisements of the place all over the civilized world. The streets of this city are beautifully laid out and the pavements are kept in good repair. Many of the homes of the more substantial citizens are desirably located. One of the most interesting streets is Prospect Avenue, the graceful tower of whose principal church is a landmark for miles.

Evansville, Brooklyn, Oregon and Syene, which lie between Beloit and Madison, are prosperous agricultural towns. The land in this region is rolling and is well drained by numerous brooks and serpentine streams. The country presents many scenes of ideal pastoral beauty. Great corn fields, miles in extent, reach over the sloping hills and into the quiet, hazy vales beyond them. From many of the higher elevations beautiful views of the surrounding country may be obtained—harvest fields, fine meadows, green pastures in which flocks of sheep and clusters of cattle are browsing, thrifty villages with glistening church spires and the white gables of happy homes—and far away on the horizon line lofty ridges crowned with groves of oak, elm and maple make pictures as perfect as the realization of an Arcadian dream.

To the naturalist nothing can be more interesting than the famous fish hatchery at Syene. Here millions of fry are propagated, and when sufficiently matured for transportation are sent by rail in tanks to stock the streams in all parts of the country. The experiments conducted here have been a great success and have attracted the attention of the entire scientific world.

Madison is the gem city of the West. For beauty of location it has no rival; as a summer resort it is incomparable. Built upon high ground, tastefully laid out with its long avenues radiating like the spokes of a wheel from its fine capitol, and shaded by colonnades of grand old elms and maples, it presents to the eye of the tourist a wonderful attraction as he beholds it for the first time. Surrounded by lakes whose clear, pure waters impart a delicious freshness and coolness to the atmosphere, it cannot be surpassed by any place in the West as a home for the man of intellectual pursuits or the enthusiast who admires the beauties of nature. Its citizens are people of culture and refinement. The influence of its



CHIMNEY ROCK, CAMP DOUGLAS, WISCONSIN

great university is far-reaching. Few institutions in the country have a larger attendance of students or a higher standard of scholarship. Situated on a high elevation or hill, about a mile distant from the capitol, its fine buildings are a conspicuous feature of the city and can be seen for a long distance. Standing in front of the massive main building, the view down the campus under the great archway of elms and extending up the long, shady avenue is considered by artists to be among the finest in the country. The avenue ends with the great capitol building, whose white dome, glistening in the sunlight, resembles a perfect pearl in a setting of turquoise blue.

Madison has long been celebrated as a summer resort. Its Monona Lake assembly has attracted for years many of the brightest minds in the country, and the attendance at the meetings of this organization has been large and the proceedings have been deemed of sufficient importance to be reported and published almost everywhere. In the summer season boat and yacht races are of frequent occurrence, and in the winter the people find exhilarating excite-



DEVIL'S LAKE

PULPIT ROCK

ment in speeding the fragile ice boat across the glistening expanse. Madison is too near Milwaukee to be the great commercial city of the state, but as an educational center it has a national reputation of which its citizens may be justly proud. It has good hotels, a large number of fine business blocks, and several important manufacturing enterprises.

On Lake Mendota, about five miles north of Madison, the state insane asylum is located. It is a handsome, substantial building, or group of buildings, having fine grounds and a charming prospect, and is an ideal location for an institution of this kind.

Beyond Mendota and Waunakee lies Dane Hill, one of the highest elevations in the state, and from which a vast view of the outlying country is obtainable. There are many fertile farms in this region, but the bald hills have a forlorn and forbidding appearance, more weird than attractive. Some fair stretches of valley are discerned, through which silvery streams wind their way, but the traveler is possessed of a lonely feeling until he reaches Lodi, where a beautiful scene unexpectedly breaks upon his sight, for here, nestling in a romantic glen, lies a quiet little town that has in its appearance some-



BLACK RIVER FALLS, WISCONSIN



PRAIRIE LAKE

Another surprise awaits the tourist at Camp Douglas. Rising from the midst of a great swampy prairie are clusters of towering rocks of great height and solidity, evidently created by erosion from some mighty stream. Some of them resemble the ruined and crumbling castles of a Titanic race. Of these strange freaks of nature Castle Rock, Chimney Rock and Elephant Rock are best known. At Camp Douglas the Wisconsin troops were mobilized during our late war with Spain. On the campus there a magnificent opportunity is offered for the maneuvers of large bodies of men. North of Camp Douglas lie the well known cranberry marshes of Wisconsin. From this great field or swamp comes the principal part of the cranberry and blueberry supply of the country, and thousands of industrious workers obtain their living there. Perhaps in all the West there is not a lonelier place than this broad stretch of prairie. As it is frequently swept by fires in dry seasons, it is destitute of all foliage, and great rocks rise from the midst of the marsh in grotesque and fantastic shapes and forms. Here one can see, dimly outlined in the misty twilight, the castle of Giant Despair, and in one place a cluster of mounds so closely resembling the Egyptian pyramids as to be positively startling. The addition of the



EAST SHORE, PRAIRIE LAKE, WISCONSIN

Sphinx and a few clusters of palm trees would make the delusion complete. It takes a long time to cross this vast prairie, and there is a sort of mystic charm in its very loneliness. One feels relieved, however, when the train passes Neenah Junction, where the road branches off to Necedah, and he once more comes into a more thickly settled country in which are located the thrifty towns of Valley Junction, Warren, Rudd's Millstone, Sheppard's and Black River Falls.

Eau Claire, one of the principal cities of Wisconsin, has been in the past chiefly famous for its vast productions of lumber. Lying at the junction of the Chippewa and Eau Claire rivers, it was conveniently situated for disposing of the innumerable logs which were floated from the forests above down these streams. Once at every hand the respective swish and hum of the band and circular saw was heard, mingled with the crash of machinery that converted these millions of logs into lumber annually. Fortunes were made here in the lumber business, but the tremendous destruction of the pineries by the axe of the woodman and great forest fires have put an end to this once profitable industry. The city itself is still a town of great commercial importance, and is divided into three parts by its rivers. Eau Claire has several fine buildings, both public and private, good hotels, substantial and elegant business houses and tasteful residences.

Chippewa Falls is an important and enterprising city, but known in the Northwest on account of its vast lumbering interests. Here is located what is said to be the largest saw mill in the world, and which once frequently turned out more than 700,000 feet of timber in a day. Such was the capacity of this mill that the timber supply in the Chippewa valley is nearly exhausted, and there is already talk of removing to a new locality. North of Chippewa Falls lies a fine farming country which is being rapidly cleared and developed, while along the railroad are located several promising agricultural towns. This region was once magnificently wooded, but destructive fires have played sad havoc with the once fine forests. In these far away north woods are located several of the most charming fresh water lakes in this country, one cluster having a shore line of more than seventy miles, and its outlet being closed by a high dam a vast reservoir has been created which furnishes an unfailing water supply for the mills of the Chippewa River.

Chetek and Prairie are the principal lakes of this beautiful group. The fishing in the vicinity is very good, and there are several summer hotels for the accommodation of tourists. Here, far from the bustle and noise of the great city, the business man can find the sort of summer recreation that he needs—here is peace, rest and close communion with nature. There are a few cottages along the wooded shores, and the smoke of numerous camp-fires may be seen. There is no malaria here, for these lakes are fed by crystal springs whose health-giving waters are an infallible remedy for many of the ills which human flesh is heir to. There is no finer drinking water in the world than that which comes from these wild wood fountains.

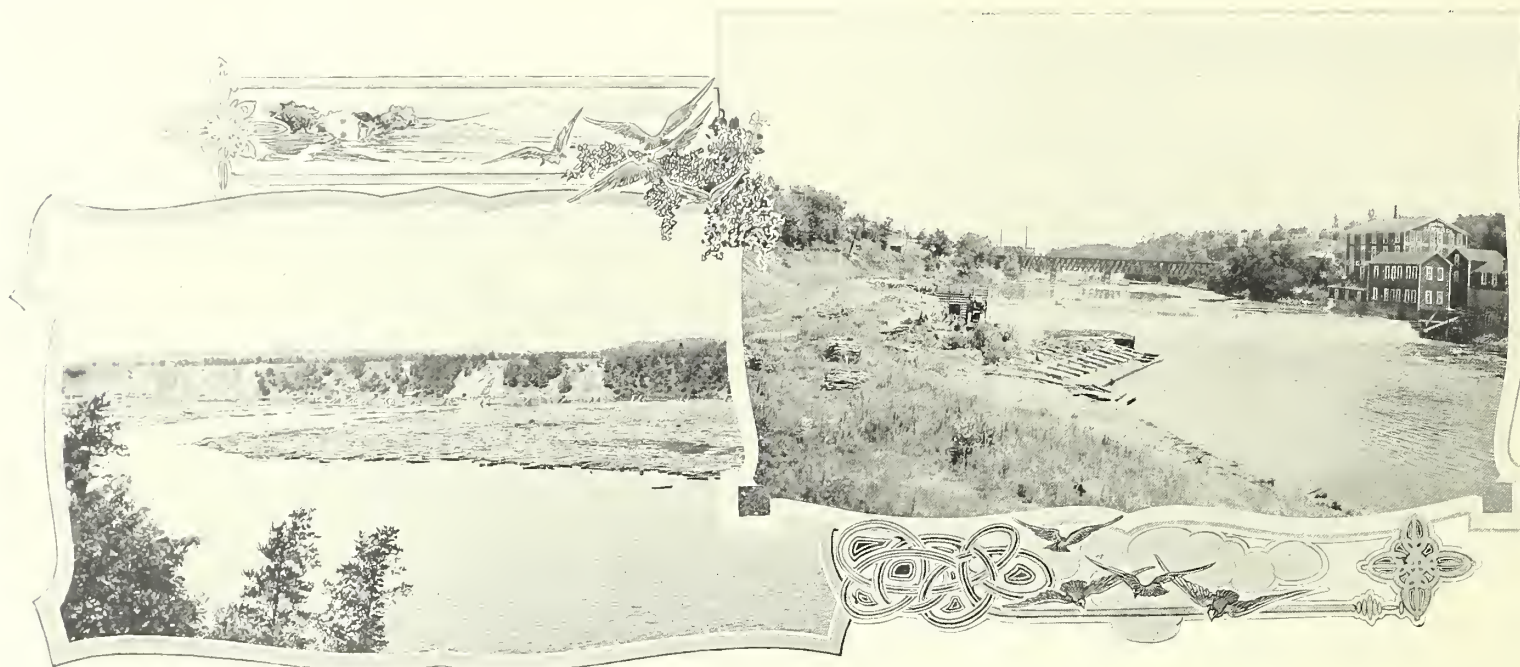
A queer feature of Prairie Lake are its vast floating islands. Originally the lake covered but a small area, and its shores were heavily timbered with gigantic pines. The woodman cleared these pines away to feed the great saw mills at Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire. Then the great dam was built which raised the water many feet in height and caused it to flow over a vast territory. The action of the frost and water on the submerged stumps in time raised them to the surface, and in floating about the lake they drifted together, forming islands many acres in extent. On these islands finally sprang into life vegetation, and today there are trees thirty or forty feet in height. These floating islands are blown about the lake by the winds, and are a curious sight to visitors as they drift from one end of the lake to the other. Under them are the favorite haunts of the gamey bass and savage muscullonge, and anglers who know the characteristics of these fish rarely go out without returning with enough for a family meal. A little steamer traverses these lakes for the accommodation of tourists, and boats, guides and camping outfits are always obtainable at the Chetek landing.



SAW MILL, CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN

North of these beautiful woodland lakes are several growing agricultural towns and a stretch of wild territory not yet invaded by settlers, much of which has been burned over by forest fires. The train emerges from the woods at West Superior, where there is an appearance of great business activity and where vast ore docks are one of the wonders of the industrial world.

The view from the rocky heights above Duluth is one of the finest on the lakes, and those who visit the "Zenith City" should not fail to take a round trip on the great incline railway. Notwithstanding the improvements that have been made in the past decade, the great Northwest is still in its infancy. There are millions of acres of virgin forest yet to be cleared and converted into fertile farms, and the growth of the cities and towns we have briefly described will keep pace with the agricultural and industrial development of this rich territory, and a healthy, hardy race of people are springing from the sturdy pioneers who are blazing the forest paths and creating great opportunities for the future generations.



CHIPPEWA RIVER

EAU CLAIRE RIVER



